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THE ASCENT OF TAKHOMA.

WHEN Vancouver, in 1792, penetrated the Straits of Fuca and explored the unknown waters of the Mediterranean of the Pacific, wherever he sailed, from the Gulf of Georgia to the farthest inlet of Puget Sound, he beheld the lofty, snow-clad barrier range of the Cascades stretching north and south and bounding the eastern horizon. Towering at twice the altitude of all others, at intervals of a hundred miles there loomed up above the range three majestic, snowy peaks that

> "Like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land."

In the matter-of-fact spirit of a British sailor of his time, he named these sublime monuments of nature in honor of three lords of the English admiralty, Hood, Rainier, and Baker. Of these Rainier is the central, situated about half-way between the Columbia River and the line of British Columbia, and is by far the loftiest and largest. Its altitude is 14,444 feet, while Hood is 11,025 feet, and Baker is 10,810 feet high. The others, too, are single cones, while Rainier, or Takhoma,[1] is an immense mountain-mass with three distinct peaks, an eastern, a northern, and a southern; the two last extending out and up from the main central dome, from the summit of which they stand over a mile distant, while they are nearly two miles apart from each other.

Takhoma overlooks Puget Sound from Olympia to Victoria, one hundred and sixty miles. Its snow-clad dome is visible from Portland on the Willamette, one hundred and twenty miles south, and from the table-land of Walla Walla, one hundred and fifty miles east. A region two hundred and fifty miles across, including nearly all of Washington Territory, part of Oregon, and part of Idaho, is commanded in one field of vision by this colossus among mountains.

Takhoma had never been ascended. It was a virgin peak. The superstitious fears and traditions of the Indians, as well as the dangers of the ascent, had prevented their attempting to reach the summit, and the failure of a gallant and energetic officer, whose courage and hardihood were abundantly shown during the rebellion, had in general estimation proved it insurmountable.

For two years I had resolved to ascend Takhoma, but both seasons the dense smoke overspreading the whole country had prevented the attempt. Mr. Philomon Beecher Van Trump, humorous,

[1] Tak-ho'ma or Ta-ho'ma among the Yakimas, Kliekitats, Puyallups, Nisqually, and allied tribes of Indians, is the generic term for mountain, used precisely as we use the word "mount," as Takhoma Wynatchie, or Mount Wynatchie. But they all designate Rainier simply as Takhoma, or The Mountain, just as the mountain men used to call it the "Old He."

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generous, whole-souled, with endurance and experience withal, for he had roughed it in the mines, and a poetic appreciation of the picturesque and the sublime, was equally eager to scale the summit. Mr. Edward T. Coleman, an English gentleman of Victoria, a landscape artist and an Alpine tourist, whose reputed experience in Switzerland had raised a high opinion of his ability above the snow-line, completed the party.

Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, is a beautiful, maple-embowered town of some two thousand inhabitants, situated at the southernmost extremity of Puget Sound, and west of Takhoma, distant in an air line seventy-five miles. The intervening country is covered with dense fir forests, almost impenetrable to the midday sun, and obstructed with fallen trees, upturned roots and stumps, and a perfect jungle of undergrowth, through which the most energetic traveler can accomplish but eight or nine miles a day. It was advisable to gain the nearest possible point by some trail, before plunging into the unbroken forest. The Nisqually River, which rises on the southern and western slopes of Takhoma, and empties into the sound a few miles north of Olympia, offered the most direct and natural approach. Ten years before, moreover, a few enterprising settlers had blazed out a trail across the Cascade Range, which followed the Nisqually nearly up to its source, thence deflected south to the Cowlitz River, and pursued this stream in a northeastern course to the summit of the range, thus turning the great mountain by a wide circuit. The best-informed mountain men represented the approaches on the south and southeast as by far the most favorable. The Nisqually-Cowlitz trail, then, seemed much the best, for the Nisqually, heading in the south and southwest slopes, and the Cowlitz, in the southeastern, afforded two lines of approach, by either of which the distance to the mountain, after leaving the trail, could not exceed thirty miles.

One August afternoon, Van Trump and I drove out to Yelm Prairie, thirty miles east of Olympia, and on the Nisqually River. We dashed rapidly on over a smooth, hard, level road, traversing wide reaches of prairie, passing under open groves of oaks and firs, and plunging through masses of black, dense forest in ever-changing variety. The moon had risen as we emerged upon Yelm Prairie; Takhoma, bathed in cold, white, spectral light from summit to base, appeared startlingly near and distinct. Our admiration was not so noisy as usual. Perhaps a little of dread mingled with it. In another hour we drove nearly across the plain and turned into a lane which conducted us up a beautiful rising plateau, crowned with a noble grove of oaks and overlooking the whole prairie. A comfortable, roomy house with a wide porch nestled among the trees, and its hospitable owner, Mr. James Longmire, appeared at the door and bade us enter.

The next morning we applied to Mr. Longmire for a guide, and for his advice as to our proposed trip. He was one of the few who marked out the Nisqually-Cowlitz trail years ago. He had explored the mountains about Takhoma as thoroughly, perhaps, as any other white man. One of the earliest settlers, quiet, self-reliant, sensible, and kindly, a better counselor than he could not have been found. The trail, he said, had not been traveled for four years, and was entirely illegible to eyes not well versed in woodcraft, and it would be folly for any one to attempt to follow it who was not thoroughly acquainted with the country. He could not leave his harvest, and moreover in three weeks he was to cross the mountains for a drove of cattle. His wife, too, quietly discouraged his going. She described his appearance on his return from previous mountain trips, looking as haggard and thin as though he had just risen from a sick-bed. She threw out effective little sketches of toil, discomfort, and hardship incident to mountain travel, and dwelt upon the hard fare. The bountiful country breakfast heaped before us, the rich cream, fresh butter and eggs, snowy, melting biscuits, and broiled chicken, with rich, white gravy, heightened the effect of her words.

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But at length, when it appeared that no one else who knew the trail could be found, Mr. Longmire yielded to our persuasions, and consented to conduct us as far as the trail led, and to procure an Indian guide before leaving us to our own resources. As soon as we returned home we went with Mr. Coleman to his room to see a few indispensable equipments he had provided, in order that we might procure similar ones. The floor was literally covered with his traps, and he exhibited them one by one, expatiating upon their various uses. There was his ground-sheet, a large gum blanket equally serviceable to Mr. Coleman as a tent in camp and a bath-tub at the hotel. There was a strong rope to which we were all to be tied when climbing the snow-fields, so that if one fell into a chasm the others could hold him up. The "creepers" were a clumsy, heavy arrangement of iron spikes made to fasten on the foot with chains and straps, in order to prevent slipping on the ice. He had an ice-axe for cutting steps, a spirit-lamp for making tea on the mountains, green goggles for snow-blindness, deer's fat for the face, Alpine staffs, needles and thread, twine, tacks, screws, screw-driver, gimlet, file, several medical prescriptions, two boards for pressing flowers, sketching materials, and in fact every article that Mr. Coleman in his extensive reading had found used or recommended by travelers. Every one of these he regarded as indispensable. The Alpine staff was, he declared, most important of all, a great assistance in traveling through the woods as well as on the ice; and he illustrated on his hands and knees how to cross a crevasse in the ice on two staffs. This interview naturally brought to mind the characteristic incident related of Packwood, the mountain man who, as hunter and prospecter, had explored the deepest recesses of the Cascades. He had been engaged to guide a railroad surveying party across the mountains, and just as the party was about to start he approached the chief and demanded an advance to enable him to buy his outfit for the trip. "How much do you want?" asked the chief, rather anxiously, lest Packwood should overdraw his prospective wages. "Well, about two dollars and a half," was the reply; and at the camp-fire that evening, being asked if he had bought his outfit, Packwood, thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew forth and exhibited with perfect seriousness and complacency his entire outfit, — a jack-knife and a plug of tobacco.

Half a dozen carriages rattled gayly out of Olympia in the cool of the morning, filled with a laughing, singing, frolicking bevy of young ladies and gentlemen. They were the Takhoma party starting on their adventurous trip, with a chosen escort accompanying them to their first camp. They rested several hours at Longmire's during the heat of the day, and the drive was then continued seven miles farther, to the Lacamas, an irregular-shaped prairie two miles in length by half a mile in breadth. Here live two of Mr. Longmire's sons. Their farms form the last settlement, and at the gate of Mr. Elkane Longmire's house the road ends. A wooded knoll overlooking the prairie, with a spring of water at its foot, was selected as the camp-ground. Some of the party stretched a large sail between the trees as a tent, others watered and fed the horses, and others busied themselves with the supper. Two eager sportsmen started after grouse, while their more practical companions bought half a dozen chickens, and had them soon dressed and sputtering over the fire. The shades of night were falling as the party sat down on the ground and partook of a repast fit for the Olympians, and with a relish sharpened by the long journey and a whole day's fast.

Early in the morning Mr. Longmire arrived in camp with two mules and a pack-horse, and our mountain outfit was rapidly made up into suitable bales and packed upon the horse and one of the mules, the other mule being reserved for Longmire's own riding. We assembled around the breakfast with spirits as gay and appetites as sharp as ever. Then, with many good-bys and much waving of handkerchiefs, the party broke up. Four

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roughly clad pedestrians moved off in single file, leading their pack animals, and looking back at every step to catch the last glimpse of the bright garments and fluttering cambrics, while the carriages drove rapidly down the road and disappeared in the dark, sullen forest.

We stepped off briskly, following a dim trail in an easterly course, and crossing the little prairie entered the timber. After winding over hilly ground for about three miles, we descended into the Nisqually bottom and forded a fine brook at the foot of the hill. For the next ten miles our route lay across the bottom, and along the bank of the river, passing around logs, following old, dry beds of the river and its lateral sloughs, ankle-deep in loose sand, and forcing our way through dense jungles of vine-maple. The trail was scarcely visible, and much obstructed by fallen trees and underbrush, and its difficulties were aggravated by the bewildering tracks of Indians who had lately wandered about the bottom in search of berries or rushes. We repeatedly missed the trail, and lost hours in retracing our steps and searching for the right course. The weather was hot and sultry, and rendered more oppressive by the dense foliage; myriads of gnats and mosquitoes tormented us and drove our poor animals almost frantic; and our thirst, aggravated by the severe and unaccustomed toil, seemed quenchless. At length we reached the ford of the Nisqually. Directly opposite, a perpendicular bluff of sand and gravel in alternate strata rose to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, its base washed by the river and its top crowned with firs. The stream was a hundred yards wide, waist-deep, and very rapid. Its waters were icy cold, and of a milk-white hue. This color is the characteristic of glacial rivers. The impalpable powder of thousands of tons of solid rocks, ground up beneath the vast weight and resistless though imperceptible flow of huge glaciers, remains in solution in these streams, and colors them milk-white to the sea. Leading the animals down the bank and over a wide, dry bar of cobble-stones, we stood at the brink of the swift, turbulent river, and prepared to essay its passage. Coleman mounted behind Van Trump on the little saddle-mule, his long legs dangling nearly to the ground, one hand grasping his Alpine staff, the other the neck-rope of the pack-mule, which Longmire bestrode. Longmire led in turn the pack-horse, behind whose bulky load was perched the other member of the party. The cavalcade, linked together in this order, had but just entered the stream when Coleman dropped the neck-rope he was holding. The mule, bewildered by the rush and roar of the waters, turned directly down-stream, and in another instant our two pack-animals, with their riders, would have been swept away in the furious rapids, had not Longmire with great presence of mind turned their erratic course in the right direction and safely brought them to the opposite shore. Following the bottom along the river for some distance, we climbed up the end of the bluff already mentioned, by a steep zigzag trail, and skirted along its brink for a mile. Far below us on the right rushed the Nisqually. On the left the bluff fell off in a steep hill-side thickly clothed with woods and underbrush, and at its foot plowed the Owhap, a large stream emptying into the Nisqually just below our ford. Another mile through the woods brought us out upon the Mishell Prairie, a beautiful, oval meadow of a hundred acres, embowered in the tall, dense fir forest, with a grove of lofty, branching oaks at its farther extremity, and covered with green grass and bright flowers. It takes its name from the Mishell River, which empties into the Nisqually a mile above the prairie.

We had marched sixteen miles. The packs were gladly thrown off beneath a lofty fir; the animals were staked out to graze. A spring in the edge of the woods afforded water, and while Mr. Coleman busied himself with his pipe, his flask, his note-book, his sketch-book, and his pouch of multifarious odds and ends, the other members of the party performed the duties incident to camp-life: made the fire, brought water, spread the blankets, and prepared supper. The

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flags attached to our Alpine staffs waved gayly overhead, and the sight of their bright folds fluttering in the breeze deepened the fixed resolve to plant them on Takhoma's hoary head, and made failure seem impossible. Mr. Coleman announced the altitude of Mishell Prairie as eight hundred feet by the barometer. By an unlucky fall the thermometer was broken.

The march was resumed early next morning. As we passed the lofty oaks at the end of the little prairie, "On that tree," said Longmire, pointing out one of the noblest, "Maxon's company hanged two Indians in the war of '56. Ski-hi and his band, after many depredations upon the settlements, were encamped on the Mishell, a mile distant, in fancied security, when Maxon and his men surprised them and cut off every soul except the two prisoners whom they hanged here."

For eight miles the trail led through thick woods, and then, after crossing a wide "burn," past a number of deserted Indian wigwams, where another trail from the Nisqually plains joined ours, it descended a gradual slope, traversed a swampy thicket and another mile of heavy timber, and debouched on the Mishell River. This is a fine, rapid, sparkling stream, knee-deep and forty feet wide, rippling and dashing over a gravelly bed with clear, cold, transparent water. The purity of the clear water, so unlike the yeasty Nisqually, proves that the Mishell is no glacial river. Rising in an outlying range to the northwest of Takhoma, it flows in a southwest course to its confluence with the Nisqually near our previous night's camp. We unsaddled for the noon-rest. Van Trump went up the stream, fishing; Longmire crossed to look out the trail ahead, and Coleman made tea *solitaire*.

An hour passed, and Longmire returned. "The trail is blind," said he, "and we have no time to lose." Just then Van Trump returned; and the little train was soon in readiness to resume the tramp. Longmire rode his mule across the stream, telling us to drive the pack-animals after him and follow by a convenient log near by. As the mule attempted to climb a low place in the opposite bank, which offered an apparently easy exit from the river, his hind legs sank in a quicksand, he sat down quickly, if not gracefully, and, not fancying that posture, threw himself clear under water. His dripping rider rose to his feet, flung the bridle-rein over his arm, and, springing up the bank at a more practicable point, strode along the trail with as little delay and as perfect unconcern as though an involuntary ducking was of no more moment than climbing over a log.

The trail *was* blind. Longmire scented it through thickets of salal, fern, and underbrush, stumbling over roots, vines, and hollows hidden in the rank vegetation, now climbing huge trunks that the animals could barely scramble over, and now laboriously working his way around some fallen giant and traveling two hundred yards in order to gain a dozen yards on the course. The packs, continually jammed against trees and shaken loose by this rough traveling, required frequent repacking — no small task. At the very top of a high, steep hill, up which we had laboriously zigzagged shortly after crossing the Mishell, the little packhorse, unable to sustain the weight of the pack, which had shifted all to one side, fell and rolled over and over to the bottom. Bringing up the goods and chattels one by one on our own shoulders to the top of the hill, we replaced the load and started again. The course was in a southerly direction, over high rolling ground of good clay soil, heavily timbered, with marshy swales at intervals, to the Nisqually River again, a distance of twelve miles. We encamped on a narrow flat between the high hill just descended and the wide and noisy river, near an old ruined log-hut, the former residence of a once famed Indian medicine man, who, after the laudable custom of his race, had expiated with his life his failure to cure a patient.

Early next morning we continued our laborious march along the right bank of the Nisqually. Towards noon we left the river, and after thridding in an east-

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erly course a perfect labyrinth of fallen timber for six miles, and forcing our way with much difficulty through the tangled jungle of an extensive vine-maple swamp, at length crossed Silver Creek and gladly threw off the packs for an hour's rest.

A short distance after crossing Silver Creek the trail emerged upon more open ground, and for the first time the Nisqually Valley lay spread out in view before us. On the left stretched a wall of steep, rocky mountains, standing parallel to the course of the river and extending far eastward, growing higher and steeper and more rugged as it receded from view. At the very extremity of this range Takhoma loomed aloft, its dome high above all others and its flanks extending far down into the valley, and all covered, dome and flanks, with snow of dazzling white, in striking contrast with the black basaltic mountains about it. Startlingly near it looked to our eyes, accustomed to the restricted views and gloom of the forest.

After our noon rest we continued our journey up the valley, twisting in and out among the numerous trunks of trees that encumbered the ground, and after several hours of tedious trudging struck our third camp on Copper Creek, the twin brother to Silver Creek, just at dusk. We were thoroughly tired, having made twenty miles in thirteen hours of hard traveling.

Starting at daylight next morning, we walked two miles over rough ground much broken by ravines, and then descended into the bed of the Nisqually at the mouth of Goat Creek, another fine stream which empties here. We continued our course along the river bed, stumbling over rocky bars and forcing our way through dense thickets of willow, for some distance, then ascended the steep bank, went around a high hill over four miles of execrable trail, and descended to the river again, only two miles above Goat Creek. At this point the Takhoma branch or North Fork joins the Nisqually. This stream rises on the west side of Takhoma, is nearly as large as the main river, and like it shows its glacial origin by its milk-white water and by its icy cold, terribly swift and furious torrent. Crossing the Takhoma branch, here thirty yards wide, we kept up the main river, crossing and recrossing the stream frequently, and toiling over rocky bars for four miles, a distance which consumed five hours, owing to the difficulties of the way. We then left the Nisqually, turning to the right and traveling in a southerly course, and followed up the bed of a swampy creek for half a mile, then crossed a level tract much obstructed with fallen timber, then ascended a burnt ridge, and followed it for two miles to a small, marshy prairie in a wide canyon or defile closed in by rugged mountains on either side, and camped beside a little rivulet on the east side of the prairie. This was Bear Prairie, the altitude of which by the barometer was 2630 feet. The canyon formed a low pass between the Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers, and the little rivulet near which we camped flowed into the latter stream. The whole region had been swept by fire: thousands of giant trunks stood blackened and lifeless, the picture of desolation.

As we were reclining on the ground around the camp-fire, enjoying the calm and beatific repose which comes to the toil-worn mountaineer after his hearty supper, one of these huge trunks, after several warning creaks, came toppling and falling directly over our camp. All rushed to one side or another to avoid the impending crash. As one member of the party, hastily catching up in one hand a frying-pan laden with tin plates and cups, and in the other the camp kettle half full of boiling water, was scrambling away, his foot tripped in a blackberry vine and he fell outstretched at full length, the much-prized utensils scattering far and wide, while the falling tree came thundering down in the rear, doing no other damage, however, than burying a pair of blankets.

The following day Longmire and the writer went down the canyon to its junction with the Cowlitz River, in search of a band of Indians who usually made their head-quarters at this point, and among whom Longmire hoped to find some hunter familiar with the mountains

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who might guide us to the base of Takhoma. The tiny rivulet as we descended soon swelled to a large and furious torrent, and its bed filled nearly the whole bottom of the gorge. The mountains rose on both sides precipitously, and the traces of land-slides which had gouged vast furrows down their sides were frequent. With extreme toil and difficulty we made our way, continually wading the torrent, clambering over broken masses of rock which filled its bed, or clinging to the steep hill-sides, and reached the Cowlitz at length after twelve miles of this fatiguing work, but only to find the Indian camp deserted. Further search, however, was rewarded by the discovery of a rude shelter formed of a few skins thrown over a frame-work of poles, beneath which sat a squaw at work upon a half-dressed deer-skin. An infant and a naked child of perhaps four years lay on the ground near the fire in front. Beside the lodge and quietly watching our approach, of which he alone seemed aware, stood a tall, slender Indian clad in buckskin shirt and leggings, with a striped woolen breech-clout, and a singular head garniture which gave him a fierce and martial appearance. This consisted of an old military cap, the visor thickly studded with brass-headed nails, while a large circular brass article, which might have been the top of an oil-lamp, was fastened upon the crown. Several eagle feathers stuck in the crown and strips of fur sewed upon the sides completed the edifice, which, notwithstanding its components, appeared imposing rather than ridiculous. A long Hudson Bay gun, the stock also ornamented with brass-headed tacks, lay in the hollow of the Indian's shoulder.

He received us with great friendliness, yet not without dignity, shaking hands and motioning us to a seat beneath the rude shelter, while his squaw hastened to place before us suspicious-looking cakes of dried berries, apparently their only food. After a moderate indulgence in this delicacy, Longmire made known our wants. The Indian spoke fluently the Chinook jargon, that high-bred lingo invented by the old fur-traders. He called himself "Sluiskin" and readily agreed to guide us to Rainier, known to him only as Takhoma, and promised to report at Bear Prairie the next day. It was after seven in the evening when we reached camp thoroughly fagged.

Punctual to promise, Sluiskin rode up at noon mounted upon a stunted Indian pony, while his squaw and pappooses followed upon another even more puny and forlorn. After devouring an enormous dinner, evidently compensating for the rigors of a long fast, in reply to our inquiries he described the route he proposed to take to Takhoma. Pointing to the almost perpendicular height immediately back or east of our camp, towering three thousand feet or more overhead, the loftiest mountain in sight, "We go to the top of that mountain to-day," said he, "and to-morrow we follow along the high, backbone ridge of the mountains, now up, now down, first on one side and then on the other, a long day's journey, and at last, descending far down from the mountains into a deep valley, reach the base of Takhoma." Sluiskin illustrated his Chinook with speaking signs and pantomime. He had frequently hunted the mountain sheep upon the snow-fields of Takhoma, but had never ascended to the summit. It was impossible to do so, and he put aside as idle talk our expressed intention of making the ascent.

We had already selected the indispensable articles for a week's tramp, a blanket apiece, the smallest coffee-pot and frying-pan, a scanty supply of bacon, flour, coffee, etc., and had made them up into suitable packs of forty pounds each, provided with slings like a knapsack, and had piled together under the lee of a huge fallen trunk our remaining goods. Longmire, who although impatient to return home, where his presence was urgently needed, had watched and directed our preparations during the forenoon with kindly solicitude, now bade us good-by: mounted on one mule and leading the other, he soon disappeared down the trail on his lonely, homeward way. He left us the little pack-horse, thinking it would be quite

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capable of carrying our diminished outfit after our return from Takhoma.

Sluiskin led the way. The load upon his shoulders was sustained by a broad band passing over his head, upon which his heavy, brass-studded rifle, clasped in both hands, was poised and balanced. Leaving behind the last vestige of trail, we toiled in single file slowly and laboriously up the mountain all the afternoon. The steepness of the ascent in many places required the use of both hand and foot in climbing, and the exercise of great caution to keep the heavy packs from dragging us over backwards. Coleman lagged behind from the start, and at intervals his voice could be heard hallooing and calling upon us to wait. Towards sunset we reached a level terrace, or bench, near the summit, gladly threw off our packs, and waited for Coleman, who, we supposed, could not be far below. He not appearing, we hallooed again and again. No answer! We then sent Sluiskin down the mountain to his aid. After an hour's absence the Indian returned. He had descended, he said, a long distance, and at last caught sight of Coleman. He was near the foot of the mountain, had thrown away his pack, blankets and all, and was evidently returning to camp. And Sluiskin finished his account with expressions of contempt for the "cultus King George man." What was to be done? Coleman carried in his pack all our bacon, our only supply of meat, except a few pounds of dried beef. He also had the barometer, the only instrument that had survived the jolts and tumbles of our rough trip. But, on the other hand, he had been a clog upon our march from the outset. He was evidently too infirm to endure the toil before us, and would not only be unable to reach, still less to ascend Takhoma, but might even impede and frustrate our own efforts. Knowing that he would be safe in camp until our return, we hastily concluded to proceed without him, trusting to our rifles for a supply of meat.

Sluiskin led us along the side of the ridge in a southerly direction for two miles farther, to a well-sheltered, grassy hollow in the mountain-top, where he had often previously encamped. It was after dark when we reached this place. The usual spring had gone dry, and, parched with thirst, we searched the gulches of the mountain-side for water an hour, but without success. At length the writer, recalling a scanty rill which trickled across their path a mile back, taking the coffee-pot and large canteen, retraced his steps, succeeded in filling these utensils after much fumbling in the dark and consequent delay, and returned to camp. He found Van Trump and the Indian, anxious at the long delay, mounted on the crest of the ridge some two hundred yards from camp, waving torches and shouting lustily to direct his steps. The mosquitoes and flies came in clouds, and were terribly annoying. After supper of coffee and bread, we drank up the water, rolled ourselves in our blankets, and lay down under a tree with our flags floating from the boughs overhead. Hot as had been the day, the night was cold and frosty, owing, doubtless, to the altitude of our camp.

At the earliest dawn next morning we were moving on without breakfast, and parched with thirst. Sluiskin led us in a general course about north-northeast, but twisting to nearly every point of the compass, and climbing up and down thousands of feet from mountain to mountain, yet keeping on the highest backbone between the head-waters of the Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers. After several hours of this work we came to a well-sheltered hollow, one side filled with a broad bed of snow, at the foot of which nestled a tiny, tranquil lakelet, and gladly threw off our heavy packs, assuaged our thirst, and took breakfast, — bread and coffee again. Early as it was, the chill of the frosty night still in the air, the mosquitoes renewed their attacks, and proved as innumerable and vexatious as ever.

Continuing our march, we crossed many beds of snow, and drank again and again from the icy rills which flowed out of them. The mountains were cov-

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ered with stunted mountain-ash and low, stubby firs with short, bushy branches, and occasionally a few pines. Many slopes were destitute of trees, but covered with luxuriant grass and the greatest profusion of beautiful flowers of vivid hues. This was especially the case with the southern slopes, while the northern sides of the mountains were generally wooded. We repeatedly ate berries, and an hour afterwards ascended to where berries of the same kind were found scarcely yet formed. The country was much obscured with smoke from heavy fires which had been raging on the Cowlitz the last two days. But when at length, after climbing for hours an almost perpendicular peak, — creeping on hands and knees over loose rocks, and clinging to scanty tufts of grass where a single slip would have sent us rolling a thousand feet down to destruction, — we reached the highest crest and looked over, we exclaimed that we were already well repaid for all our toil. Nothing can convey an idea of the grandeur and ruggedness of the mountains. Directly in front, and apparently not over two miles distant, although really twenty, old Takhoma loomed up more gigantic than ever. We were far above the level of the lower snow-line on Takhoma. The high peak upon which we clung seemed the central core or focus of all the mountains around, and on every side we looked down vertically thousands of feet, deep down into vast, terrible defiles, black and fir-clothed, which stretched away until lost in the distance and smoke. Between them, separating one from another, the mountain-walls rose precipitously and terminated in bare, columnar peaks of black basaltic or volcanic rock, as sharp as needles. It seemed incredible that any human foot could have followed out the course we came, as we looked back upon it.

After a few hours more of this climbing, we stood upon the summit of the last mountain-ridge that separated us from Takhoma. We were in a saddle of the ridge; a lofty peak rose on either side. Below us extended a long, steep hollow or gulch filled with snow, the farther extremity of which seemed to drop off perpendicularly into a deep valley or basin. Across this valley, directly in front, filling up the whole horizon and view with an indescribable aspect of magnitude and grandeur, stood the old leviathan of mountains. The broad, snowy dome rose far among and above the clouds. The sides fell off in vertical steeps and fearful black walls of rock for a third of its altitude; lower down, vast, broad, gently sloping snow-fields surrounded the mountain, and were broken here and there by ledges or masses of the dark basaltic rock protruding above them. Long, green ridges projected from this snow-belt at intervals, radiating from the mountain and extending many miles until lost in the distant forests. Deep valleys lay between these ridges. Each at its upper end formed the bed of a glacier, which closed and filled it up with solid ice. Below the snow-line bright green grass with countless flowers, whose vivid scarlet, blue, and purple formed bodies of color in the distance, clothed the whole region of ridges and valleys, for a breadth of five miles. The beautiful balsam firs, about thirty feet in height, and of a purple, dark-green color, stood scattered over the landscape, now singly, now in groves, and now in long lines, as though planted in some well-kept park. Farther down an unbroken fir forest surrounded the mountain and clad the lower portions of the ridges and valleys. In every sheltered depression or hollow lay beds of snow with tiny brooks and rivulets flowing from them. The glaciers terminated not gradually, but abruptly, with a wall of ice from one to five hundred feet high, from beneath which yeasty torrents burst forth and rushed roaring and tumbling down the valleys. The principal of these, far away on our left front, could be seen plunging over two considerable falls, half hidden in the forest, while the roar of waters was distinctly audible.

At length we cautiously descended the snow-bed, and, climbing at least fifteen hundred feet down a steep but ancient land-slide by means of the bushes growing among the loose rocks, reached the

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valley, and encountered a beautiful, peaceful, limpid creek. Van Trump could not resist the temptation of unpacking his bundle, selecting one of his carefully preserved flies, and trying the stream for trout, but without a single rise. After an hour's rest and a hearty repast we resumed our packs, despite Sluiskin's protests, who seemed tired out with his arduous day's toil and pleaded hard against traveling farther. Crossing the stream, we walked through several grassy glades, or meadows, alternating with open woods. We soon came to the foot of one of the long ridges already described, and ascending it followed it for several miles through open woods, until we emerged upon the enchanting emerald and flowery meads which clothe these upper regions. Halting upon a rising eminence in our course, and looking back, we beheld the ridge of mountains we had just descended stretching from east to west in a steep, rocky wall; a little to the left, a beautiful lake, evidently the source of the stream just crossed, which we called Clear Creek, and glimpses of which could be seen among the trees as it flowed away to the right, down a rapidly descending valley along the foot of the lofty mountain-wall. Beyond the lake again, still farther to the left, the land also subsided quickly. It was at once evident that the lake was upon a summit, or divide, between the waters of the Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers. The ridge which we were ascending lay north and south, and led directly up to the mountain.

We camped, as the twilight fell upon us, in an aromatic grove of balsam firs. A grouse, the fruit of Sluiskin's rifle, broiled before the fire and impartially divided, gave a relish to the dry bread and coffee. After supper we reclined upon our blankets in front of the bright, blazing fire, well satisfied. The Indian, when starting from Bear Prairie, had evidently deemed our intention of ascending Takhoma too absurd to deserve notice. The turning back of Mr. Coleman only deepened his contempt for our prowess. But his views had undergone a change with the day's march. The affair began to look serious to him, and now in Chinook, interspersed with a few words of broken English and many signs and gesticulations, he began a solemn exhortation and warning against our rash project.

Takhoma, he said, was an enchanted mountain, inhabited by an evil spirit, who dwelt in a fiery lake on its summit. No human being could ascend it or even attempt its ascent, and survive. At first, indeed, the way was easy. The broad snow-fields, over which he had so often hunted the mountain goat, interposed no obstacle, but above them the rash adventurer would be compelled to climb up steeps of loose, rolling rocks, which would turn beneath his feet and cast him headlong into the deep abyss below. The upper snow-slopes, too, were so steep that not even a goat, far less a man, could get over them. And he would have to pass below lofty walls and precipices whence avalanches of snow and vast masses of rock were continually falling; and these would inevitably bury the intruder beneath their ruins. Moreover, a furious tempest continually swept the crown of the mountain, and the luckless adventurer, even if he wonderfully escaped the perils below, would be torn from the mountain and whirled through the air by this fearful blast. And the awful being upon the summit, who would surely punish the sacrilegious attempt to invade his sanctuary, — who could hope to escape his vengeance? Many years ago, he continued, his grandfather, a great chief and warrior, and a mighty hunter, had ascended part way up the mountain, and had encountered some of these dangers, but he fortunately turned back in time to escape destruction; and no other Indian had ever gone so far.

Finding that his words did not produce the desired effect, he assured us that, if we persisted in attempting the ascent, he would wait three days for our return, and would then proceed to Olympia and inform our friends of our death; and he begged us to give him a paper (a written note) to take to them, so that they might believe his story.

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Sluiskin's manner during this harangue was earnest in the extreme, and he was undoubtedly sincere in his forebodings. After we had retired to rest, he kept up a most dismal chant, or dirge, until late in the night. The dim, white, spectral mass towering so near, the roar of the torrents below us, and the occasional thunder of avalanches, several of which fell during the night, added to the weird effect of Sluiskin's song.

The next morning we moved two miles farther up the ridge and made camp in the last clump of trees, quite within the limit of perpetual snow. Thence, with snow-spikes upon our feet and Alpine staff in hand, we went up the snow-fields to reconnoitre the best line of ascent. We spent four hours, walking fast, in reaching the foot of the steep, abrupt part of the mountain. After carefully scanning the southern approaches, we decided to ascend on the morrow by a steep, rocky ridge that seemed to lead up to the snowy crown.

Our camp was pitched on a high knoll crowned by a grove of balsam firs, near a turbulent glacial torrent. About nine o'clock, after we had lain down for the night, the firs round our camp took fire and suddenly burst out in a vivid conflagration. The night was dark and windy, and the scene — the vast, dim outlines of Takhoma, the white snow-fields, the roaring torrent, the crackling blaze of the burning trees — was strikingly wild and picturesque.

In honor of our guide we named the cascade at our feet Sluiskin's Falls; the stream we named Glacier Creek, and the mass of ice whence it derives its source we styled the Little Nisqually Glacier.

Before daylight the next morning, Wednesday, August 17, 1870, we were up and had breakfasted, and at six o'clock we started to ascend Takhoma. Besides our Alpine staffs and creepers, we carried a long rope, an ice-axe, a brass plate inscribed with our names, our flags, a large canteen, and some luncheon. We were also provided with gloves, and green goggles for snow-blindness, but found no occasion to use the latter. Having suffered much from the heat of the sun since leaving Bear Prairie, and being satisfied from our late reconnoissance that we could reach the summit and return on the same day, we left behind our coats and blankets. In three hours of fast walking we reached the highest point of the preceding day's trip, and commenced the ascent by the steep, rocky ridge already described as reaching up to the snowy dome. We found it to be a very narrow, steep, irregular backbone, composed of a crumbling basaltic conglomerate, the top only, or backbone, being solid rock, while the sides were composed of loose broken rocks and *debris*. Up this ridge, keeping upon the spine when possible, and sometimes forced to pick our way over the loose and broken rocks at the sides, around columnar masses which we could not directly climb over, we toiled for five hundred yards, ascending at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Here the ridge connected, by a narrow neck or saddle, with a vast square rock, whose huge and distinct outline can be clearly perceived from a distance of twenty-five miles. This, like the ridge, is a conglomerate of basalt and trap, in well-defined strata, and is rapidly disintegrating and continually falling in showers and even masses of rocks and rubbish, under the action of frost by night and melting snow by day. It lies imbedded in the side of the mountain, with one side and end projected and overhanging deep, terrible gorges, and it is at the corner or junction of these two faces that the ridge joined it at a point about a thousand feet below its top. On the southern face the strata were inclined at an angle of thirty degrees. Crossing by the saddle from the ridge, despite a strong wind which swept across it, we gained a narrow ledge formed by a stratum more solid than its fellows, and creeping along it, hugging close to the main rock on our right, laboriously and cautiously continued the ascent. The wind was blowing violently. We were now crawling along the face of the precipice almost in mid-air. On the right the rock towered far above us

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perpendicularly. On the left it fell sheer off, two thousand feet, into a vast abyss. A great glacier filled its bed and stretched away for several miles, all seamed or wrinkled across with countless crevasses. We crept up and along a ledge, not of solid, sure rock, but one obstructed with the loose stones and débris which were continually falling from above, and we trod on the upper edge of a steep slope of this rubbish, sending the stones at every step rolling and bounding into the depth below. Several times during our progress showers of rocks fell from the precipice above across our path, and rolled into the abyss, but fortunately none struck us.

Four hundred yards of this progress brought us to where the rock joined the overhanging edge of the vast *névé* or snow-field that descended from the dome of the mountain and was from time to time, as pressed forward and downward, breaking off in immense masses, which fell with a noise as of thunder into the great canyon on our left. The junction of rock and ice afforded our only line of ascent. It was an almost perpendicular gutter, but here our ice-axe came into play, and by cutting steps in the ice and availing ourselves of every crevice or projecting point of the rock, we slowly worked our way up two hundred yards higher. Falling stones were continually coming down, both from the rock on our right and from the ice in front, as it melted and relaxed its hold upon them. Mr. Van Trump was hit by a small one, and another struck his staff from his hands. Abandoning the rock, then, at the earliest practicable point, we ascended directly up the ice, cutting steps for a short distance, until we reached ice so corrugated, or drawn up in sharp pinnacles, as to afford a foothold. These folds or pinnacles were about two or three feet high, and half as thick, and stood close together. It was like a very violent chop sea, only the waves were sharper. Up this safe footing we climbed rapidly, the side of the mountain becoming less and less steep, and the ice waves smaller and more regular, and, after ascending about three hundred yards, stood fairly upon the broad dome of mighty Takhoma. It rose before us like a broad, gently swelling headland of dazzling white, topped with black, where the rocky summit projected above the névé. Ascending diagonally towards the left, we continued our course. The snow was hard and firm under foot, crisp and light for an inch or two, but solidified into ice a foot or less beneath the surface. The whole field was covered with the ice-waves already described, and intersected by a number of crevasses which we crossed at narrow places without difficulty. About half-way up the slope, we encountered one from eight to twenty feet wide and of profound depth. The most beautiful vivid emerald-green color seemed to fill the abyss, the reflection of the bright sunlight from side to side of its pure ice walls. The upper side or wall of the crevasses was some twelve feet above the lower, and in places overhung it, as though the snow-field on the lower side had bodily settled down a dozen feet. Throwing a bight of the rope around a projecting pinnacle on the upper side, we climbed up, hand over hand, and thus effected a crossing. We were now obliged to travel slowly, with frequent rests. In that rare atmosphere, after taking seventy or eighty steps, our breath would be gone, our muscles grew tired and strained, and we experienced all the sensations of extreme fatigue. An instant's pause, however, was sufficient to recover strength and breath, and we would start again. The wind, which we had not felt while climbing the steepest part of the mountain, now again blew furiously, and we began to suffer from the cold. Our course, — directed still diagonally towards the left, thus shunning the severe exertion of climbing straight up the dome, although at an ordinary altitude the slope would be deemed easy, — brought us first to the southwest peak. This is a long, exceedingly sharp, narrow ridge, springing out from the main dome for a mile into mid-air. The ridge affords not over ten or twelve feet of foothold on top, and the sides descend almost vertically. On the

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right side the snow lay firm and smooth for a few feet on top, and then descended in a steep, unbroken sheet, like an immense, flowing curtain, into the tremendous basin which lies on the west side of the mountain between the southern and northern peaks, and which is inclosed by them as by two mighty arms. The snow on the top and left crest of the ridge was broken into high, sharp pinnacles, with cracks and fissures extending to the rocks a few feet below. The left side, too steep for the snow to lie on, was vertical, bare rock. The wind blew so violently that we were obliged to brace ourselves with our Alpine staffs and use great caution to guard against being swept off the ridge. We threw ourselves behind the pinnacles or into the cracks every seventy steps, for rest and shelter against the bitter, piercing wind. Hastening forward in this way along the dizzy, narrow, and precarious ridge, we reached at length the highest point. Sheltered behind a pinnacle of ice we rested a moment, took out our flags and fastened them upon the Alpine staffs, and then, standing erect in the furious blast, waved them in triumph with three cheers. We stood a moment upon that narrow summit, bracing ourselves against the tempest to view the prospect. The whole country was shrouded in a dense sea of smoke, above which the mountain towered two thousand feet in the clear, cloudless ether. A solitary peak far to the southeast, doubtless Mount Adams, and one or two others in the extreme northern horizon, alone protruded above the pall. On every side of the mountain were deep gorges falling off precipitously thousands of feet, and from these the thunderous sound of avalanches would rise occasionally. Far below were the wide-extended glaciers already described. The wind was now a perfect tempest, and bitterly cold; smoke and mist were flying about the base of the mountain, half hiding, half revealing its gigantic outlines; and the whole scene was sublimely awful.

It was now five P. M. We had spent eleven hours of unremitted toil in making the ascent, and, thoroughly fatigued, and chilled by the cold, bitter gale, we saw ourselves obliged to pass the night on the summit without shelter or food, except our meagre lunch. It would have been impossible to descend the mountain before nightfall, and sure destruction to attempt it in darkness. We concluded to return to a mass of rocks not far below, and there pass the night as best we could, burrowing in the loose débris.

The middle peak of the mountain, however, was evidently the highest, and we determined to first visit it. Retracing our steps along the narrow crest of Peak Success, as we named the scene of our triumph, we crossed an intervening depression in the dome, and ascended the middle peak, about a mile distant and two hundred feet higher than Peak Success. Climbing over a rocky ridge which crowns the summit, we found ourselves within a circular crater two hundred yards in diameter, filled with a solid bed of snow, and inclosed with a rim of rocks projecting above the snow all around. As we were crossing the crater on the snow, Van Trump detected the odor of sulphur, and the next instant numerous jets of steam and smoke were observed issuing from the crevices of the rocks which formed the rim on the northern side. Never was a discovery more welcome! Hastening forward, we both exclaimed, as we warmed our chilled and benumbed extremities over one of Pluto's fires, that here we would pass the night, secure against freezing to death, at least. These jets were from the size of that of a large steam-pipe to a faint, scarcely perceptible emission, and issued all along the rim among the loose rocks on the northern side for more than half the circumference of the crater. At intervals they would puff up more strongly, and the smoke would collect in a cloud until blown aside and scattered by the wind, and then their force would abate for a time.

A deep cavern, extending into and under the ice, and formed by the action of heat, was found. Its roof was a

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dome of brilliant green ice with long icicles pendent from it, while its floor, composed of the rocks and débris which formed the side of the crater, descended at an angle of thirty degrees. Forty feet within its mouth we built a wall of stones, inclosing a space five by six feet around a strong jet of steam and heat. Unlike the angular, broken rocks met with elsewhere, within the crater we found well-rounded bowlders and stones of all sizes worn as smooth by the trituration of the crater as by the action of water. Nowhere, however, did we observe any new lava or other evidences of recent volcanic action excepting these issues of steam and smoke. Inclosed within the rude shelter thus hastily constructed, we discussed our future prospects while we ate our lunch and warmed ourselves at our natural register. The heat at the orifice was too great to bear for more than an instant, but the steam wet us, the smell of sulphur was nauseating, and the cold was so severe that our clothes, saturated with the steam, froze stiff when turned away from the heated jet. The wind outside roared and whistled, but it did not much affect us, secure within our cavern, except when an occasional gust came down perpendicularly. However, we passed a most miserable night, freezing on one side, and in a hot steam-sulphur-bath on the other.

The dawn at last slowly broke, cold and gray. The tempest howled still wilder. As it grew light, dense masses of driven mist went sweeping by overhead and completely hid the sun, and enveloped the mountain so as to conceal objects scarce a hundred feet distant. We watched and waited with great anxiety, fearing a storm which might detain us there for days without food or shelter, or, worse yet, snow, which would render the descent more perilous, or most likely impossible. And when, at nine A. M., an occasional rift in the driving mist gave a glimpse of blue sky, we made haste to descend. First, however, I deposited the brass plate inscribed with our names in a cleft in a large bowlder on the highest summit, — a huge mound of rocks on the east side of our crater of refuge, which we named Crater Peak, — placed the canteen alongside, and covered it with a large stone. I was then literally freezing in the cold, piercing blast, and was glad to hurry back to the crater, breathless and benumbed.

We left our den of refuge at length, after exercising violently to start the blood through our limbs, and, in attempting to pass around the rocky summit, discovered a second crater, larger than the first, perhaps three hundred yards in diameter. It is circular, filled with a bed of snow, with a rocky rim all around and numerous jets of steam issuing from the rocks on the northern side. Both craters are inclined — the first to the west, and the latter to the east with a much steeper inclination, about thirty degrees. The rim of the second crater is higher, or the snow-field inside lower, than that of the first, and upon the east side rises in a rocky wall thirty feet above the snow within. From the summit we obtained a view of the northern peak, still partially enveloped in the driving mist. It appeared about a mile distant, several hundred feet lower than the centre peak, and separated from it by a deeper, more abrupt depression or gap than that separating Crater and Success peaks. Like the latter, too, it is a sharp, narrow ridge springing out from the main mountain, and swept bare of snow on its summit by the wind. The weather was still too threatening, the glimpses of the sun and sky through the thick, flying scud, were too few and fugitive, to warrant us in visiting this peak, which we named Peak Takhoma, to perpetuate the Indian name of the mountain.

Our route back was the same as on the ascent. At the steepest and most perilous point in descending the steep gutter where we had been forced to cut steps in the ice, we fastened one end of the rope as securely as possible to a projecting rock, and lowered ourselves down by it as far as it reached, thereby passing the place with comparative safety. We were forced to abandon the rope

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here, having no means of unfastening it from the rock above. We reached the foot of the rocky ledge or ridge, where the real difficulties and dangers of the ascent commenced, at 1.30 P. M., four and a half hours after leaving the crater. We had been seven and a half hours in ascending from this point to the summit of Peak Success, and in both cases we toiled hard and lost no time.

We now struck out rapidly and joyfully for camp. When nearly there Van Trump, in attempting to descend a snow-bank without his creepers, which he had taken off for greater ease in walking, fell, shot like lightning forty feet down the steep incline, and struck among some loose rocks at its foot with such force as to rebound several feet into the air; his face and hands were badly skinned, and he received some severe bruises and a deep, wide gash upon his thigh. Fortunately the camp was not far distant, and thither with great pain and very slowly he managed to hobble. Once there I soon started a blazing fire, made coffee, and roasted choice morsels of a marmot, Sluiskin having killed and dressed four of these animals during our absence. Their flesh, like the badger's, is extremely muscular and tough, and has a strong, disagreeable, doggy odor.

Towards the close of our repast, we observed the Indian approaching with his head down, and walking slowly and wearily as though tired by a long tramp. He raised his head as he came nearer, and, seeing us for the first time, stopped short, gazed long and fixedly, and then slowly drew near, eying us closely the while, as if to see whether we were real flesh and blood or disembodied ghosts fresh from the evil demon of Takhoma. He seemed both astonished and delighted to find us safe back, and kept repeating that we were strong men and had brave hearts: "Skookum tilicum, skookum tumtum." He expected never to see us again, he said, and had resolved to start the next morning for Olympia to report our destruction.

The weather was still raw and cold. A dense cloud overhung and shrouded the triple crown of Takhoma and made us rejoice at our timely descent. The scanty shelter afforded by the few balsam firs about our camp had been destroyed by the fire, and the situation was terribly exposed to the chilly and piercing wind that blew from the great ice-fields. Van Trump, however, was too badly hurt to think of moving that night. Heating some large stones we placed them at our feet, and closely wrapped in our blankets slept soundly upon the open ground, although we awoke in the morning benumbed and chilled.

We found many fresh tracks and signs of the mountain-sheep upon the snow-fields, and hair and wool rubbed off upon rocks, and places where they had lain at night. The mountain-sheep of Takhoma is much larger than the common goat, and is found only upon the loftiest and most secluded peaks of the Cascade Range. Even Sluiskin, a skillful hunter and accustomed to the pursuit of this animal for years, failed to kill one, notwithstanding he hunted assiduously during our entire stay upon the mountain, three days. Sluiskin was greatly chagrined at his failure, and promised to bring each of us a sheep-skin the following summer, a promise which he faithfully fulfilled.

The glacial system of Takhoma is stupendous. The mountain is really the grand focal centre and summit of a region larger than Massachusetts, and the five large rivers which water this region all find their sources in its vast glaciers. They are the Cowlitz, which empties into the Columbia; the White, Puyallup, and Nisqually rivers, which empty into Puget Sound sixty, forty, and twelve miles respectively north of Olympia; and the Wenass, which flows eastward through the range and empties into the Yakima, which joins the Columbia four hundred miles above its mouth. These are all large streams from seventy to a hundred miles in length. The White, Puyallup, and Cowlitz rivers are each navigable for steamboats for some thirty miles, and like the Nisqually show their glacial origin by their white and turgid water, which indeed gives the former its name.

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The southwestern sides of the mountain furnish the glaciers which form the sources of the Nisqually, and one of these, at Sluiskin's Falls, has been already described. The main Nisqually glacier issues from the deep abyss overhung by the vast rock along the face of which our route of ascent lay, and extends in a narrow and somewhat crooked canyon for two miles. The ice at its extremity rises in an abrupt wall five hundred feet high, and a noisy torrent pours out with great force from beneath. This feature is characteristic of every glacier. The main Cowlitz glacier issues from the southeast side, just to the right of our ridge of ascent. Its head fills a deep gorge at the foot of the eastern front or face of the great mass of rock just referred to, and the southern face of which overhangs the main Nisqually glacier. Thus the heads of these glaciers are separated only by this great rock, and are probably not more than half a mile apart, while their mouths are three miles apart. Several smaller glaciers serve to swell the waters of the Cowlitz. In like manner the glaciers from the western side form the Puyallup, and those from the northern and northwestern sides the White River. The principal White River glacier is nearly ten miles long, and its width is from two to four miles. Its depth, or the thickness of its ice, must be thousands of feet. Streams and rivulets under the heat of the sun flow down its surface until swallowed by the crevasses, and a lakelet of deep blue water an eighth of a mile in diameter has been observed upon the solid ice. Pouring down from the mountain, the ice by its immense weight and force has gouged out a mass upon the northeastern side a mile in thickness. The geological formation of Takhoma poorly resists the eroding power of these mighty glaciers, for it seems to be composed not of solid rock, but of a basaltic conglomerate in strata, as though the volcanic force had burst through and rent in pieces some earlier basaltic outflow, and had heaped up this vast pile from the fragments in successive strata. On every side the mountain is slowly disintegrating.

What other peak can offer to scientific examination or to the admiration of tourists fourteen living glaciers of such magnitude, issuing from every side, or such grandeur, beauty, and variety of scenery?

At daylight we broke up our camp at Sluiskin's Falls, and moved slowly, on account of Van Trump's hurt, down the ridge about five miles to Clear Creek, where we again regaled ourselves upon a hearty repast of marmots, or "raw dog," as Van Trump styled them in derision both of the viand and of the cookery. I was convinced from the lay of the country that Clear Creek flowed into the Nisqually, or was, perhaps, the main stream itself, and that the most direct and feasible route back to Bear Prairie would be found by following down the valley of these streams to the trail leading from the Nisqually to Bear Prairie. Besides, it was evidently impossible for Van Trump, in his bruised and injured state, to retrace our rough route over the mountains. Leaving him as comfortable as possible, with all our scanty stock of flour and marmots, sufficient to last him nearly a week in case of need, I started immediately after dinner, with Sluiskin leading the way, to explore this new route. The Indian had opposed the attempt strenuously, insisting with much urgency that the stream flowed through canyons impossible for us to traverse. He now gradually veered away from the course of the stream, until erelong he was leading directly up the steep mountain range upon our former route, when I called him back peremptorily, and kept him in the rear for a little distance. Traveling through open timber, over ground rapidly descending, we came at the end of two miles to where the stream is hemmed in between one of the long ridges or spurs from Takhoma and the high mountain-chain on the south. The stream, receiving many affluents on both sides, its clear waters soon discolored by the yeasty glacial torrents, here loses its peaceful flow, and for upwards of three miles rushes furiously down a narrow, broken, and rocky bed in a succession of falls and cascades of great picturesque

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beauty. With much toil and difficulty we picked our way over a wide "talus" of huge, broken granite blocks and bowlders, along the foot of a vast mountain of solid granite on the south side of the river, until near the end of the defile, then crossed the stream, and soon after encountered a still larger branch coming from the north, direct from Takhoma, the product, doubtless, of the glaciers on the southern and southwestern sides. Fording this branch just above its confluence with the other, we followed the general course of the river, now unmistakably the Nisqually, for about four miles; then, leaving it, we struck off nearly south through the forest for three miles, and emerged upon the Bear Prairie. The distance was about thirteen miles from where we left Van Trump, and we were only some six hours in traveling it, while it took seventeen hours of terribly severe work to make the mountain-route under Sluiskin's guidance.

Without his help on the shorter route, too, it would have taken me more than twice the time it did. For the manner in which, after entering the defile of the Nisqually, Sluiskin again took the lead and proceeded in a direct and unhesitating course, securing every advantage of the ground, availing himself of the wide, rocky bars along the river, crossing and recrossing the milky flood which rushed along with terrific swiftness and fury, and occasionally forcing his way through the thick timber and underbrush in order to cut off wide bends of the river, and at length leaving it and striking boldly through the forest to Bear Prairie, proved him familiar with every foot of the country. His objections to the route evidently arose from the jealousy so common with his people of further exploration of the country by the whites. As long as they keep within the limits already known and explored, they are faithful and indefatigable guides, but they invariably interpose every obstacle their ingenuity can suggest to deter the adventurous mountaineer from exposing the few last hidden recesses that remain unexplored.

Mr. Coleman was found safe in camp, and seemed too glad to see us to think of reproaching us for our summary abandonment. He said that in attempting to follow us he climbed up so precipitous a place that, encumbered with his heavy pack, he could neither advance nor recede. He was compelled, therefore, to throw off the pack, which rolled to the very bottom of the mountain, and being thus delivered of his necessary outfit, he was forced to return to camp. He had been unable to find his pack, but having come across some cricketer's spikes among his remaining effects, he was resolved to continue his trip to, and make the ascent of Rainier by himself; he had just completed his preparations, and especially had deposited on top of the lofty mountain which overlooked the prairie two caches, or stores, of provisions.

At daylight next morning, Sluiskin, with his little boy riding one of his own ponies, himself riding our little calico-colored pack-horse, now well rested and saucy, started back for Van Trump, with directions to meet us at the trail on the Nisqually. A heavy, drizzling rain set in soon afterwards. Mr. Coleman, who had gone early to bring in the contents of his mountain-top caches, returned about noon with a very small bundle, and, packing our traps upon Sluiskin's other pony, we moved over to the rendezvous, pitched Coleman's large gum-sheet as a partial shelter, made a rousing fire, and tried to be comfortable. Late in the afternoon the pony set up a violent neighing, and in a few minutes Van Trump, and Sluiskin with his little boy behind him, rode up, drenched to the skin. By following the bed of the river, frequently crossing and recrossing, the Indian had managed to ride to the very foot of the Nisqually defile, when, leaving the horses in his boy's care, he hastened to Van Trump and carefully led and assisted him down. Despite the pain of his severe hurts, the latter was much amused at Sluiskin's account of our trip, and of finding Mr. Coleman safe in camp making tea, and for long after would repeat as an excellent joke Sluiskin's remark on passing the point

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where he had attempted to mislead me, "Skookum tenas man hiyu goddam."

We sent the horses back by the Indian to Bear Prairie for grass, there being no indications of the rain ceasing. The storm indeed lasted three days, during which we remained sheltered beneath the gum-sheet as far as possible, and endeavored to counteract the rain by heaping up our fire in front. About eight o'clock on the second morning, Sluiskin reported himself with our horse, which he returned, he said, because he was about to return to his lodge on the Cowlitz, being destitute of shelter and food for his family on Bear Prairie. He vigorously replenished the fire, declined breakfast, jeered Coleman for turning back, although probably the latter did not comprehend his broken lingo, and departed.

Sluiskin was an original and striking character. Leading a solitary life of hardships amidst these wilds, yet of unusual native intelligence, he had contrived, during rare visits to the settlements, to acquire the Chinook jargon, besides a considerable stock of English words, while his fund of general information was really wonderful. He was possessed of a shrewd, sarcastic wit, and, making no pretense to the traditional gravity of his race, did not scruple to use it freely. Yet beneath this he cherished a high sense of pride and personal independence. Although of the blood of the numerous and powerful Yakimas, who occupied the country just east of the Cascades, he disdained to render allegiance to them, or any tribe, and undoubtedly regarded the superintendent of Indian affairs, or even the great father at Washington himself, with equally contemptuous indifference.

As the last rays of the sun, one warm, drowsy summer afternoon, were falling aslant the shady streets of Olympia, Mr. Longmire's well-worn family carry-all, drawn by two fat, grass-fed horses, came rattling down the main street at a most unusual pace for them; two bright flags attached to Alpine staffs, one projecting from each door, fluttered gayly overhead, while the occupants of the carriage looked eagerly forth to catch the first glimpse of welcoming friends. We returned after our tramp of two hundred and forty miles with visages tanned and sun-scorched, and with forms as lean and gaunt as greyhounds, and were received and lionized to the full, like veterans returning from an arduous and glorious campaign. For days afterward, in walking along the smooth and level pavements, we felt a strong impulse to step high, as though still striding over the innumerable fallen logs and boughs of the forest, and for weeks our appetites were a source of astonishment to our friends and somewhat mortifying to ourselves. More than two months had elapsed before Mr. Van Trump fully recovered from his hurts. We published at the time short newspaper accounts of the ascent, and, although an occasional old Puget Sounder will still growl, "They say they went on top of Mount Rainier, but I 'd like to see them prove it," we were justly regarded as the first, and as I believe the only ones up to the present time, who have ever achieved the summit of Takhoma.

Hazard Stevens.

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MILLER MICHEL.

When war's wave, on fair Lorraine,
Broke in blood by hill and plain,
Many a home and hope went down;
But, of all the ruthless wrack,
None more bitter, none more black,
Than the ruin that befell
The old miller, Père Michel.

Just beneath the sloping town,
Where the ancient, mossy mill
Seems an outgrowth of the hill,
Nestled in a hollow green
Is the little homestead seen.
Like a river, leap on leap,
Terraced vineyards by it run,
Down the valley, up the steep,
Growing, glowing in the sun:
For the vintage-time was near.
But the hands that pruned this year
Would not be the hands to gather:
He must reap the autumn yield,
He, the old and lonely father,
Whose two stalwart, only sons
House and hold and cherished ones
Left for a strange vintage-field,
Where a blood more hot and red
Than the blood of grapes was shed!

Skies were blue upon that day
When the brothers went away,
Skies were blue and earth was bright.
But the shadow backward thrown
Of the two from out it gone
Lay upon the house like night.

Silent by the silent wheel
Bowed the mother o'er her reel,
Broken by the double blow;
While the pale young wife beside,
Worn with weeping, weary-eyed,
Strove the gleeful talk to check
Of the boy about her neck,
Prattling of the bayonet-line
He had watched, through shade and shine,
Round the winding hill-way go.
Till between his women folk
Rising, thus the miller spoke:

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"Not another tear," he said,
"In my sight for them be shed
On this day of pride and joy!
Had the good God given ten,
I would give them all again,
Give them up, for life or death,
As their country ordereth!
Come, my little lad, come here!
Lisp me out a prayer and cheer
For thy soldier-father, boy!"

Oh, the restless days of doubt!
Oh, the hope, whose light went out
Suddenly in blackest gloom!
Never from the battle-plain
Came the brothers back again,
But a tale of shame and dread,
Darkly whispered, came instead:
One had met a soldier's doom,
Found a soldier's grave below
Heaps of fallen friend and foe;
But the father's darling one,
He, the best-loved younger son,
False to country and to kin,
Lived — a foeman's ranks within!

Ah, the poor old Père Michel!
He who loved his land so well,
He who held his head so high
For the sons gone forth to die,
Bowed to dust that stricken head,
For the living, not the dead!
Day grew dusk and dusk grew dark;
Still the flickering ember-spark,
In its wild, uncertain play,
Showed him brooding, bent and gray,
With his eyes upon the ground;
Speechless, moveless, in his chair
'Twixt the weeping women there,
Widowed wife and childless mother.
Till, as some half-uttered word
From the sobbing lips he heard,
Suddenly he turned him round:
"Never let a traitor's name
Brand my honest house with shame!
To my country's need," he said,
"I gave all — my son is dead;
He is dead — I have no other!"

When the leaf had left the plain,
And the blue had left the sky,

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And the stream crept chilly by,
And a year was gone again,
In a night of drear November,
When the smoldering cottage-ember
Was the single glimmer seen
Lowering air and earth between,
In a night of storm and blast
Came the lost one home at last.
On the latch a trembling finger
Seemed uncertainly to linger,
And the slowly opening door
Gave him to their gaze once more.

Ere the mother's foot could stir
From the shadows wrapping her,
Ere the widow's half-heard cry
On her quivering lips could die,
One hand the unconscious boy
On his knee that leapt for joy
Closer holding, while the other
Motioned back the faltering mother,
On the son the stern old sire
Bent a brow of scornful ire.
"What! no friendly sod," he said,
"Hideth thy dishonored head?
False to father and fatherland,
Darest thou again to stand
On the soil a brother's blood
Watered with its sacred flood?
Darest thou to seek once more
Hearth and home were thine of yore?
Never shall a traitor's head
Loyal roof-tree cover in!
Never traitor break the bread
Loyal hands have toiled to win!
Forth! and let the storm and night
Blot thee from my loathing sight!
Forth! before I curse the hearth,
Curse the day that gave thee birth!"
And the old man rose in wrath,
As to strike from out his path,
With those words of bitter scorn,
Him, the darling youngest born!

There, beside the chimney-stone,
Still the mother cowered alone;
Gave no sign of look or word
If she saw or if she heard:
Nothing but the bowed head, shaking
In the shadow on the wall
From the firelight's fitful fall,
Told a heart beneath it aching.

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But before the fiery oath
Fell to blast the lives of both,
Suddenly between the two,
Breaking bitter word and blow,
Shielding them from one another,
On her knees her son beside,
"Spare my boy!" the woman cried,
"Spare my boy — or strike his mother!
Wouldst thou sever thus in scorn
Eldest-born and youngest-born?
Strong the bond that binds together
Children of the self-same breast!
Kindred blood that quickens either
Reckons not of worst or best!
For the sake of him who lies
Our perpetual sacrifice,
Let his loyal blood, to-day,
Wash a brother's guilt away,
Render back to thee and me,
Solace of our life forlorn;
This, our son, must henceforth be
Eldest-born and youngest-born!"

And the stern old Père Michel
Back before the mother fell,
Saw the hands his own had spurned
Gathered to her tender breast,
Saw her eager kisses prest
On the lips from which he turned;
And the heart of Père Michel,
The strong heart whose noble pride
Pain and shame had vainly tried,
Yielded to love's potent spell;
And the stern old eyes that gazed,
By a sudden mist amazed,
As they saw the woeful joy
Of the mother o'er her boy,
Spite of shadowed future years,
Through the cloud of griefs and fears,
Far behind the shame and pain,
Far beneath the traitor stain,
In that child of yearning sore
Found the best-loved son once more!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

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THE AMERICAN.

XIII.

NEWMAN kept his promise, or his menace, of going often to the Rue de l'Université, and during the next six weeks he saw Madame de Cintré more times than he could have numbered. He flattered himself that he was not in love, but his biographer may be supposed to know better. He claimed, at least, none of the exemption and emoluments of the romantic passion. Love, he believed, made a fool of a man, and his present emotion was not folly but wisdom; wisdom sound, serene, well-directed. What he felt was an intense, all-consuming tenderness, which had for its object an extraordinarily graceful and delicate, and at the same time impressive woman, who lived in a large gray house on the left bank of the Seine. This tenderness turned very often into a positive heart-ache; a sign in which, certainly, Newman ought to have read the appellation which science has conferred upon his sentiment. When the heart has a heavy weight upon it, it hardly matters whether the weight be of gold or of lead; when, at any rate, happiness passes into that phase in which it becomes identical with pain, a man may admit that the reign of wisdom is temporarily suspended. Newman wished Madame de Cintré so well that nothing he could think of doing for her in the future rose to the high standard which his present mood had set itself. She seemed to him so felicitous a product of nature and circumstance that his invention, musing on future combination, was constantly catching its breath with the fear of stumbling into some brutal compression or mutilation of her beautiful personal harmony. This is what I mean by Newman's tenderness: Madame de Cintré pleased him so, exactly as she was, that his desire to interpose between her and the troubles of life had the quality of a young mother's eagerness to protect the sleep of her first-born child. Newman was simply charmed, and he handled his charm as if it were a music-box, which would stop if one shook it. There can be no better proof of the hankering epicure that is hidden in every man's temperament, waiting for a signal from some divine confederate that he may safely peep out. Newman at last was enjoying, purely, freely, deeply. Certain of Madame de Cintré's personal qualities — the luminous sweetness of her eyes, the delicate mobility of her face, the deep liquidity of her voice — filled all his consciousness. A rose-crowned Greek of old, gazing at a marble goddess with his whole bright intellect resting satisfied in the act, could not have been a more complete embodiment of the wisdom that bases itself in the enjoyment of quiet harmonies.

He made no violent love to her — no sentimental speeches. He never trespassed on what she had made him understand was for the present forbidden ground. But he had, nevertheless, a comfortable sense that she knew better from day to day how much he admired her. Though in general he was no great talker, he talked much, and he succeeded perfectly in making her say many things. He was not afraid of boring her, either by his discourse or by his silence; and whether or no he did occasionally bore her, it is probable that on the whole she liked him only the better for his absence of embarrassed scruples. Her visitors, coming in often while Newman sat there, found a tall, lean, silent man in a half-lounging attitude, who laughed out sometimes when no one had meant to be droll, and remained grave in the presence of calculated witticisms, for the appreciation of which he had apparently not the proper culture.

It must be confessed that the number of subjects upon which Newman had no ideas was extremely large, and it must be added that as regards those sub-

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jects upon which he was without ideas he was also perfectly without words. He had little of the small change of conversation, and his stock of ready-made formulas and phrases was the scantiest. On the other hand he had plenty of attention to give, and his estimate of the importance of a topic did not depend upon the number of clever things he could say about it. He himself was almost never bored, and there was no man with whom it would have been a greater mistake to suppose that silence meant displeasure. What it was that entertained him during some of his speechless sessions I must, however, confess myself unable to determine. We know in a general way that a great many things which were old stories to a great many people had the charm of novelty to him, but a complete list of his new impressions would probably contain a number of surprises for us. He told Madame de Cintré a hundred long stories; he explained to her, in talking of the United States, the working of various local institutions and mercantile customs. Judging by the sequel she was interested, but one would not have been sure of it beforehand. As regards her own talk, Newman was very sure himself that she herself enjoyed it: this was as a sort of amendment to the portrait that Mrs. Tristram had drawn of her. He discovered that she had naturally an abundance of gayety. He had been right at first in saying she was shy; her shyness, in a woman whose circumstances and tranquil beauty afforded every facility for well-mannered hardihood, was only a charm the more. For Newman it had lasted some time, and even when it went it left something behind it which for a while performed the same office. Was this the tearful secret of which Mrs. Tristram had had a glimpse, and of which, as of her friend's reserve, her high-breeding, and her profundity, she had given a sketch of which the outlines were, perhaps, rather too heavy? Newman supposed so, but he found himself wondering less every day what Madame de Cintré's secrets might be, and more convinced that secrets were, in themselves, hateful things to her. She was a woman for the light, not for the shade; and her natural line was not picturesque reserve and mysterious melancholy, but frank, joyous, brilliant action, with just so much meditation as was necessary, and not a grain more. To this, apparently, he had succeeded in bringing her back. He felt, himself, that he was an antidote to oppressive secrets; what he offered her was, in fact, above all things a vast, sunny immunity from the need of having any.

He often passed his evenings, when Madame de Cintré had so appointed it, at the chilly fireside of Madame de Bellegarde, contenting himself with looking across the room, through narrowed eyelids, at his mistress, who always made a point, before her family, of talking to some one else. Madame de Bellegarde sat by the fire conversing neatly and coldly with whomsoever approached her, and glancing round the room with her slowly-restless eye, the effect of which, when it lighted upon him, was to Newman's sense identical with that of a sudden spurt of damp air. When he shook hands with her he always asked her with a laugh whether she could "stand him" another evening, and she replied, without a laugh, that thank God she had always been able to do her duty. Newman, talking once of the marquise to Mrs. Tristram, said that after all it was very easy to get on with her; it always was easy to get on with out-and-out rascals.

"And is it by that elegant term," said Mrs. Tristram, "that you designate the Marquise de Bellegarde?"

"Well," said Newman, "she is wicked, she is an old sinner."

"What is her crime?" asked Mrs. Tristram.

"I should n't wonder if she had murdered some one — all from a sense of duty, of course."

"How can you be so dreadful?" sighed Mrs. Tristram.

"I am not dreadful. I am speaking of her favorably."

"Pray what will you say when you want to be severe?"

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"I shall keep my severity for some one else — for the marquis. There 's a man I can't swallow, mix the drink as I will."

"And what has *he* done?"

"I can't quite make out; it is something dreadfully bad, something mean and underhand, and not redeemed by audacity, as his mother's misdemeanors may have been. If he has never committed murder he has at least turned his back and looked the other way while some one else was committing it."

In spite of this invidious hypothesis, which must be taken for nothing more than an example of the capricious play of "American humor," Newman did his best to maintain an easy and friendly style of communication with M. de Bellegarde. So long as he was in personal contact with people, he disliked extremely to have anything to forgive them, and he was capable of a good deal of unsuspected imaginative effort (for the sake of his own personal comfort) to assume for the time that they were good fellows. He did his best to treat the marquis as one; he believed honestly, moreover, that he could not, in reason, be such a confounded fool as he seemed. Newman's familiarity was never importunate; his sense of human equality was not an aggressive taste or an æsthetic theory, but something as natural and organic as a physical appetite which had never been put on a scanty allowance and consequently was innocent of ungraceful eagerness. His tranquil unsuspectingness of this relativity of his own place in the social scale was probably irritating to M. de Bellegarde, who saw himself reflected in the mind of his potential brother-in-law in a crude and colorless form, unpleasantly dissimilar to the impressive image projected upon his own intellectual mirror. He never forgot himself for an instant, and replied to what he must have considered Newman's "advances" with mechanical politeness. Newman, who was constantly forgetting himself, and indulging in an unlimited amount of irresponsible inquiry and conjecture, now and then found himself confronted by the conscious, ironical smile of his host. What the deuce M. de Bellegarde was smiling at he was at a loss to divine. M. de Bellegarde's smile may be supposed to have been, for himself, a compromise between a great many emotions. So long as he smiled he was polite, and it was proper he should be polite. A smile, moreover, committed him to nothing more than politeness, and left the degree of politeness agreeably vague. A smile, too, was neither dissent — which was too serious — nor agreement, which might have brought on terrible complications. And then a smile covered his own personal dignity, which in this critical situation he was resolved to keep immaculate; it was quite enough that the glory of his house should pass into eclipse. Between him and Newman, his whole manner seemed to declare, there could be no interchange of opinion; he was holding his breath so as not to inhale the odor of democracy. Newman was far from being versed in European politics, but he liked to have a general idea of what was going on about him, and he accordingly asked M. de Bellegarde several times what he thought of public affairs. M. de Bellegarde answered with suave concision that he thought as ill of them as possible, that they were going from bad to worse, and that the age was rotten to its core. This gave Newman, for the moment, an almost kindly feeling for the marquis; he pitied a man for whom the world was so cheerless a place, and the next time he saw M. de Bellegarde he attempted to call his attention to some of the brilliant features of the time. The marquis presently replied that he had but a single political conviction, which was enough for him: he believed in the divine right of Henry of Bourbon, fifth of his name, to the throne of France. Newman stared, and after this he ceased to talk politics with M. de Bellegarde. He was not horrified nor scandalized, he was not even amused; he felt as he would have felt if he had discovered in M. de Bellegarde a taste for certain oddities of diet; an appetite, for instance, for fishbones or nutshells. Under these circumstances, of course, he

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would never have broached dietary questions with him.

One afternoon, on his calling on Madame de Cintré, Newman was requested by the servant to wait a few moments, as his hostess was not at liberty. He walked about the room a while, taking up her books, smelling her flowers, and looking at her prints and photographs (which he thought prodigiously pretty), and at last he heard the opening of a door to which his back was turned. On the threshold stood an old woman whom he remembered to have met several times in entering and leaving the house. She was tall and straight and dressed in black, and she wore a cap which, if Newman had been initiated into such mysteries, would have been a sufficient assurance that she was not a Frenchwoman; a cap of pure British composition. She had a pale, decent, depressed-looking face, and a clear, dull, English eye. She looked at Newman a moment, both intently and timidly, and then she dropped a short, straight English courtesy.

"Madam the countess begs you will kindly wait," she said. "She has just come in; she will soon have finished dressing."

"Oh, I will wait as long as she wants," said Newman. "Pray tell her not to hurry."

"Thank you, sir," said the woman, softly; and then, instead of retiring with her message, she advanced into the room. She looked about her for a moment, and presently went to a table and began to arrange certain books and knickknacks. Newman was struck with the high respectability of her appearance; he was afraid to address her as a servant. She busied herself for some moments with putting the table in order and pulling the curtains straight, while Newman walked slowly to and fro. He perceived at last, from her reflection in the mirror, as he was passing, that her hands were idle and that she was looking at him intently. She evidently wished to say something, and Newman, perceiving it, helped her to begin.

"You are English?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, please," she answered, quickly and softly; "I was born in Wiltshire."

"And what do you think of Paris?"

"Oh, I don't think of Paris, sir," she said in the same tone. "It is so long since I have been here."

"Ah, you have been here very long?"

"It is more than forty years, sir. I came over with Lady Emmeline."

"You mean with old Madame de Bellegarde?"

"Yes, sir. I came with her when she was married. I was my lady's own woman."

"And you have been with her ever since?"

"I have been in the house ever since. My lady has taken a younger person. You see I am very old. I do nothing regular now. But I keep about."

"You look very strong and well," said Newman, observing the erectness of her figure, and a certain venerable rosiness in her cheek.

"Thank God I am not ill, sir; I hope I know my duty too well to go panting and coughing about the house. But I am an old woman, sir, and it is as an old woman that I venture to speak to you."

"Oh, speak out," said Newman, curiously. "You need n't be afraid of me."

"Yes, sir. I think you are kind. I have seen you before."

"On the stairs, you mean?"

"Yes, sir. When you have been coming to see the countess. I have taken the liberty of noticing that you come often."

"Oh yes; I come very often," said Newman, laughing. "You need not have been very wide-awake to notice that."

"I have noticed it with pleasure, sir," said this ancient tirewoman, gravely. And she stood looking at Newman with a strange expression of face. The old instinct of deference and humility was there; the habit of decent self-effacement and knowledge of her "own place." But there mingled with it a certain mild audacity, born of the occasion and of a

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sense, probably, of Newman's unprecedented approachableness, and, beyond this, a vague indifference to the old proprieties; as if my lady's own woman had at last begun to reflect that, since my lady had taken another person, she had a slight reversionary property in herself.

"You take a great interest in the family?" said Newman.

"A deep interest, sir. Especially in the countess."

"I am glad of that," said Newman. And in a moment he added, smiling, "So do I!"

"So I supposed, sir. We can't help noticing these things and having our ideas; can we, sir?"

"You mean as a servant?" said Newman.

"Ah, there it is, sir. I am afraid that when I let my thoughts meddle with such matters I am no longer a servant. But I am so devoted to the countess; if she were my own child I could n't love her more. That is how I come to be so bold, sir. They say you want to marry her."

Newman eyed his interlocutress and satisfied himself that she was not a gossip, but a zealot; she looked anxious, appealing, discreet. "It is quite true," he said. "I want to marry Madame de Cintré."

"And to take her away to America?"

"I will take her wherever she wants to go."

"The farther away the better, sir!" exclaimed the old woman, with sudden intensity. But she checked herself, and, taking up a paper-weight in mosaic, began to polish it with her black apron. "I don't mean anything against the house or the family, sir. But I think a great change would do the poor countess good. It is very sad here."

"Yes, it 's not very lively," said Newman. "But Madame de Cintré is gay herself."

"She is everything that is good. You will not be vexed to hear that she has been gayer for a couple of months past than she had been in many a day before."

Newman was delighted to gather this testimony to the prosperity of his suit, but he repressed all violent marks of elation. "Has Madame de Cintré been in bad spirits before this?" he asked.

"Poor lady, she had good reason. M. de Cintré was no husband for a sweet young lady like that. And then, as I say, it has been a sad house. It is better, in my humble opinion, if she were out of it. So, if you will excuse me for saying so, I hope she will marry you."

"I hope she will!" said Newman.

"But you must not lose courage, sir, if she does n't make up her mind at once. That is what I wanted to beg of you, sir. Don't give it up, sir. You will not take it ill if I say it 's a great risk for any lady at any time, all the more when she has got rid of one bad bargain. But if she can marry a good, kind, respectable gentleman, I think she had better make up her mind to it. They speak very well of you, sir, in the house, and if you will allow me to say so, I like your face. You have a very different appearance from the late count: he was n't five feet high. And they say your fortune is beyond everything. There 's no harm in that. So I beseech you to be patient, sir, and bide your time. If I don't say this to you, sir, perhaps no one will. Of course it is not for me to make any promises. I can answer for nothing. But I think your chance is not so bad, sir. I am nothing but a weary old woman in my quiet corner, but one woman understands another, and I think I make out the countess. I received her in my arms when she came into the world, and her first wedding-day was the saddest of my life. She owes it to me to show me another and a brighter one. If you will hold firm, sir, — and you look as if you would, — I think we may see it."

"I am much obliged to you for your encouragement," said Newman, heartily. "One can't have too much. I mean to hold firm. And if Madame de Cintré marries me, you must come and live with her."

The old woman looked at him strange-

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ly, with her soft, lifeless eyes. "It may seem a heartless thing to say, sir, when one has been forty years in a house, but I may tell you that I should like to leave this place."

"Why, it 's just the time to say it," said Newman, fervently. "After forty years one wants a change."

"You are very kind, sir;" and this faithful servant dropped another courtesy and seemed disposed to retire. But she lingered a moment and gave a timid, joyless smile. Newman was disappointed and his fingers stole half shyly, half irritably into his waistcoat-pocket. His informant noticed the movement. "Thank God I am not a Frenchwoman," she said. "If I were, I would tell you with a brazen simper, old as I am, that if you please, monsieur, my information is worth something. Let me tell you so in my own decent, English way. It *is* worth something."

"How much, please?" said Newman.

"Simply this: a promise not to hint to the countess that I have said these things."

"If that is all, you have it," said Newman.

"That is all, sir. Thank you, sir. Good day, sir." And having once more slid down telescope-wise into her scanty petticoats, the old woman departed. At the same moment Madame de Cintré came in by an opposite door. She noticed the movement of the other *portière* and asked Newman who had been entertaining him.

"The British female!" said Newman. "An old lady in a black dress and a cap, who courtesies up and down, and expresses herself ever so well."

"An old lady who courtesies and expresses herself? . . . Ah, you mean poor Mrs. Bread. I happen to know that you have made a conquest of her."

"Mrs. Cake, she ought to be called," said Newman. "She is very sweet. She is a delicious old woman."

Madame de Cintré looked at him a moment. "What can she have said to you? She is an excellent creature, but we think her rather dismal."

"I suppose," Newman answered presently, "that I like her because she has lived near you so long. Since your birth, she told me."

"Yes," said Madame de Cintré, simply; "she is very faithful; I can trust her."

Newman had never made any reflections to this lady upon her mother and her brother, Urbain; had given no hint of the impression they made upon him. But, as if she had guessed his thoughts, she seemed careful to avoid all occasion for making him speak of them. She never alluded to her mother's domestic decrees; she never quoted the opinion of the marquis. They had talked, however, of Valentin, and she had made no secret of her extreme affection for her younger brother. Newman listened sometimes with a certain harmless jealousy; he would have liked to divert some of her tender allusions to his own credit. Once Madame de Cintré told him with a little air of triumph about something that Valentin had done which she thought very much to his honor. It was a service he had rendered to an old friend of the family; something more "serious" than Valentin was usually supposed capable of being. Newman said he was glad to hear of it, and then began to talk about something which lay upon his own heart. Madame de Cintré listened, but after a while she said, "I don't like the way you speak of my brother Valentin." Hereupon Newman, surprised, said that he had never spoken of him but kindly.

"It is too kindly," said Madame de Cintré. "It is a kindness that costs nothing; it is the kindness you show to a child. It is as if you did n't respect him."

"Respect him? Why, I think I do."

"You think? If you are not sure, it is no respect."

"Do you respect him?" said Newman. "If you do, I do."

"If one loves a person, that is a question one is not bound to answer," said Madame de Cintré.

"You should not have asked it of me, then. I am very fond of your brother.'

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"He amuses you. But you would not like to resemble him."

"I should n't like to resemble any one. It is hard enough work resembling one's self."

"What do you mean," asked Madame de Cintré, "by resembling one's self?"

"Why, doing what is expected of one. Doing one's duty."

"But that is only when one is very good."

"Well, a great many people are good," said Newman. "Valentin is quite good enough for me."

Madame de Cintré was silent for a short time. "He is not good enough for me," she said at last. "I wish he would do something."

"What can he do?" asked Newman.

"Nothing. Yet he is very clever."

"It is a proof of cleverness," said Newman, "to be happy without doing anything."

"I don't think Valentin is happy, in reality. He is clever, generous, brave; but what is there to show for it? To me there is something sad in his life, and sometimes I have a sort of foreboding about him. I don't know why, but I fancy he will have some great trouble — perhaps an unhappy end."

"Oh, leave him to me," said Newman, jovially. "I will watch over him and keep harm away."

One evening, in Madame de Bellegarde's salon, the conversation had flagged most sensibly. The marquis walked up and down in silence, like a sentinel at the door of some smooth-fronted citadel of the proprieties; his mother sat staring at the fire; young Madame de Bellegarde worked at an enormous band of tapestry. Usually there were three or four visitors, but on this occasion a violent storm sufficiently accounted for the absence of even the most devoted *habitués*. In the long silences the howling of the wind and the beating of the rain were distinctly audible. Newman sat perfectly still, watching the clock, determined to stay till the stroke of eleven, but not a moment longer. Madame de Cintré had turned her back to the circle, and had been standing for some time within the uplifted curtain of a window, with her forehead against the pane, gazing out into the deluged darkness. Suddenly she turned round toward her sister-in-law.

"For heaven's sake," she said, with peculiar eagerness, "go to the piano and play something."

Madame de Bellegarde held up her tapestry and pointed to a little white flower. "Don't ask me to leave this. I am in the midst of a masterpiece. My flower is going to smell very sweet; I am putting in the smell with this gold-colored silk. I am holding my breath; I can't leave off. Play something yourself."

"It is absurd for me to play when you are present," said Madame de Cintré. But the next moment she went to the piano and began to strike the keys with a sort of vehemence. She played for some time, rapidly and brilliantly; when she stopped, Newman went to the piano and asked her to begin again. She shook her head, and, on his insisting, she said, "I have not been playing for you; I have been playing for myself." She went back to the window again and looked out, and shortly afterwards left the room. When Newman took leave, Urbain de Bellegarde accompanied him, as he always did, just three steps down the staircase. At the bottom stood a servant with his hat and coat. He had just put on the latter when he saw Madame de Cintré coming towards him across the vestibule.

"Shall you be at home on Friday?" Newman asked.

She looked at him a moment before answering his question. "You don't like my mother and my brother," she said.

He hesitated a moment, and then he said softly, "No."

She laid her hand on the balustrade and prepared to ascend the stairs, fixing her eyes on the first step. "Yes, I shall be at home on Friday," and she passed up the wide, dusky staircase.

On the Friday, as soon as he came in, she asked him to please to tell her why he disliked her family.

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"Dislike your family?" he exclaimed. "That has a horrid sound. I did n't say so, did I? I did n't mean it, if I did."

"I wish you would tell me what you think of them," said Madame de Cintré.

"I don't think of any of them but you."

"That is because you dislike them. Speak the truth; you can't offend me."

"Well, I don't exactly love your brother," said Newman. "I remember now. But what is the use of my saying so? I had forgotten it."

"You are too good-natured," said Madame de Cintré, gravely. Then, as if to avoid the appearance of inviting him to speak ill of the marquis, she turned away, motioning him to sit down.

But he remained standing before her and said presently, "What is of much more importance is that they don't like me."

"No — they don't," she said.

"And don't you think they are wrong?" Newman asked. "I don't believe I am a man to dislike."

"I suppose that a man who may be liked may also be disliked. And my brother — my mother," she added, "have not made you angry?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"You have never shown it."

"So much the better."

"Yes, so much the better. They think they have treated you very well."

"I have no doubt they might have handled me much more roughly," said Newman. "I am much obliged to them. Honestly."

"You are generous," said Madame de Cintré. "It 's a disagreeable position."

"For them, you mean. Not for me."

"For me," said Madame de Cintré.

"Not when their sins are forgiven!" said Newman. "They don't think I am as good as they are. I do. But we shan't quarrel about it."

"I can't even agree with you without saying something that has a disagreeable sound. The presumption was against you. That you probably don't understand."

Newman sat down and looked at her for some time. "I don't think I really understand it. But when you say it, I believe it."

"That 's a poor reason," said Madame de Cintré, smiling.

"No, it 's a very good one. You have a high spirit, a high standard; but with you it 's all natural and unaffected; you don't seem to have stuck your head into a vise, as if you were sitting for the photograph of propriety. You think of me as a fellow who has had no idea in life but to make money and drive sharp bargains. That 's a fair description of me, but it is not the whole story. A man ought to care for something else, though I don't know exactly what. I cared for money-making, but I never cared particularly for the money. There was nothing else to do, and it was impossible to be idle. I have been very easy to others, and to myself. I have done most of the things that people asked me — I don't mean rascals. As regards your mother and your brother," Newman added, "there is only one point upon which I feel that I might quarrel with them. I don't ask them to sing my praises to you, but I ask them to let you alone. If I thought they talked ill of me to you, I should come down on them."

"They have let me alone, as you say. They have not talked ill of you."

"In that case," cried Newman, "I proclaim them unspotted saints!"

Madame de Cintré appeared to find something startling, almost painfully startling, in his exclamation. She would, perhaps, have replied, but at this moment the door was thrown open and Urbain de Bellegarde stepped across the threshold. He appeared surprised at finding Newman, but his surprise was but a momentary shadow across the surface of an unwonted joviality. Newman had never seen the marquis so exhilarated; his pale, unlighted countenance had a sort of thin transfiguration. He held open the door for some one else to enter, and presently appeared old Madame de Bellegarde, leaning on the arm of a gentleman whom Newman had not seen be-

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fore. He had already risen, and Madame de Cintré rose, as she always did before her mother. The marquis, who had greeted Newman almost genially, stood apart, slowly rubbing his hands. His mother came forward with her companion. She gave a majestic little nod at Newman, and then she released the strange gentleman, that he might make his bow to her daughter.

"My daughter," she said, "I have brought you an unknown relative, Lord Deepmere. Lord Deepmere is our cousin, but he has done only to-day what he ought to have done long ago, — come to make our acquaintance."

Madame de Cintré smiled, and offered Lord Deepmere her hand. "It is very extraordinary," said this noble laggard, "but this is the first time that I have ever been in Paris for more than three or four weeks."

"And how long have you been here now?" asked Madame de Cintré.

"Oh, for the last two months," said Lord Deepmere.

These two remarks might have constituted an impertinence; but a glance at Lord Deepmere's face would have satisfied you, as it apparently satisfied Madame de Cintré, that they constituted only a *naïveté*. When his companions were seated, Newman, who was out of the conversation, occupied himself with observing the new comer. Observation, however, as regards Lord Deepmere's person, had no great range. He was a small, meagre man, of some three and thirty years of age, with a bald head, a short nose, and no front teeth in the upper jaw; he had round, candid, blue eyes, and several pimples on his chin. He was evidently very shy, and he laughed a great deal, catching his breath with an odd, startling sound, as the most convenient imitation of repose. His physiognomy denoted great simplicity, a certain amount of brutality, and a probable failure in the past to profit by rare educational advantages. He remarked that Paris was awfully jolly, but that for real, thorough-paced entertainment it was nothing to Dublin. He even preferred Dublin to London. Had Madame de Cintré ever been to Dublin? They must all come over there some day, and he would show them some Irish sport. He always went to Ireland for the fishing, and he came to Paris for the new Offenbach things. They always brought them out in Dublin, but he couldn't wait. He had been nine times to hear La Pomme de Paris. Madame de Cintré, leaning back, with her arms folded, looked at Lord Deepmere with a more visibly puzzled face than she usually showed to society. Madame de Bellegarde, on the other hand, wore a fixed smile. The marquis said that among light operas his favorite was the Gazza Ladra. The marquise then began a series of inquiries about the duke and the cardinal, the old countess and Lady Barbara, after listening to which, and to Lord Deepmere's somewhat irreverent responses, for a quarter of an hour, Newman rose to take his leave. The marquis went with him three steps into the hall.

"Is he Irish?" asked Newman, nodding in the direction of the visitor.

"His mother was the daughter of Lord Finenane," said the marquis; "he has great Irish estates. Lady Bridget, in the complete absence of male heirs, either direct or collateral, — a most extraordinary circumstance, — came in for everything. But Lord Deepmere's title is English, and his English property is immense. He is a charming young man."

Newman answered nothing, but he detained the marquis as the latter was beginning gracefully to recede. "It is a good time for me to thank you," he said, "for sticking so punctiliously to our bargain, for doing so much to help me on with your sister."

The marquis stared. "Really, I have done nothing that I can boast of," he said.

"Oh, don't be modest," Newman answered, laughing. "I can't flatter myself that I am doing so well simply by my own merit. And thank your mother for me, too." And he turned away, leaving M. de Bellegarde looking after him.

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XIV.

The next time Newman came to the Rue de l'Université, he had the good fortune to find Madame de Cintré alone. He had come with a definite intention, and he lost no time in executing it. She wore, moreover, a certain look which he eagerly interpreted as expectancy.

"I have been coming to see you for six months, now," he said, "and I have never spoken to you a second time of marriage. That was what you asked me; I obeyed. Could any man have done better?"

"You have acted with great delicacy," said Madame de Cintré.

"Well, I 'm going to change, now," said Newman. "I don't mean that I am going to be indelicate; but I 'm going to go back to where I began. I *am* back there. I have been all round the circle. Or rather, I have never been away from there. I have never ceased to want what I wanted then. Only now I am more sure of it, if possible; I am more sure of myself, and more sure of you. I know you better, though I don't know anything I did n't believe three months ago. You are everything — you are beyond everything — I can imagine or desire. You know me now; you *must* know me. I won't say that you have seen the best — but you have seen the worst. I hope you have been thinking, all this while. You must have seen that I was only waiting; you can't suppose that I was changing. What will you say to me, now? Say that everything is clear and reasonable, and that I have been very patient and considerate, and deserve my reward. And then give me your hand. Madame de Cintré, do that. Do it."

"I knew you were only waiting," she said; "and I was very sure this day would come. I have thought about it a great deal. At first I was half afraid of it. But I am not afraid of it now." She paused a moment, and then she added, "It 's a relief."

She was sitting on a low chair, and Newman was on an ottoman, near her. He leaned a little and took her hand, which for an instant she let him keep. "That means that I have not waited for nothing," he said. She looked at him for a moment, and he saw her eyes fill with tears. "With me," he went on, "you will be as safe — as safe" — and even in his ardor he hesitated a moment for a comparison — "as safe," he said, with a kind of simple solemnity, "as in your father's arms."

Still she looked at him and her tears increased. Then, abruptly, she buried her face on the cushioned arm of the sofa beside her chair, and broke into noiseless sobs. "I am weak — I am weak," he heard her say.

"All the more reason why you should give yourself up to me," he answered. "Why are you troubled? There is nothing here that should trouble you. I offer you nothing but happiness. Is that so hard to believe?"

"To you everything seems so simple," she said, raising her head. "But things are not so. I like you extremely. I liked you six months ago, and now I am sure of it, as you say you are sure. But it is not easy, simply for that, to decide to marry you. There are a great many things to think about."

"There ought to be only one thing to think about — that we love each other," said Newman. And as she remained silent he quickly added, "Very good; if you can't accept that, don't tell me so."

"I should be very glad to think of nothing," she said at last; "not to think at all; only to shut both my eyes and give myself up. But I can't. I 'm cold, I 'm old, I 'm a coward; I never supposed I should marry again, and it seems to me very strange I should ever have listened to you. When I used to think, as a girl, of what I should do if I were to marry freely, by my own choice, I thought of a very different man from you."

"That 's nothing against me," said Newman with an immense smile; "your taste was not formed."

His smile made Madame de Cintré smile. "Have you formed it?" she

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asked. And then she said, in a different tone, "Where do you wish to live?"

"Anywhere in the wide world you like. We can easily settle that."

"I don't know why I ask you," she presently continued. "I care very little. I think if I were to marry you I could live almost anywhere. You have some false ideas about me; you think that I need a great many things, — that I must have a brilliant, worldly life. I am sure you are prepared to take a great deal of trouble to give me such things. But that is very arbitrary; I have done nothing to prove that." She paused again, looking at him, and her mingled sound and silence were so sweet to him that he had no wish to hurry her, any more than he would have had to hurry a golden sunrise. "Your being so different, which at first seemed a difficulty, a trouble, began one day to seem to me a pleasure, a great pleasure. I was glad you were different. And yet if I had said so, no one would have understood me; I don't mean simply to my family."

"They would have said I was a queer monster, eh?" said Newman.

"They would have said I could never be happy with you — you were too different; and I would have said it was just *because* you were so different that I might be happy. But they would have given better reasons than I. My only reason" — and she paused again.

But this time, in the midst of his golden sunrise, Newman felt the impulse to grasp at a rosy cloud. "Your only reason is that you love me!" he murmured with an eloquent gesture, and for want of a better reason Madame de Cintré reconciled herself to this one.

Newman came back the next day, and in the vestibule, as he entered the house, he encountered his friend, Mrs. Bread. She was wandering about in honorable idleness, and when his eyes fell upon her she delivered him one of her courtesies. Then turning to the servant who had admitted him, she said, with the combined majesty of her native superiority and of a rugged English accent, "You may retire; I will have the honor of conducting monsieur." In spite of this combination, however, it appeared to Newman that her voice had a slight quaver, as if the tone of command were not habitual to it. The man gave her an impertinent stare, but he walked slowly away, and she led Newman upstairs. At half its ascent the staircase gave a bend, forming a little platform. In the angle of the wall stood an old, indifferent statue of an eighteenth-century nymph, simpering, sallow, and cracked. Here Mrs. Bread stopped and looked with shy kindness at her companion.

"I know the good news, sir," she murmured.

"You have a good right to be first to know it," said Newman. "You have taken such a friendly interest."

Mrs. Bread turned away and began to blow the dust off the statue, as if this might be mockery.

"I suppose you want to congratulate me," said Newman. "I am greatly obliged." And then he added, "You gave me much pleasure the other day."

She turned round, apparently reassured. "You are not to think that I have been told anything," she said; "I have only guessed. But when I looked at you, as you came in, I was sure I had guessed aright."

"You are very sharp," said Newman. "I am sure that in your quiet way you see everything."

"I am not a fool, sir, thank God. I have guessed something else beside," said Mrs. Bread.

"What 's that?"

"I need n't tell you that, sir; I don't think you would believe it. At any rate it would n't please you."

"Oh, tell me nothing but what will please me," laughed Newman. "That is the way you began."

"Well, sir, I suppose you won't be vexed to hear that the sooner everything is over the better."

"The sooner we are married, you mean? The better for me, certainly."

"The better for every one."

"The better for you, perhaps. You know you are coming to live with us," said Newman.

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"I'm extremely obliged to you, sir, but it is not of myself I was thinking. I only wanted, if I might take the liberty, to recommend you to lose no time."

"Whom are you afraid of?"

Mrs. Bread looked up the staircase and then down, and then she looked at the undusted nymph, as if she possibly had sentient ears. "I am afraid of every one," she said.

"What an uncomfortable state of mind!" said Newman. "Does 'every one' wish to prevent my marriage?"

"I am afraid of already having said too much," Mrs. Bread replied. "I won't take it back, but I won't say any more." And she took her way up the staircase again and led him into Madame de Cintré's salon.

Newman indulged in a brief and silent imprecation when he found that Madame de Cintré was not alone. With her sat her mother, and in the middle of the room stood young Madame de Bellegarde, in her bonnet and mantle. The old marquise, who was leaning back in her chair with a hand clasping the knob of each arm, looked at him fixedly, without moving. She seemed barely conscious of his greeting; she appeared to be musing intently. Newman said to himself that her daughter had been announcing her engagement and that the old lady found the morsel hard to swallow. But Madame de Cintré, as she gave him her hand, gave him also a look by which she appeared to mean that he should understand something. Was it a warning or a request? Did she wish to enjoin speech or silence? He was puzzled, and young Madame de Bellegarde's pretty grin gave him no information.

"I have not told my mother," said Madame de Cintré, abruptly, looking at him.

"Told me what?" demanded the marquise. "You tell me too little; you should tell me everything."

"That is what I do," said Madame Urbain, with a little laugh.

"Let *me* tell your mother," said Newman.

The old lady stared at him again, and then turned to her daughter. "You are going to marry him?" she cried, softly.

"Oui, ma mère," said Madame de Cintré.

"Your daughter has consented, to my great happiness," said Newman.

"And when was this arrangement made?" asked Madame de Bellegarde. "I seem to be picking up the news by chance."

"My suspense came to an end yesterday," said Newman.

"And how long was mine to have lasted?" said the marquise to her daughter. She spoke without irritation; with a sort of cold, noble displeasure.

Madame de Cintré stood silent, with her eyes on the ground. "It is over now," she said.

"Where is my son — where is Urbain?" asked the marquise. "Send for your brother and inform him."

Young Madame de Bellegarde laid her hand on the bell-rope. "He was to make some visits with me, and I was to go and knock — very softly, very softly — at the door of his study. But he can come to me!" She pulled the bell, and in a few moments Mrs. Bread appeared, with a face of calm inquiry.

"Send for your brother," said the old lady.

But Newman felt an irresistible impulse to speak, and to speak in a certain way. "Tell the marquis we want him," he said to Mrs. Bread, who quietly retired.

Young Madame de Bellegarde went to her sister-in-law and embraced her. Then she turned to Newman, with an intense smile. "She is charming. I congratulate you."

"I congratulate you, sir," said Madame de Bellegarde, with extreme solemnity. "My daughter is an extraordinarily good woman. She may have faults, but I don't know them."

"My mother does not often make jokes," said Madame de Cintré; "but when she does they are terrible."

"She is ravishing," the Marquise Urbain resumed, looking at her sister-in-law, with her head on one side. "Yes, I congratulate you."

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Madame de Cintré turned away, took up a piece of tapestry, and began to ply the needle. Some minutes of silence elapsed, which were interrupted by the arrival of M. de Bellegarde. He came in with his hat in his hand, gloved, and was followed by his brother Valentin, who appeared to have just entered the house. M. de Bellegarde looked around the circle and greeted Newman with his usual finely-measured courtesy. Valentin saluted his mother and his sisters, and, as he shook hands with Newman, gave him a glance of acute interrogation.

"Arrivez donc, messieurs!" cried young Madame de Bellegarde. "We have great news for you."

"Speak to your brother, my daughter," said the old lady.

Madame de Cintré had been looking at her tapestry. She raised her eyes to her brother. "I have accepted Mr. Newman."

"Your sister has consented," said Newman. "You see, after all, I knew what I was about."

"I am charmed!" said M. de Bellegarde, with superior benignity.

"So am I," said Valentin to Newman. "The marquis and I are charmed. I can't marry, myself, but I can understand it. I can't stand on my head, but I can applaud a clever acrobat. My dear sister, I bless your union."

The marquis stood looking for a while into the crown of his hat. "We have been prepared," he said at last, "but it is inevitable that in face of the event one should experience a certain emotion." And he gave a most unhilarious smile.

"I feel no emotion that I was not perfectly prepared for," said his mother.

"I can't say that for myself," said Newman, smiling, but differently from the marquis. "I am happier than I expected to be. I suppose it's the sight of your happiness!"

"Don't exaggerate that," said Madame de Bellegarde, getting up and laying her hand upon her daughter's arm. "You can't expect an honest old woman to thank you for taking away her beautiful, only daughter."

"You forgot me, dear madame," said the young marquise, demurely.

"Yes, she is very beautiful," said Newman.

"And when is the wedding, pray?" asked young Madame de Bellegarde; "I must have a month to think out a dress."

"That must be discussed," said the marquise.

"Oh, we will discuss it and let you know!" Newman exclaimed.

"I have no doubt we shall agree," said Urbain.

"If you don't agree with Madame de Cintré, you will be very unreasonable."

"Come, come, Urbain," said young Madame de Bellegarde. "I must go straight to my tailor's."

The old lady had been standing with her hand on her daughter's arm, looking at her fixedly. She gave a little sigh and murmured, "No, I did *not* expect it! You are a fortunate man," she added, turning to Newman, with an expressive nod.

"Oh, I know that!" he answered. "I feel tremendously proud. I feel like crying it on the housetops, — like stopping people in the street to tell them."

Madame de Bellegarde narrowed her lips. "Pray don't," she said.

"The more people that know it, the better," Newman declared. "I have n't yet announced it here, but I telegraphed it this morning to America."

"Telegraphed it to America?" the old lady murmured.

"To New York, to St. Louis, and to San Francisco; those are the principal cities, you know. To-morrow I shall tell my friends here."

"Have you many?" asked Madame de Bellegarde, in a tone of which I am afraid that Newman but partly measured the impertinence.

"Enough to bring me a great many hand-shakes and congratulations. To say nothing," he added, in a moment, "of those I shall receive from your friends."

"They will not use the telegraph," said the marquise, taking her departure.

M. de Bellegarde, whose wife, her

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imagination having apparently taken flight to the tailor's, was fluttering her silken wings in emulation, shook hands with Newman and said with a more persuasive accent than the latter had ever heard him use, "You may count upon me." Then his wife led him away.

Valentin stood looking from his sister to our hero. "I hope you have both reflected seriously," he said.

Madame de Cintré smiled. "We have neither your powers of reflection nor your depth of seriousness; but we have done our best."

"Well, I have a great regard for each of you," Valentin continued. "You are charming people. But I am not satisfied, on the whole, that you belong to that small and superior class — that exquisite group — composed of persons who are worthy to remain unmarried. These are rare souls; they are the salt of the earth. But I don't mean to be invidious; the marrying people are often very good."

"Valentin holds that women should marry and that men should not," said Madame de Cintré. "I don't know how he arranges it."

"I arrange it by adoring you, my sister," said Valentin, ardently. "Good-by."

"Adore some one whom you can marry," said Newman. "I will arrange that for you some day. I foresee that I am going to turn apostle."

Valentin was on the threshold; he looked back a moment, with a face that had turned grave. "I adore some one I can't marry!" he said. And he dropped the portière and departed.

"They don't like it," said Newman, standing alone before Madame de Cintré.

"No," she said, after a moment; "they don't like it."

"Well, now, do you mind that?" asked Newman.

"Yes!" she said, after another interval.

"That 's a mistake."

"I can't help it. I should prefer that my mother were pleased."

"Why the deuce," demanded Newman, "is she not pleased? She gave you leave to marry me."

"Very true; I don't understand it. And yet I do 'mind it,' as you say. You will call it superstitious."

"That will depend upon how much you let it bother you. Then I shall call it an awful bore '

"I will keep it to myself," said Madame de Cintré. "It shall not bother you." And then they talked of their marriage-day, and Madame de Cintré assented unreservedly to Newman's desire to have it fixed for an early date.

Newman's telegrams were answered with interest. Having dispatched but three electric missives, he received no less than eight gratulatory bulletins in return. He put them into his pocket-book, and the next time he encountered old Madame de Bellegarde drew them forth and displayed them to her. This, it must be confessed, was a slightly malicious stroke; the reader must judge in what degree the offense was venial. Newman knew that the marquise disliked his telegrams, though he could see no sufficient reason for it. Madame de Cintré, on the other hand, liked them, and, most of them being of a humorous cast, laughed at them immoderately and inquired into the character of their authors. Newman, now that his prize was gained, felt a peculiar desire that his triumph should be manifest. He more than suspected that the Bellegardes were keeping quiet about it, and allowing it, in their select circle, but a limited resonance; and it pleased him to think that if he were to take the trouble he might, as he phrased it, break all the windows. No man likes being repudiated, and yet Newman, if he was not flattered, was not exactly offended. He had not this good excuse for his somewhat aggressive impulse to promulgate his felicity; his sentiment was of another quality. He wanted for once to make the heads of the house of Bellegarde *feel* him; he knew not when he should have another chance. He had had for the past six months a sense of the old lady and her son looking straight over his head, and he was now resolved that they should toe a mark which he

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would give himself the satisfaction of drawing.

"It is like seeing a bottle emptied when the wine is poured too slowly," he said to Mrs. Tristram. "They make me want to joggle their elbows and force them to spill their wine."

To this Mrs. Tristram answered that he had better leave them alone and let them do things in their own way. "You must make allowances for them," she said. "It is natural enough that they should hang fire a little. They thought they accepted you when you made your application; but they are not people of imagination, they could not project themselves into the future, and now they will have to begin again. But they *are* people of honor, and they will do whatever is necessary."

Newman spent a few moments in narrow-eyed meditation. "I am not hard on them," he presently said, "and to prove it I will invite them all to a festival."

"To a festival?"

"You have been laughing at my great gilded rooms all winter; I will show you that they are good for something. I will give a party. What is the biggest thing one can do here? I will hire all the great singers from the opera, and all the first people from the Théâtre Français, and I will give an entertainment."

"And whom will you invite?"

"You, first of all. And then the old lady and her son. And then every one among her friends whom I have met at her house or elsewhere, every one who has shown me the minimum of politeness, every duke of them and his wife. And then all my friends, without exception: Miss Kitty Upjohn, Miss Dora Finch, General Packard, C. P. Hatch, and all the rest. And every one shall know what it is about: that is, to celebrate my engagement to the Countess de Cintré. What do you think of the idea?"

"I think it is odious!" said Mrs. Tristram. And then in a moment: "I think it is delicious!"

The very next evening Newman repaired to Madame de Bellegarde's salon, where he found her surrounded by her children, and invited her to honor his poor dwelling by her presence on a certain evening a fortnight distant.

The marquise stared a moment. "My dear sir," she cried, "what do you want to do to me?"

"To make you acquainted with a few people, and then to place you in a very easy chair and ask you to listen to Madame Frezzolini's singing."

"You mean to give a concert?"

"Something of that sort."

"And to have a crowd of people?"

"All my friends, and I hope some of yours and your daughter's. I want to celebrate my engagement."

It seemed to Newman that Madame de Bellegarde turned pale. She opened her fan, a fine old painted fan of the last century, and looked at the picture, which represented a *fête champêtre* — a lady with a guitar, singing, and a group of dancers round a garlanded Hermes.

"We go out so little," murmured the marquis, "since my poor father's death."

"But my dear father is still alive, my friend," said his wife. "I am only waiting for my invitation to accept it," and she glanced with amiable confidence at Newman. "It will be magnificent; I am very sure of that."

I am sorry to say, to the discredit of Newman's gallantry, that this lady's invitation was not then and there bestowed; he was giving all his attention to the old marquise. She looked up at last, smiling. "I can't think of letting you offer me a fête," she said, "until I have offered you one. We want to present you to our friends; we will invite them all. We have it very much at heart. We must do things in order. Come to me about the 25th; I will let you know the exact day immediately. We shall not have Madame Frezzolini, but we shall have some very good people. After that you may talk of your own fête." The old lady spoke with a certain quick eagerness, smiling more agreeably as she went on.

It seemed to Newman a handsome proposal, and such proposals always

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touched the sources of his good-nature. He said to Madame de Bellegarde that he should be glad to come on the 25th or any other day, and that it mattered very little whether he met his friends at her house or at his own. I have said that Newman was observant, but it must be admitted that on this occasion he failed to notice a certain delicate glance which passed between Madame de Bellegarde and the marquis, and which we may presume to have been a commentary upon the naïveté displayed in that latter clause of his speech.

Valentin de Bellegarde walked away with Newman that evening, and when they had left the Rue de l'Université some distance behind them he said reflectively, "My mother is very strong — very strong.' Then in answer to an interrogative movement of Newman's he continued, "She was driven to the wall, but you would never have thought it. Her fête of the 25th was an invention of the moment. She had no idea whatever of giving a fête, but, finding it the only issue from your proposal, she looked straight at the dose — excuse the expression — and bolted it, as you saw, without winking. She is very strong."

"Dear me!" said Newman, divided between relish and compassion. "I don't care a straw for her fête; I am willing to take the will for the deed."

"No, no," said Valentin, with a little inconsequent touch of personal pride. "The thing will be done now, and done handsomely."

Henry James, Jr.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

You remember Nola, the little outlying city from Naples. Few places so small have so much fame. It is renowned for the resistance its fortress offered to Hannibal[1] after the terrible slaughter of Cannæ; renowned as the birthplace of Octavius Cæsar, the earliest Augustus — pale shadow of his uncle's mighty substance; renowned as the native place of Marcus Agrippa, the real winner of Actium, second only to Caius Julius as commander; renowned, ages after, for giving birth to Giordano Bruno, the intrepid philosopher, the gifted heretic, the rarest and strangest character of his time.

Nola was founded by a Greek colony, as the inscription (Νωλαιων) on its ancient coins clearly shows; and in the fifth century its bishop, Paulinus, invented church bells. It has furnished museums and cabinets with innumerable archaic vases and coins, and by them has illustrated the past. These facts symbolize the career of the Dominican friar who, reared amid the ancient traditions, threw them off by force of his reason; sounded his innovations like an alarm bell through all Europe; furnished suggestions and ideas to succeeding philosophers, remembered now when he is almost forgotten. Nola has been despoiled of its marbles and antiquities for modern uses, as Bruno's neglected works have been for the building up of systems refusing recognition of his own.

Giordano Bruno was full of vagaries and inconsistencies; he was buffoon as well as hero, but always earnest, independent, a seeker after truth. Where she led, he followed, through peril and hardship, through fire and water, resolved to serve her. His whole life was a struggle against authority in favor of reason, — a battle for individuality in opposition to delegated power and tyrannic custom. The spirit in which he wrought, far more than his works, was valuable, since personal freedom and interior inspiration were what the time

[1] "Pœno non pervia Nola," says Lilius Italicus in his Virgilized Punica.

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needed as it needed nothing else. With all his whims and wanderings he unswervingly held to his faith in himself, and was ever devoted to the cause on which he had set his mind and heart and soul.

Born in 1550, ten years after the death of Copernicus, he proved himself, from the first, a genuine Neapolitan. The southern sun burned into his blood; made him intense, vehement, violent; gave him an ardent imagination, a rich humor, and a fantastic disposition. The wine of the soil flushed in his veins; the activity and agitation of Vesuvius were reproduced in his temperament. Like the volcano, he was always on the eve of eruption, and after every eruption inward fires and lava burned and bubbled and muttered as before. His constitution foreordained him a spiritual crusader and a moral iconoclast. He was an extremest in convictions, and yet so tempered by acquired culture and native chivalry as to be preserved from fanaticism. He loved beauty too well, he wooed the graces too ardently, to become hard or unrelenting. He had the will of Peter the Hermit, without his unconquerable bias; the decision of Loyola, omitting his morbid superstition. He was both poet and philosopher, and Nature, in being bountiful to him, had prevented his mistaking for religious duty a consuming and pitiless egotism. He was hopeful, cheerful, vivacious, graceful, handsome, gifted, and withal had that precious element of worldliness needful to insure men against becoming either visionaries or zealots.

By one of those contradictions so common to natures combining enthusiasm and aggressiveness, he entered, in his youth, a monastery; but the law of his being would not allow him to remain there. The teachings of the cloister are to accept without question and to conform without hesitation. Bruno was blessed with an impulse to doubt, and with that noble instinct of disobedience which has given to the world its most valuable reformations. The doctrine of transubstantiation was to him, as it must be to every reasoning mind, a self-evident absurdity, and he said as much. Not only did he reject the dogmas of the Roman Church, he even went so far as to assail its highest authority, and the accepted authority of the age, — the mighty Aristotle. The bitterest hostility was excited against him, not only in the order but among all ecclesiastics. He was both hated and feared; he became an object of abhorrence and the subject of persecution. His sole refuge was in flight. Throwing off the friar's robe, which covered him as with a palpable falsehood, he escaped from Italy, and at the age of thirty began his wanderings and his war for truth, as he conceived it, throughout the kingdoms of Europe.

Bruno stood almost alone in that era of superstition, corruption, and false belief, but he was none the less determined and courageous on that account. He possessed the buoyancy of spirit and inflexibility of purpose that rise with opposition, and count not cost. Into the cause he was to advocate he had put life and soul, believing most firmly that one and God are the veritable majority. He rejoiced and reveled in his freedom. For the first time he felt himself fully emancipated. He had broken his monastic vows to pledge himself anew to reason and to truth. He had quitted his country for the world; had abandoned cloister for conviction; had surrendered apostolic creed for the sacredness and sanctity of individual belief.

Those were revolutionary times in respect to theologic teachings. The church had lost its pristine purity and simplicity, had grown weak through debasement and want of sincerity. In its lower ranks were ignorance, sensuality, and fanaticism; in the upper, polite forms and inward defilement, courtly pretense and underlying infidelity. From a certain though unacknowledged consciousness of insincerity, persecution, represented by the Inquisition, was relentless as the grave. The Reformation had set men thinking, and all existing conditions were thereby disturbed. Campanella and Vanini assailed systems and dogmas,

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accepted Galileo when denounced as a heretic, and fought with Bruno in the van of the army of advancement. Their beliefs were his beliefs, their aims his aims, their natures kindred to his own. Like him they suffered, were hunted, and were beset by intolerance and the priests. The sixteenth century arrayed itself against assumptions, searched for causes and for motives, and would not be satisfied with postulates and premises. It was the epoch of revolt, the inauguration of rationalism, the beginning of self-assertion, the first development of individuality. It rescued Europe from the vassalage of Rome, divorced philosophy from scholasticism, substituted investigation for obedience.

Bruno attacked Aristotle as fiercely and ceaselessly as he advocated Copernicus, for the Stagirite was considered as much the ally of the church as the Prussian astronomer was its foe. The Neapolitan pantheist was in full accord with Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus, and to them he looked for inspiration and instruction. He found in them the needs of his mind, since they were poetic in theory and fantastic in speculation. Bruno's thought took the widest range, and where his thought could not soar his fancy lent it wings. His method was precisely the contrary of severe. He was impulsive to a fault, imaginative, supremely spontaneous, bubbling over with beliefs in all the possibilities. No marvel he proclaimed the rotation of the earth. In his view everything was in rotation, nothing fixed or limited, as in Aristotle's plan, but all movable, changeable, and progressive.

This recusant Dominican, once out of Italy, bent his steps to Geneva, the stronghold of Protestantism, only to find Calvinism and the Calvinists narrower and more bigoted than the Roman Church and its prelates. The men who had condemned Servetus to the stake for difference of opinion had the same disposition as Torquemada, and were fit companions of the inquisitors. Bruno had gone from the enraged tiger to the hungry tigress. Again he was a fugitive, and took shelter in Toulouse, where Vanini, amiable, eloquent, and learned, was burned alive about forty years later on the charge of atheism. There his liberal opinions evoked such wrath that he was forced to fly to Paris, the blood of the massacre of St. Bartholomew still fresh on its flag-stones. Audacious man! verily had he thrust his head into the lion's mouth, and as there was no power in peril to repress the plainness of his speech, he must inevitably have been slain but for his falling into favor with Henry III. That monarch selected him as one of the lecturers of the Sorbonne, and, singularly enough, would have made him a salaried professor if he would have consented to attend mass. "The mass or death!" had only recently been the monstrous cry resounding through the streets of the capital, and yet, though Bruno peremptorily refused the condition, he continued to lecture and to enjoy the royal regard. The poetic pantheist drew crowds of admirers, no lecturer since Abelard having awakened more enthusiasm. His discourses were marked by an extraordinary variety. He was speculative, fanciful, paradoxical, facetious, majestic, and buffoonish by turns; now soaring among the stars, now groveling on the earth; elevated, impassioned, witty, disputatious, violent, sarcastic, indecent, at one and the same time. While lofty persuasion breathed from his lips, he wronged them with platitudes and tainted them with obscenity. His engaging and impressive manner, and his handsome and graceful person, added to his youth, set off his striking matter to great advantage. He was strongly magnetic, and had completely mastered the art of pleasing.

During his stay in Paris, the renouncing friar was more cautious in expression than he had ever been. Indirectly and inferentially he combated the authorities and prejudices then in vogue, though he did not openly and violently attack them according to his custom and the law of his temperament. He gained considerable literary reputation while in that city, by composing a comedy, Il Candelajo, full of satirical hits, and not without coarseness; and by several trea-

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tises on Raimundo Lullio's theological rhapsody, the Ars Magna.

Bruno's disposition was ubiquitous, and this, with the restraint he must have felt from the concealment of many of his opinions, carried him to London, where free speech was more in fashion than at any court on the Continent. He was warmly welcomed in the British metropolis, and he became strongly attached to the independence and frankness of the English character, devoid though it was of the polish and politeness to which he had been wonted. Gallant by nativity, he lauded the blonde beauty of the women, and was so much of a courtier that he adopted the prevailing habit of fulsomely flattering the ugly, termagant, and ridiculously conceited queen, Elizabeth. He even forgot truth and pure metaphor so far as to speak of her as the lovely Diana who shone resplendent among the princesses of the earth as Venus shines among the stars of heaven. Sir Philip Sidney and other distinguished men of that most distinguished court became his sincere friends. In London there was everything to charm and hold him: lovely women and heroic men, cultivated society and the intercourse of congenial spirits, appreciation of his genius and honor to his worth. But his was not a nature to relish quiet long. He was not willing to let the world revolve without taking part in its revolutions. He was a comet; but it was needful for him to interfere with, if not to influence, the planetary bodies. An exalted pragmatist, perpetual projection of himself against antagonists was necessary to his very being. A templar, not an epicurean, his vanity and fondness for disputation impelled him equally with his love of truth. He was as far removed from modesty as from prudence, and notwithstanding the countenance and patronage of Elizabeth, he made so many enemies among learned controversialists by his extreme course, and by denouncing them as blockheads, pedants, and idiots, that even the cold climate of England waxed torrid for him. Whether it had or not, he had tarried long enough in one place and was burning for fresh contests. London proclaimed him heretic, as Rome and Toulouse had done, and with augmented pugnacity he went back to Paris.

Soon after his arrival there he was allowed the privilege of discussing in public the philosophy of Aristotle. The able dialectician on this occasion had no reserves. Engaged on his favorite theme, he poured forth a torrent of fiery eloquence and bitter invective upon all the defenders of opinions and positions held to be sacred, and naturally threw the devotional part of Paris into a frightful ferment. No abode upon the Seine was any longer safe for him; and, albeit reckless of danger and careless of his life, he was unwilling to give his foes an opportunity to wreak vengeance on him, while he could alarm them with his boldness and confound them with his logic.

Germany was the next scene of his controversial seditions. By this time he had become a most radical pantheist, and in 1586 he entered the University of Marburg in Hesse-Cassel as a professor of theology. He was anxious to lecture on philosophy, but permission was refused by the president, whereupon Bruno grossly insulted him, and emphasized the insult by tweaking his nose. The whole university was in an uproar; and as the fluent malcontent had done all the mischief he could, he dashed off to Wittenberg. That little city, in which the Reformation had its origin and which contains the graves of Luther and Melancthon, was then the centre of Lutheranism, and gave the eccentric Italian so cordial a reception that he pronounced it the Athens of Germany. The town showed itself superior to prejudice by admitting the now notorious heretic into the university as a teacher, and allowing him the inestimable privilege of assaulting Aristotle, whose merest mention was as the flaunting of a scarlet flag before this Neapolitan bull. He contrived, at the expense, we may well believe, of much inward chafing, to remain in his new position without pommeling the cherished tenets of Lutheranism. His creed was broad as the arching heavens, as is proved

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by his elaborate and ingenious defense of Satan as a being more wronged than wronging — a view by no means original now, but somewhat startling to the comparative conservatism of the sixteenth century.

The precise quality of Bruno's theology no one can comprehend after the most intimate acquaintance with his works. The essential portion of his belief seems to have been unconditional hostility to every formulated belief, as Byron's politics, at a later day, simplified themselves into an utter detestation of all existing governments.

Any one unfamiliar with his nomadic character might imagine that he would have consented to stay where he had the largest liberty of speech and the most earnest admiration. Even repeated refusals to adopt the Lutheran faith did not injure his popularity; but still, with the fabled restlessness of Ahasuerus, he was driven on, on, on. Having all he had sought, he grew weary of ordinary satisfaction and pined for the new satisfaction of discontent.

Always addicted to extremes, he went from the centre of Lutheranism to the centre of Romanism at Prague, but met with so little encouragement or sympathy in the Bohemian capital that he was unable to lay the smallest basis for a sensation. He hurried to Helmstädt, where circumstances were more propitious, the Duke of Brunswick appointing the philosopher the private tutor of his eldest son. Here, again, he might have gratified his ambition, might have passed his days in ease and comfort. But his place was in the arena, not in the study. His darling opinions must be vented at all hazards, and, by venting them, he caused himself to be excommunicated by the See of Rome. He disputed the sentence so vigorously that it was finally revoked, though the air of Helmstädt had grown too rarefied for the full play of his expanded lungs.

Frankfort received him next, and, as if tired of excitement, this terrible child of tumult actually settled into a state bordering upon quietude. He published there several of his Latin works, as he had previously published most of his Italian works in London.

The judgment of scholars differs widely respecting the value of Bruno's books. Some think that they have much more historical than intrinsic importance, forcibly illustrating the spirit of the epoch and the extraordinary character of this extraordinary man. That he possessed genius in an exalted degree can scarcely be questioned. His writings are extremely suggestive, and have been liberally drawn upon, in thought or spirit, by succeeding philosophers, among whom may be fairly reckoned, dissimilar as their methods are, Descartes, Spinoza, Bacon, Locke, Leibnitz, Schelling, and others. He was remarkably spontaneous, and threw off thoughts as a flower emits odors. Whatever arose in his fertile mind he gave out, without caring for arrangement or pausing for reflection. He blended his imagination with his reason, his speculation with his investigation, so that many of his theses are poems, and some of his poems mere analyses of self. In this he is not unlike Plato, whose highest philosophy is poetry, and who was more a seer than a logician. The faults of Bruno's style — flippancy, inconsistency, and vagary — are the faults of his time, as is evident from a perusal of his contemporaries.

All his books are in the form of dialogue, best suited to controversial themes. Dialogue enabled him to introduce opinions and doctrines as coming from others which he would hardly have dared, with all his temerity, to avow as his own. That his dialogue is superlatively lively and generally interesting, everybody must admit. It has none of the ordinary dullness and drowsiness of metaphysics, to the mind of average culture, and the constant digressions and comments in prose and verse, scattered throughout his writings, lend them the attraction of variety and a capacity for surprises. His diction is unpleasantly loose, and in the use of adjectives, frequently almost synonymous, he is apt to be tedious. Ridicule is a potent weapon with him, and he employs it unsparingly. He lashes the priests as mercilessly as Rabelais does,

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and the philosophers and their assumptions he is ever delighted to jeer at and expose. Upon pedantry he is merciless, as he had reason to be, since pedantry was the literary vice of the age. He empties whole quivers of satirical arrows at pretension, — the cousin-german of pedantry, — and he even inveighs less against Aristotle than against the absurd veneration and affected understanding of that philosopher.

The Neapolitan was one of the first of his time to abandon contemplation for observation; to seek knowledge from without instead of from within. Having the poetic temperament, he worshiped nature, looking to her for inspiration and wisdom. He preferred the inductive to the deductive method, and was from this fact the herald of Bacon to a certain extent. Essentially and entirely was he a pantheist, holding the universe to be the form of God rather than God himself. He divinized nature to such a degree that he almost apotheosized this particular planet. God, in his thought, constituted everything. God was the infinite intelligence, the eternal wisdom, the exhaustless love. He was the cause of causes, the principle of life, the source of mind, the beginning and end of all. He did not create the universe, but he animated it, bearing the same relation to the universe that cause bears to effect. The Creator was self-existent, absolute, simple, entire; while the creature is merely a part of and distinct from the great whole — God. The Almighty is the monad of monads (Leibnitz borrowed his theory of monads from Bruno), the entity of entities, the essence of essences. The anomalous Italian advocates with all his zeal the infiniteness of the universe, because, being in the pantheist's view an emanation of God, it must be logically as enduring as himself. The creator is perfect intelligence, and all other beings are less intelligent, varying in degree, though not in kind. Man is the expounder of the divine law, and in proportion to his gifts, the responsibility of explaining what is above and about him devolves upon him. Enabled to discover and trace the relations existing between the lower and the higher, and the correspondences between the inward and the outward, he finally becomes capable, through observation and development, of discerning the identity of the subjective and the objective of thought and being.

Pages would be required to elucidate fully Bruno's system; but this brief outline would seem to show that in many things he anticipated, if he did not directly inform, Swedenborg as well as Hegel, Schelling, and other German metaphysicians.

In La Cena de le Ceneri he warmly opposes the idea of the earth's fixedness, advocates the boundlessness and perpetuity of the universe, argues against the confusion of reality and appearance in regard to celestial phenomena, insists that this and the other planets are identical in substance, and holds that all created objects have life, comparing the world, as Plato does in the Timæus, to a colossal animal. De la Causa and De l'Infinito, of all his books, have probably the clearest and most consecutive explanation of his theories and convictions.

The best known, or rather the least unknown, of his writings is the Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante, and it is certainly one of his most characteristic. By the "Triumphant Beast" the erratic author means superstition represented by the old astronomy, which figured the constellations by various animals. He cleverly illustrates in his Expulsion the folly and absurdity of believing that the stars can in any way influence human destiny — a belief widely cherished at that time by the adherents of astrology. This work is an olio of sense and nonsense, of eloquence and tediousness, of erudition and commonplace, accompanied by flights of fancy of the most chimerical sort. Still it is, on the whole, an excellent refutation of the superstitious opinions then prevalent, and evinces a profound acquaintance with human nature and the customs and peculiarities of existing society.

The least speculative and most readable of his dialogues is the Gli Eroici

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Furori, intermixed with sonnets, egotistic dissertations, and sentimental rhapsodies. Its special purpose is difficult to perceive, but it introduces the reader to the inner life and mental quality of a man singularly unique. Notwithstanding the diversity of the subject, the Gli Eroici recalls the rhetorical ecstasies of Plotinus and Porphyry.

Bruno's reputation as a thinker has materially declined during the present generation, owing largely to the fact, as I conceive, that his works have only recently become obtainable. Until Adolph Wagner, in 1830, brought out at Leipzig his edition of the Italian part of the writings of the Neapolitan philosopher, few students or bibliopolists had been able to find his books. They were the black-letter rage for a long while all over Europe, and the very few copies procurable brought extravagant prices. Even the patient, plodding, and persevering Germans ransacked continental libraries in vain. Every new author who attracted attention was accused of plagiarizing from Bruno (this literary fashion still survives), which was entirely safe, as Bruno could not be had for the confounding of the critics. The Italian eccentric, in his grave sleep of more than two centuries and a half, must feel angry at the German drudge who diminished his fame by revealing him to the world. While Bruno was little more than a name, his renown steadily increased; for when nobody reads or can read an author, his greatness is fixed and his celebrity is secure. Every scribe has taken his turn at Shakespeare, telling over and again where the poet found this idea and whence he obtained that suggestion. I have several times seen it charged that Shakespeare got his character of Hamlet from the author of the Spaccio; that Coleridge's Christabel was a hint improved from Gli Eroici, and that Byron's Cain would never have been written but for a passage in the De la Causa. This species of ascription is to be ardently recommended, since it is too general to deny and too vague to disprove.

How the uninitiated odd fellow from Nola concerted to keep out of turmoil for ten years, as he did after going to Frankfort, is an inexplicable paradox. At the end of that time, contrary to the earnest advice of every one of his friends, he returned to Italy, going to Padua of all places in the world; Padua, where Aristotle was consecrated; Padua cringing under the baleful influence of the espionage of Venice and the Inquisition. By his long abstinence the undaunted disputant must have gained the keenest appetite for peril. It would seem that he had at last grown weary of his eventful life, and anxious to lay it down. But it is probable that he still retained his unflinching faith in himself and in his destiny. Surely it was only natural that he should despise the dangers from which he had so repeatedly escaped. There was suffocation for Bruno in the purest air of Padua. To stay there and to perish was, in the logic of bigotry, as causation and consequence. He had scarcely begun to teach when the lesson of self-preservation was enforced on him. He fled to Venice, and Venice received him in the dark and mysterious arms of her dreadful dungeons. Six years he passed there — the same six years that Galileo taught mathematics in the University of Padua — and yet he did not die. Fancy what an exquisite torture it must have been to a man of his intense activity and insatiable thirst for knowledge, to lie there all that while in agonizing solitude, without books, without a suggestion of sympathy, without the slenderest ray of hope.

The grand inquisitor at Rome was apprised of the philosopher's apprehension and demanded that the detested heretic should be surrendered to his gentle care. For some reason, never made clear, Venice refused to give up this reckless seeker and defender of the truth. The refusal might have been prompted by a sense of justice, but its effect was cruelter than death. After all those pining and tormenting years his prison-doors swung open, and once more this intrepid soldier of conviction beheld the light of the beautiful, free day. He beheld it, but to him it brought not freedom. He was car-

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ried to Rome for trial, and ordered to recant, when every craven and questioning priest knew in his inmost soul that Bruno and recantation were incapable of coexistence. Ecclesiastical logic was then tried, but the prisoner was more skilled than his accusers in the weapons of controversy, and, moreover, rested his cause upon reason and truth. He stoutly denied their premises, and they would not accept his; so that any conclusion was impossible. Incensed that they could not move him either by persuasion or by menace, they dragged him to the palace of San Severino, and compelled him on his knees, and in the presence of the highest and haughtiest prelates of the church, to receive the sentence of excommunication. He was then delivered into the tender hands of the Inquisition, when he remarked that he knew this would be the result, and that he might have been saved six years of torture by an immediate transfer from Venice to Rome.

During the whole trial he bore himself so nobly that he wrung from his cruel persecutors admiration for his unfaltering courage. All the flippancies and pranks of his past career were then laid aside. A lofty majesty entered into his port, and a calm dignity, far exceeding the dignity of kings, shone in his handsome face. No false accusations, no mean innuendo, no cowardly insult ruffled him, and when he heard his doom he smiled serenely and said, "I receive this sentence with more courage than you pronounce it! To die for conviction is a rare and happy privilege!"

Bruno's sacerdotal murderers could not comprehend the heroic stuff of which he was composed. They affronted his high resolve by yielding him a respite of a few days after his condemnation, in the vain hope that the awful vision of death might appal him. He was as immovable as his native Apennines. The stake was his doom, and he went to it as a lover goes to his love. When the flames flashed about him he was not seen to wince. His eye was luminous, and his face was radiant as the morning. His last moments were disturbed by a meddling monk, who thrust through the consuming blaze the crucifix, from which the martyr turned his head in aversion and disgust.

And so he perished for opinion's sake, true to himself and to his convictions to the last. Had he died with a tithe of such calmness and courage in the cause of Rome, no pæan would have been sweet enough to sing his saintship. As it was, his ashes were scattered, and the hero and martyr was pronounced by the church a heretic, a scoffer, and an infidel.

The judgment of one age is annulled by the judgment of another. The unbiased and liberal world of to-day sees in Giordano Bruno a valiant soldier of the right, a fearless defender of his belief, a magnanimous advocate of truth. His death, more than his life, has made him remembered, — if he can be said to die who surrenders breath for principle and conviction. Bruno's grand example still lives, still yields its influence through time in forms as viewless but enduring as the minds of heaven.

Junius Henri Browne.

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TO IONE.

All day within me, sweet and clear
  The song you sang is ringing;
At night, in my half-dreaming ear
  I hear you singing, singing.

Ere thought takes up its homespun thread,
  When early morn is breaking,
Sweet snatches hover round my bed,
  And cheer me when awaking.

The sunrise brings the melody
  I only half remember,
And summer seems to smile for me,
  Although it is December.

Through drifting snow, through dropping rain,
  Through gusts of wind, it haunts me.
The tantalizing old refrain
  Perplexes, yet enchants me.

The mystic chords that bore along
  Your voice so calmly splendid,
In glimmering fragments with the song
  Are vaguely joined and blended.

I touch my instrument and grope
  Along the keys' confusion,
And dally with the chords in hope
  To catch the sweet illusion.

In vain of that consummate hour
  I court the full completeness,
The perfume of the hidden flower,
  The perfect bloom and sweetness.

Of strains that were too rich to last,
  A baffled memory lingers;
The theme, the air, the chords have passed;
  They mock my voice and fingers.

They steal away, as sunset fires
  Lose one by one their flashes,
And cheat the eye with smoldering pyres
  And banks of gray cloud-ashes.

And yet, I know, the old alloy
  That dims and disentrances

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The golden visions and the joy
Of hope's resplendent fancies

Can never touch that festal hour
In soul and sense recorded,
Though scattered rose-leaves from your bower
Alone my search rewarded.

The unconnected strains alone
Survive to bring you nearer,
As when our queen of song and tone
Made vassals of each hearer.

Yet through the night and through the day
The mystic chords are ringing;
Their echo will not pass away;
I hear you singing, singing.

C. P. Cranch.

THE BATTLES ABOUT ATLANTA.

II.

I GRAND FLANK MOVEMENT UPON HOOD'S COMMUNICATIONS.

We now come to the final movement before the fall of Atlanta. It will be noticed that Sherman kept withdrawing his forces from the general left and gaining ground to the right, both by the transfer and by thinning and extending the lines of two corps, the fourth (Stanley's) and the twentieth (Williams's). We hugged the works of the enemy closely, and by sudden movements endeavored to circumvent Hood's left flank and strike the railroads to his rear, but he was too wary and active to allow us to do this. He extended as rapidly as we did, dug the same sort of ditches, completed batteries, made épaulements revetted with logs, had good flank covers, and the "Johnnies" rivaled the "Yanks" even in the size and arrangement of the top logs for protection. We were having all the exhausting labor and worry of a regular siege without being able to first invest this forest city. Failing in these safer attempts, Sherman, more fertile than any other man in expedients and being now aware that Stoneman's cavalry had failed to make any decided impression in its raid upon Hood's communications (which raid, it will be remembered, resulted in the discomfiture and capture of General Stoneman himself), determined to move his army in a body across Hood's lines of supply, leaving behind only a detachment of Thomas's army — Williams's corps — safely intrenched beyond the Chattahoochee.

The manner in which this movement was effected was somewhat like that of a battalion of three divisions changing front, faced to the rear on the right division. General Schofield, being near Atlanta at the West Point railroad, turned his command like the pivot division and faced east. My army was drawn out and marched on the outer circuit to Renfrew's place. General Thomas swung the four-

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teenth and the fourth corps into position midway between Atlanta and Renfrew. Kilpatrick with his division of cavalry reported to me during this march, and watched my front and right flank while moving.

August 16th, General Sherman issued his Special Field Order, No. 57, the substance of which appears in the following extracts: —

"I. . . . First move: General Kilpatrick's cavalry will move to Camp Creek; General Schofield will cover the Campbellton road, and General Thomas will move one corps (General Williams's) to the Chattahoochee bridge, with orders to hold it; Paice's Ferry bridge, and a pontoon bridge (Captain Kossack's) at Turner's Ferry, ready to be laid down if necessary. The other corps, General Stanley's, will move south of Proctor's Creek to near the Utoy, behind the right centre of the army of the Tennessee, prepared to cover the Bell's Ferry road. General Garrard's cavalry will fall behind Peachtree Creek, and act against the enemy should he sally against General Williams's or General Stanley's corps during the movement.

"Second move: the army of the Tennessee will withdraw, cross Utoy Creek, and move by the most direct road toward Fairburn, going as far as Camp Creek. General Thomas will mass his two corps, Generals Stanley's and Johnson's, below Utoy Creek, and General Garrard's cavalry will join General Thomas by the most direct road, or by way of Sandtown bridge, and act with him during the rest of the move. General Schofield will advance abreast of, and in communication with, the army of the Tennessee, as far as Camp Creek.

"Third move: the armies of the Ohio and Tennessee will move direct for the West Point road, aiming to strike it between Red Oak and Fairburn; General Thomas will follow, well closed up in two columns, the trains between. General Kilpatrick will act as the advance, and General Garrard will cover the rear under direction of General Thomas. The bridge at Sandtown will be kept and protected by a detachment of cavalry detailed by General Elliott, with a section of guns or four-gun battery.

"II. . . . During the movement, and until the army returns to the river, the utmost care will be taken to expose as little as possible the trains of cars and wagons. The depots at the bridge, at Allatoona and Marietta, will be held against any attack, and communication kept up with the army as far as possible by way of Sandtown. On reaching any railroad the troops will at once be disposed for defense, and at least one third put to work to tear up track and destroy iron, ties, and all railroad materials."

General Sherman suspended this order when he learned that Hood had sent off his cavalry upon a raid, but it was subsequently put into execution, with such modification from time to time as the actual march necessitated.

General Thomas began on the night of the 25th, as directed. By his marchings toward the rear and toward our right, the rear movement being much the more exposed, Hood was completely deceived. Having myself already prepared a new left flank to guard against a sally from Atlanta after Thomas's withdrawal, I had my command in readiness to begin the withdrawal in two columns as soon as it was dark on the night of the 26th. In perfect silence, twenty-five thousand men were wakened. Each column started quietly, following its guide, who had familiarized himself with the road that he was to take. Regiment followed regiment, brigade followed brigade, till the whole ground was cleared. Even the ordinary rattle of the wheels of batteries and wagons had been obviated by various contrivances. Of a sudden, as the rear of our column was just clearing the old camping-ground, the enemy appeared to suspect what we were attempting to do, and opened fire with artillery. The cannon sounded louder than ever in the stillness of the night, and we feared that the suddenness and terrific nature of this firing, the round shot breaking branches and lopping trees in close proximity to the dim pathway, might throw some of our troops

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into confusion and create an extensive panic in the command. Nothing in the way of confusion and horror can exceed a panic in the woods and at night, for an army with loaded muskets in hand. I recall one, near the Chain Bridge in Virginia, when every man was alarmed by a sudden firing supposed to come from an enemy. Men sprang to their feet, brigades were broken, regiments dispersed, some ran and some lay down, but all fired in wild panic. There was talking in a high key, cursing, pleading, moaning. Many were killed and hundreds wounded during that fearful night while Sedgwick's division was marching from Vienna to the Chain Bridge, after the second Bull Run disaster. But, providentially, at Atlanta the enemy's random fire effected comparatively little damage. One man was killed, and only one man was reported wounded. He had a leg broken by a round shot. By the break of day we were far on our way. Kilpatrick, who was in the van, kept the road pretty well cleared of the enemy. Wheeler, his enterprising antagonist, had some of his cavalry in our front. At every favorable ground, for example at the crossing of creeks large enough to bridge, Wheeler would cross over, burn or otherwise destroy the bridge, make a rail obstruction across the road and on the sides in the timber, and fire upon Kilpatrick's advance. This was done with carbines and rifles, and sometimes with two pieces of artillery. When the opposition was too strong, the cavalry would be massed, off to the right and left of the road, and a battery be brought forward at a trot, supported by infantry. This expedient generally put the enemy quickly to flight. In some cases these positions had to be turned by infantry soldiers working around their flank, before the enemy would abandon the shelter and leave. I never could quite get accustomed to the use of cavalry. Small numbers of horsemen always took up much space. It was difficult to manœuvre them in a country as broken and rough as that in Central Georgia, and when in camp it always appeared as if it would take too long for them to get ready for action. In case of surprise, it seemed perilous to sleep in a cavalry camp, owing to so very many articles of equipment, as saddles, bridles, blankets, halters, holsters, sabres, carbines, and so on, being scattered around, and not easily to be put into orderly condition except upon the cavalrymen themselves when mounted, and upon their horses. My instinctive apprehension in the presence of cavalry camps and cavalry movements, I think, made me admire the successful cavalry officer the more. About Kilpatrick, in camp, I often found all the ease and apparent or necessary irregularity to which I have referred; but he was quick to saddle, quick to mount, and, as I discovered during this march, very systematic in massing, deploying, and otherwise using his cavalry. In Kilpatrick's case the apparent recklessness was only in the seeming, for his watches were well out, and his own ears always open. I spoke of two columns. Logan headed one, which marched via Utoy to Camp Creek; Blair, followed by Ransom, took the other, by Lickskillet, to the same point. These men, wagons, and horses filling the roads, well closed up, made their silent night-march and went into camp at daylight at the place indicated in General Sherman's orders. Kilpatrick had encamped for the night not far away, on a road to the right of us. Quite early, near dawn of the 27th, he drew out and cleared our road of the enemy's cavalry and scouts as far as the West Point railroad. Here he had quite a successful little cavalry combat, which suited his spirit. The enemy vainly attempted to drive him from the railway.

After a couple of hours' rest I moved on; Blair and Logan marching in parallel columns. Logan cut a new road for most of the way. This was done to enable a quick concentration of force, if needed, at the front. By noon my three corps were securely intrenching at the railroad, not far from Fairburn. Logan took the right, Blair the left, and Ransom was held in reserve, while Kilpatrick pushed his cavalry well out on the different roads approaching the

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position. With wonderful quickness the different regiments in position along the front and toward any possible approaches threw up embankments or took advantage of any favorable railroad cuts at hand. Then the work of railway destruction begins. For this purpose, the men arrange themselves, often five hundred at a time, by the side of a road-bed, seize together a set of rails, and lift till the rails and ties are separated. Some pile the ties together in heaps and lay the rails across them, while others throw into the heaps dry stuff enough to quicken the ignition, quickly setting them on fire. As the fire burns, the rails are heated and the ends begin to droop; four or more men, two or three at each end, will catch an iron rail and run quickly in opposite directions around a tree or telegraph post, thus locking the rail and making it troublesome to straighten it. A sort of handspike with a short hook at the fulcrum is sometimes used. The men hitch one on at each end of a rail and turn twice in opposite ways, and then bend the rail like the twist in a cruller, thus leaving it beyond the hope of rectification.

Schofield had made the partial wheel at the pivot. Thomas had come in between Schofield and me at Red Oak station. Our picket lines were reunited. The remainder of the 27th and all of the 28th of August were spent in this destruction of railroad property. My notes say, "The work was remarkably well done throughout, the rails bent double or broken, the ties burned, and in front of the fifteenth and seventeenth corps cuts filled up with rocks, earth, trunks of trees, and other rubbish."

Bright and early on the 30th we were on the march. Logan, followed by the trains, took the inner road; Ransom, followed by Blair, the outer or southern road leading toward Jonesboro'. (Jonesboro' is a railway station and hamlet on a ridge of land near the Macon and Atlanta railroad.) Kilpatrick pushed on under my orders to clear the way. Nothing but some skirmishing on the front and flanks, which did not disturb the use of the soldier's short clay-pipe and the usual happy chats *en route*, — nothing of moment occurred till Logan and Ransom's roads came together before crossing Shoal Creek. Here the enemy with artillery and sharp musketry firing brought everything to a standstill. Kilpatrick was supported by two regiments from Ransom, while Logan sent Hazen's column to pass his flank. This had the desired effect. The temporary barricades were quickly deserted, and the enemy's artillery went off with speed. The hindrances were now more frequent; quite a delay intervened at the creek, of precisely the same nature as that just described. Worried with this irritating backing-and-filling sort of work, lasting all day, which the enemy's enterprising cavalry had caused us, we were glad to reach at night the destination appointed, the right of our "general line," named in General Sherman's special instructions for the day's march. But here several things pressed themselves upon my attention. Sherman had said in conversation, "Get hold of the railroad as soon as you can, Howard." I knew this to be the principal object of the large circuit we had taken. We had been hearing all day the noise of the engines and cars coming and going between Atlanta and Jonesboro', and knew that this meant Hood's or Hardee's infantry and artillery in front of us. The Flint River was five or six miles ahead, and between us and Jonesboro'. Now, though weary and isolated and without written permission to go on, as soon as I learned, furthermore, that there was no water to refresh the men and animals, I made up my mind to attempt getting beyond the Flint that night. I sent for Kilpatrick and said, "Have you an officer, general, who with a small body of cavalry can keep the rebels in motion, and not allow them to create delay between this Renfrew place and the river?"

"Just the man, sir," he replied; and he called to him Captain Estes of his staff.

He placed a squadron of horse under Estes, who quickly led the way. Wheeler, if our enemy was he, had supposed

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us through with moving for the day, and had made no more rail-piles and hindrances. He had just time to spring into the saddle and be off, as Estes came upon him. Then there was a race for the river. Infantry followed closely. I went ahead with the cavalry, to get all the observation I could before it should grow entirely dark. The enemy made a stand at the bridge on the opposite bank, up and down, and commenced firing. Those of the enemy's cavalry who could not get over, fled down the river. The bridge was on fire. Estes deployed his men, some of whom dismounted, and with Spencer rifles (seven-shooters) in hand, rushed for the river's bank and commenced their perpetual din of firing, while others made for the burning bridge, stamped out the kindled flame, crossed, and drove their foe from the other bank. Our infantry skirmishers were soon on hand. Just as they crossed the Flint, I went over with some of my staff (one of them was Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Stimson, who was severely wounded at Pickett's Mill, near Dallas, by a bullet passing quite through his body. He was partially recovered, and back again by my side). The Confederates fired from the woods which seemed at the foot of a steep slope in our front — fired a volley. Nobody was hit, for in their hurry they had overshot us. My eye was resting on Stimson in the dim twilight, when at the crash I saw him spring in his saddle, and I feared he was wounded again. I said, "Harry, are you hurt?" He said, "No, sir; the suddenness made me jump." The shock, however, was too much for him. That night the old wound in his lung reopened and bled considerably, and he was again obliged to leave us. He never fully recovered, but died in Florida after the war, in consequence of this wound. The skirmish-lines, as soon as deployed, made a dash for the woods and farther slope. The enemy's outer line fell back. By my orders General Logan secured the crest of this ridge beyond the Flint, worked a part of his men all night, even tired as they already were, to intrench, and was ready in the morning for Hardee (for it was his corps and part of S. D. Lee's that had been brought from Atlanta to head us off).

Kilpatrick pushed out to the right until he came upon the enemy's infantry in a cornfield, where with much skirmishing he held the foe back till the infantry was well in position. Ransom prolonged Logan's right. Blair, near at hand, crossed Wood's division and got it into position in the morning, and extended Logan's left. Then the cavalry was withdrawn and sent down the Flint to Anthony's bridge, to effect another crossing below and prevent the possibility of surprise from that quarter. This completed my work of preparation for the last struggle for Atlanta. Schofield and Thomas had carried forward their part and were already upon their ground, the Renfrew place and Atlanta line, on the evening of the 30th.

II. BATTLE OF JONESBORO'.

The army of the Tennessee, by its energy, patience, and rapid work, had secured a position on the railroad ridge. The railroad could be reached with artillery and even with musketry, so that the trains of cars could not pass up and down. Logan was well intrenched, holding the ridge; Hazen to the left of the road, Harrow on the right, and Osterhaus mostly in reserve. The latter, a division-commander, had taken great pains to locate a battery, well supported by infantry, somewhat in advance of the general line, facing the railroad and not more than seven or eight hundred yards from it in a direct line. Other batteries were equally well placed under the cover of the woods, for there were woods everywhere. Ransom's corps, to the right of Logan (Corse's division on the front line), had built a practicable bridge behind him across the Flint. Reserve wagons of all kinds, not forgetting ambulances, were well parked on the west side. Kilpatrick's bridge (Anthony's) was a mile and a half down-stream. At first Kilpatrick pushed a small force across the bridge, went to the railroad by the shortest route, and took up a threat-

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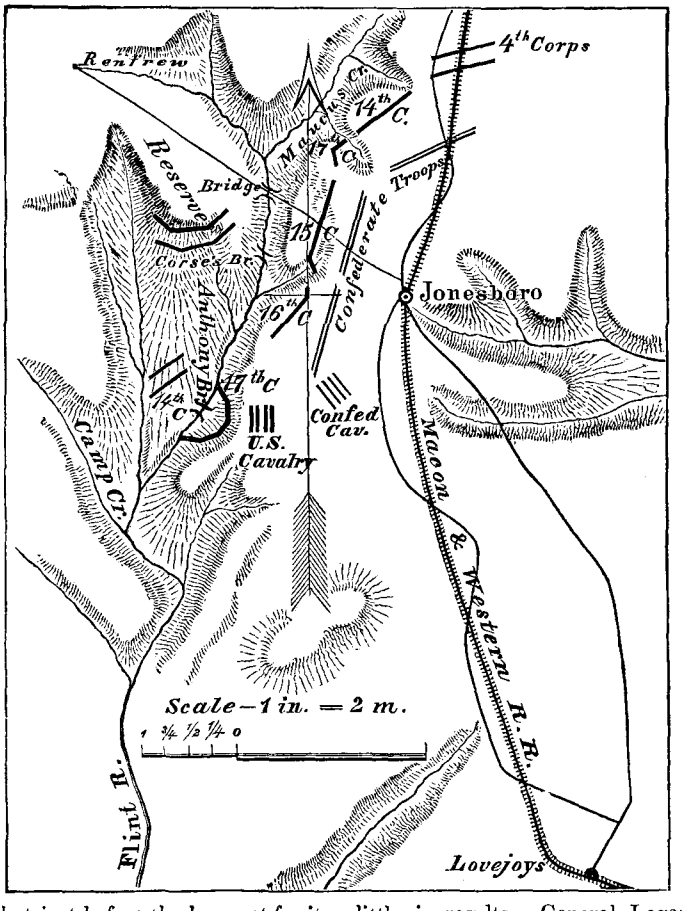
ening position. The enemy, fearing that his flank might be turned by a larger force, attacked Kilpatrick with infantry, and forced him, with some loss, to haul off and recross the Flint, following up our cavalry. General Blair sent Giles A. Smith's division, still in reserve, to check this move. Combating with the cavalry on the right, skirmishing and battery-firing along the line, were going on all the time while we and the enemy were getting ready for our next trial of strength. Hardee seemed slow to strike. We expected a blow at daybreak and all the forenoon; but as he delayed, I prepared to make a break after the manner of our Chattanooga battle, on a smaller scale. I ordered a reconnois-



sance; but just before the hour set for it, the enemy, as early as three in the afternoon, came on with the same old ringing, tumultuous cry, but opened fire before getting very close. Our men had been for some time all ready, and the fire was returned with the utmost spirit. Two or three times Hardee's men renewed the charge, but each time the cry was less vigorous and the charge amounted to little in results. General Logan says: "The most determined part of the assault was sustained by General Hazen. It raged fiercely in front of Harrow and Osterhaus, the enemy approaching to an average distance of fifty to one hundred paces." Wood's division, at the left, had ground more open. The enemy's heavy loss in front of Colonel Bryant's brigade indicated a sharp con-

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test there. The charge on Ransom's front was of much the same description. But everywhere the Confederates were met and resolutely driven back disheartened. My estimate of Hardee's loss was recorded at the time "in killed, wounded, and prisoners as not far from six thousand."

A bold commander will throw in his reserves after such a repulse of his adversary, but from experience I had learned caution. Hardee might have a trap for us like that of Kenesaw Mountain, or of Hooker's discomfiture after Chattanooga, at Taylor's Ridge. It was near night, and Thomas was not far off, for Carlin's division, fourteenth corps, that had been sent ahead, was already supporting Giles A. Smith's movement at Anthony's bridge.

A messenger from General Sherman brought word that Schofield and Thomas had already struck the railroad at several points between myself and Atlanta. This seemed to put a complete barrier between Hood there and Hardee in my front. I could then wait for Thomas to push Jeff. C. Davis's and Stanley's corps upon Hardee's exposed right flank. Hence I decided to run no risk by a hasty advance. General Sherman, who in his Memoirs gives an interesting and graphic account of these movements, remained for a time with General Thomas. He was at Renfrew's place when my battle closed, and came up the next morning. General Thomas soon appeared, with his men in the best of spirits. Jeff. C. Davis's corps, Carlin's division being recalled from the right, was placed on my immediate left, and Stanley ordered to hasten his march. General Sherman says, "I also dispatched orders after orders to hurry forward Stanley so as to lap around Jonesboro' on the east, hoping thus to capture the whole of Hardee's corps." Without waiting for Stanley, Davis sent a brigade to reconnoitre. Pressing back the enemy's skirmishers to a point beyond a small creek in his front, occupied by the enemy in force, he seemed to expose the enemy's flank. General Davis formed his troops for the assault in his usual complete manner. I was with Generals Thomas and Sherman and saw the movement commence, before passing to my right to execute my part of the programme, namely, to keep the enemy in my front employed and send a force to endeavor to turn his left. Van Horne, in his recent history, gives an excellent detailed account of this assault, in which he lets Generals Carlin, Morgan, and Baird, commanding divisions, each successfully perform his part, and mentions the distinguished conduct of their subordinates, Colonels Edie, Este, Mitchell, Dilworth, Moore, and Grower, as well as the work of Prescott's and Gardiner's batteries preceding the assault.

I heard the sound of battle, but could see nothing till I followed up Davis's lead, for Blair's command had not time to make the long circuit ordered around the left flank, before this forward movement was completed.

General Sherman summarized it in a few words as follows: "General Davis formed his division in line about four P. M., swept forward over some old cotton-fields in full view, and went over the rebel parapet handsomely, capturing the whole of Govan's brigade, with two field batteries of ten guns." This was the time, just before sun-down, when General Thomas was said for the first time to have set his horse into a gallop, so anxious was he to push forward the fourth corps to the east of Jonesboro'. (Thomas was fleshy and very heavy, and it took a pretty good-sized horse to carry him, even at a walk or trot.) He went, as I said, to press Stanley's command (it had previously been set to destroy the railroad, working toward us), and for some reason, probably because not up with us, did not seem to catch the spirit of the occasion. Van Horne says, comparing the movements of the fourteenth and fourth corps, "Equal success on the part of the fourth corps might have resulted in the capture of Hardee's command," but adds, in extenuation of Stanley, that "Kimball's and Newton's divisions were so delayed by the thick undergrowth and the enemy's skirmishers that they did not get before his main

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lines before five P. M." Newton did at last arrive at the point which General Sherman's orders directed, but it was too late, too dark, to gain much except to aid in the capture of prisoners, who from the situation could hardly escape falling into our hands during Hardee's night march in withdrawing. Blair promptly withdrew as Davis relieved his troops by his forward movement, and marched back across the Flint and down the river bank to Anthony's bridge, as far as Kilpatrick's former battle-ground. The officer sent to guide General Blair had been there before, but took him by a circuitous route which consumed much time, so that Blair succeeded only in crossing the river and pressing back the enemy sufficiently to gain a good foothold for further work at daylight. Of course Hardee did not neglect this approach to his rear, so that Blair was stoutly resisted.

The next morning (September 2d), the enemy was already at Lovejoy's Station, having retired from our front during the night. Hood's dispatches of the 3d intimate that the failure of Hardee on the 31st to dislodge my force caused him to evacuate Atlanta. A Confederate paper said: "Yankee Howard stole a march on Hardee at Jonesboro'."

Hood with Stewart's corps and the rest of his command left Atlanta, went around by the way of McDonough, and joined Hardee and S. D. Lee at Lovejoy. Had we known his intention in season, this reunion of forces would doubtless have been prevented by battle. General Slocum, at the Chattahoochee bridge (Slocum had joined the twentieth corps and taken command after the flank movements began), had heard the sounds of explosions at Atlanta during the night. They had been heard by all of us who were awake, even at Jonesboro'. We surmised, but could not be certain what had happened. General Sherman says he called up a farmer near his bivouac, and questioned him concerning the reverberations. He said they were in the direction of Atlanta and sounded like a battle. (He had probably heard such sounds often within the past two months.)

Slocum's note dated at Atlanta reached us after our arrival at Lovejoy's Station, for, of course, we promptly followed Hardee thither during the morning of the 2d of September. Slocum had moved his corps up to occupy the city. The rousing cheers that greeted the news told how our men felt. General Mower used to say at every new success, "Fait accompli!" Sherman pithily puts it, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won."

The great joy and thanksgiving at Washington and at City Point, Virginia, are shown in the well-known letters of September 3d and 4th, of President Lincoln and General Grant.

Besides the battles which were simply named in the article preceding this, there were several cavalry raids and engagements of more or less magnitude under Stoneman, Garrard, Kilpatrick, and Rousseau. These have passed into history, and I cannot give any new facts concerning them. I knew all these leaders. General Stoneman was a brave and loyal cavalry officer, but judging from his misfortunes which resulted in capture and confinement in the South (a judgment I own that may be a very unfair one), I should now say that it would have been better that he should have had an infantry command. It requires, to manage a cavalry corps, unusual enterprise, good, sound health, sleepless activity, and the ability to organize and direct operations on a very large scale. Stoneman had sufficient natural talent, but he suffered excruciatingly from a sad physical disability, aggravated by the extraordinary exertions devolved upon him in the cavalry service.

Garrard was well fitted for the steadiness and regularity of infantry or artillery movements. He was a man of high tone, pure truth, and great fidelity, but had not the dash of Sheridan and J. H. Wilson.

Kilpatrick was found to have the temper that suited General Sherman: he never could believe himself defeated. He was of sanguine temperament, had good powers of endurance, would undertake any enterprise, however difficult, and his reports were always spirited. If

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the enemy surprised him in camp, he rather liked it, provided he could recover himself and snatch victory from apparent defeat. There was a pleasant humor not only in Kilpatrick's talk, but in his deeds of hardihood as he ran tilts against his "friend Wheeler," who became celebrated for his ubiquitous appearance upon our front and flanks.

Again, besides the cavalry work, our very possession of Atlanta was disputed by a raid of Hood in force around our right flank, endeavoring to "tow" us back to the place of beginning, even to Chattanooga. This caused the most vigorous and trying campaign we had. It was in this campaign that General Corse and Colonel Tourtelotte distinguished themselves at Allatoona. This is where General Sherman sent his message from Kenesaw, at least sixteen miles in a straight line, by the signal flags, and received Corse's well-known reply, declaring that wounds, loss of blood, and his inferior force could not make him surrender. That beautiful hymn, "Hold the fort for I am coming," sprang from this incident.

The youthful Ransom's death was caused by this campaign. He rode his horse night and day till very weak, then rode in an ambulance till his strength was gone beyond recovery. And then — bless his patriotic soul! — he had himself carried on an army-stretcher, by four strong men, at the head of his command. He succumbed after Hood had been finally driven beyond the Blue Ridge, and died while en route from Gaylesville, Alabama, to Rome, Georgia. While this eventful supplementary campaign was in progress, my corps was held steadily at Atlanta, and Atlanta, which was fairly *won*, was also fairly *kept*.

O. O. Howard.

IN TWO WORLDS.

NEVER again on earth, never again,
Shall hand be clasped in hand.
Life tints each flower, life gleams in every ray
That glitters o'er the land;
But thou hast life I cannot understand.

Never again, alas, never again
Shall mortal ear or eye
Know the lost tone and glance whose tenderness
Was all too dear to die.
And thou hast heaven; but what save tears have I?
Save tears and hope, till, separate for aye
From each decaying clod,
Freed souls shall live beyond the universe
Of sky and sea and sod;
Till sundered lives, made one, are lost in God.

H. R. Hudson.

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POTTERY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

THE term ceramics — or keramics, as many now prefer to spell it — includes all work done on the potter's wheel, which was one of the first mechanical contrivances of man. The words porcelain, pottery, faience, earthen-ware, maiolica or majolica, delft, stone-ware, are now used to express varieties of this fictile work. We do not propose here any extended descriptions of the great varieties of pottery, but simply so much as may be needed to explain the objects to be mentioned.

Pottery may be classed as unglazed and glazed: the former, being the first invented, was simply molded from the clay and then dried and hardened in the fire. In course of time a glaze or glass or skim was applied, so as to make the vessels impervious to water. The earliest fictile vessels known were the unglazed, and these are found among the remains of the earliest peoples, on this continent as well as elsewhere. In the Peruvian exhibit at Philadelphia is to be seen a great and curious collection of these, consisting mostly of bottles and pipkins, the articles most in use with this interesting and highly and peculiarly civilized people. These will hold fluids for a time, and in a hot climate are still in use, because the evaporation through the porous sides keeps up a grateful coolness. They will also to some considerable extent submit to the action of fire, and they formerly were valuable in preparing the simpler forms of food. The first method of cooking being that of toasting before a fire, the next would be the attempt to seethe or stew. It is interesting to notice in this collection the attempts at ornamentation, which seem to be almost coincident with the manufacture. In fact, the desire for ornament is so inherent as to be almost an instinct. Among the earliest attempts here, as everywhere, are to be seen the saw-tooth, the Greek fret, and some indications of beading or chain-work incised in the clay. These natural styles of decoration are found in all countries, and in some have been elaborated, as among the Greeks, to a great intricacy and variety. The next thing we see in this collection is the rude representation of the human figure, mostly in the direction of faces and hands. That these should in almost all cases take the character of grotesques or whims is inevitable. In some cases, doubtless, the potters have attempted to present the symbol of a god, who, in a visible shape, could be worshiped by the unimaginative soul.

A very fine example of this sort of unglazed figure-work is to be seen in a case in the Japanese collection sent by Kiriu Kosko Kuwaisha. It is a much higher class of work than the Peruvian, and in its way could hardly be excelled. The figure is about twelve inches high and seems to be an intense embodiment of Japanese jollity; its half-shut eyes, lolling tongue, and relaxed figure tell the story perfectly. My Japanese guide, philosopher, and friend did not consider it in any way a god, though it is so like the Chinese Poutai, god of content, that one wonders. If it indeed were a domestic god, our keen Japanese gentlemen would not be likely to urge that view to us, who have less regard for other people's gods even than for our own. This unglazed earthen-ware, now called terra-cotta, is still made in many countries for the uses of life, and in some it has become, as it was among the Greeks, a vehicle for the finest expression of form.

Not far from the Japanese exhibit is to be seen in the Spanish collection a pyramid of unglazed pottery, nearly or quite all of a light buff color. It has this value, that it is such as is in use to-day in the houses of the common people; and that is about all we can say for it. The whole of it has been bought for the Pennsylvania School of

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Art. Why they should want a hundred pieces of this work one may well be at a a loss to know, unless it is true that to own what nobody else has is always a pleasure.

Throughout the southern countries of Europe, in Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, this kind of pottery is made and used, and in some cases it has much merit in its forms; when decorated it often reaches a *naïve* and fascinating kind of art. A few pieces of a light gray body in the Egyptian collection are excellent both in form and in their many-colored decoration. These pieces are like, but better than, most of that which comes out from Africa through Tangier, of which we saw none in the Main Building, but learn that there is a collection in the Tunisian Building. Many good pieces of this barbaric pottery are in the country, though most of the specimens are glazed. These Egyptian pots have this vast merit, that they have come from the personal wants and the depths of the moral consciousness of the Egyptians themselves; from potters who know no language, no country, and no art but their own; and therefore they are in no way imitations of what has been done in France, or England, or Boston.

The dark red terra-cotta ware from Egypt is mostly in small pieces, but is excellent in its modeling and finish; and it is satisfactory to see that it is much bought by our people. This clay, with its polished surface, is peculiar to Egypt, at least we see it nowhere else. The Turks have sent a few examples of their simple pottery, some of it unglazed and some covered with a deep green glaze, which are simply what they pretend to be. Their polychrome decoration is also good, but not so good as the Egyptian.

Mexico, too, has sent a small collection of this sort of work, which smacks yet of the Aztec races, but too little of it to be of much use. A few glazed pots painted in the Indian fashion are excellent, and have all been bought up quickly, because they suggest Montezuma and his brown people, who have been wholly consumed by the greedy whites. The belief of Mr. Alexandro Casarin, the potter or dealer who sends from Mexico, is that this native spontaneous pottery, which doubtless is yet to be found in out-of-the-way places, is not a thing to be proud of, at least it is not to be sent to us; that what we want are his very poor imitations of European porcelain. Nor is such a delusion his alone. In Italy are to be found yet among the small potters many most desirable and interesting things, which bear to-day the traditional shapes and decorations which have come down from the early Greek potters and perhaps from the Etruscans themselves. Not one of these, we believe, is shown in the Italian department. So, too, we have seen now and then, abroad, most interesting examples of plastic work from Hungary and parts of Germany; but they were very cheap, not what the nobility and gentry would be eager to buy, and none of them are to be found at Philadelphia.

Of terra-cotta work in red and in buff there is a good show, mainly from England and Denmark. The clay, the modeling, and the finish are quite perfect in many of these. The Watcombe people had already reached perfection in the color and texture of their clay, and the Greek vases, as well as jugs, ewers, and a variety of things, — their own designs, — could not have been bettered some three years ago. They had been satisfied to insure a simplicity which touched perfection. In their present exhibit it is clear that they are no longer satisfied with this, or that a jaded taste needs excitement. The work sent us constantly says, "We are trying to do something new and surprising, if nothing better than before." The principal novelty now is the combining of two colors of clay in the same pot; as, for example, a lighter body with a darker red for the handles, moldings, and ornaments. Dignity and repose are lost, and no new pleasure is supplied. We feel sure that this will not last. And then, when bands of color or polychrome

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decoration are used on the fine red clay, they nearly always injure, and the inevitable tendency to overdo cannot be restrained. Their modeled figures seemed to have neither the delicacy of the parian nor the sketchy freedom of some of the French designers.

Some years ago the Copenhagen manufacturers made a very considerable success in their revival of the Greek vase, both plain and painted in black with Greek figures of horses, warriors, women, etc. They have had for the last ten years a large sale; and as we cannot have the real Greek vases because of their scarcity and price, it is well to have some examples so well copied as these are. Yet there is a limit to one's capacity for copies of Greek vases, and it seems positive that we have reached it. We hope so. But Ipsen's widow has sent us some of the yellow vases and pots, most delicately and delightfully painted with the lotus and other Egyptian designs, which for subtlety of color and precision of touch cannot be surpassed. These, we are glad to see, our people are buying, and not the other.

And what have we Americans done in this terra-cotta work? Nothing of the finer sorts, certainly. Those must come by and by. Galloway and Graff and Gossin make excellent shows of large garden vases, pots, pedestals, seats, and so on, for out-of-door uses; and it is not in one who is not a potter to say they are not better than the old English house of Doulton makes. Certainly they seem as good; and we hope they do and will find their reward in the pecuniary praise of their own people, which we well know it is hard to get. Our land is rich in clays, of which we shall have more to say farther on; and we ought to welcome any new industry and applaud every new art which shall bring up their values and display their beauties.

Of stone-ware there are but a few illustrations in the Exhibition, at least in the Main Building. Stone-ware differs from earthen-ware in that it contains in the body more silex, and that it is baked with a higher heat, so that this sand, melting into the clay, vitrifies and makes a stronger ware than the clay used for earthen-ware can make without it. It was, and we believe is still, the custom to glaze this ware by throwing salt into the heated ovens; and this, being a muriate of soda, going up in vapor seizes upon the melting silex or sand and makes on the surface of the vessels a skim which some call soda glass. This ware was once made in great quantities, and with much art and many quaintnesses of design, along the Rhine country, from Nuremberg to Cologne. We hear of it under the names of Cologne ware and Grès-de-Flanders, and good pieces of the old manufacture are hard to get. The colors of the clay were a soft gray and a darkish brown. The only color used in decorating the gray body was cobalt blue, as this was the only one which would stand the high heat necessary to produce the glaze. The large-bellied "bellarmine" or "gray-beard bottles" were of this ware. Now and then we find them decorated — beside the face and long beard on the neck — with an elaborate, carefully designed coat of arms on the belly; sometimes in honor of the lord for whom they were made, sometimes indicating him who protected and most likely plundered the potter when duty required.

The old Grès-de-Flanders, when in good preservation, now bring high prices and are very decorative. In the Exhibition are to be seen some pretty good reproductions of this ware, from Hanké and Merklebach on the Rhine. In Hanké's collection is one tall pot with a spiral procession running up it, which is excellent; Merklebach's work is better and more carefully done. Hanké can do good work, but we happen to know that he needs to be watched. He has put upon his blues here and there some touches of green which are bad.

Messrs. Doulton and Watt, of England, within the last five years have brought to great perfection a finer sort of stone-ware, which we believe is finished still with the salt glaze. These are in no sense imitations, and thus have,

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besides their great beauty, the charm of originality. The designs of the Misses Barlow — animals and flower pieces — have great spirit and merit. They are etched in the soft clay and then colored and fired. We believe and hope the ladies have been able to make much money by their work and their art; for the Messrs. Doulton are liberal and high-minded men, and know when to pay. They have solved the woman question. Various styles of decoration have been applied to these pots, and they are now to be found in all the good collections of Europe.

From time to time among our occidental races has sprung up a fashion, almost a rage, for pottery and porcelain; and some fools have become more foolish than before in the pursuit. Still, among the "wise and the good" the subject has been one of great interest, and the collection, study, and illustration of pottery have resulted in as much satisfaction as can be got from any pursuit, even fox-hunting or money-getting.

To those who are ignorant of this, and who cannot comprehend why it is, a few words may not be out of place by way of explanation.

The making of pottery is one of the oldest industries of man, one of the most necessary, and it has been made one of the most delectable. It has from the commonest material — the dust under our feet — made some of the most delicate and beautiful things we know of. It uses the most plastic of all substances, which obeys fully, minutely, the wish or the sense of the potter; it may therefore be stamped with his individual perception of the useful and beautiful more than any other material man can use. The perfect forms of the Greek potter, the exquisite colors of the Persian and Arabian and Chinese painters, the brilliant lustres of the Moorish and Italian decorators, are here displayed and are in a sense imperishable. The paintings of Egyptians and Greeks and Romans have perished; their pottery remains. The antiquarian and the historical student have sought here for many things and have found many. The artistic sensibility has also seen much to enjoy. That we in this country are so little able to comprehend all this is partly owing to that necessity which has compelled us to pass our lives in hewing down trees, damming rivers, killing bears, cheating Indians; and partly to the fact that we have had no examples of pottery or porcelain in the country. We are now doing something to overcome this, and the private collections of Messrs. Prime, Hoe, Avery, Wales, Pruyn, and others will soon give the opportunity to see and learn which many seek.

Coming now to glazed pottery, we may say that under the names of earthenware, faience, delft, and maiolica we recognize pottery which is made of various clays, that transmits no light, and thus differs from porcelain, which does transmit some light, and does also break with a vitreous fracture, as earthen-ware does not.

Faience is a name given to the manufactures of earthen-ware made in France, and is supposed to have been derived from the town of Faenza in Italy, whence some of the potters came.

Delft came from the Dutch city where in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the best earthen-ware was largely produced.

Maiolica was the name given to the wares made in Italy as early as 1400, when painting and decorating reached a high point in art, and were marked by such peculiarities of color and design as have made this class of work a study by itself. Through more than two centuries (1350 to 1550), during the time of the great Renaissance, this art was in wide activity all over Italy, where it enlisted dukes, artists, merchants, and all classes, indeed. The dukes of Urbino were specially eager in its service, and their name is often applied to some styles of the work. Raphael, the great painter, has given his name to some of the work; and, if he did not himself paint upon the vases, it is believed that some of his pupils did, and his designs were certainly used. The two artists whose names are best known are Lucca Della

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Robbia and Maestro Giorgio, who painted at Urbino, and whose known works bring incomparable prices; besides these are many others not wholly lost to fame.

The "lustred" dishes of this period were produced by the use of thin washes of metallic oxides, which are mostly ruby-reds and golden; the fashion came from the Moorish potters of Spain, from whom we have inherited so much that is good and true in art and architecture. We were not able to examine a collection of these maiolica dishes brought by Castellani to the Exhibition, which are the real products of that time; but among them the curious visitor will be able to see some excellent examples of the work.

What else shall we find? Hundreds of imitations. Italy, especially, has been devoting herself with great industry to reproductions of the vases, ewers, tozzas, plaques, dishes, and so on, of the past; and some very fair ones she has sent from Pisaro, Rome, and Faenza. The vases and ewers bearing figure-pieces or mythological pictures have a certain quality peculiar to this style of work which at first may excite distaste rather than desire, but after a time induces a mild sort of assent; more, we believe, from the low and quiet tones and harmonies of color, than from any marked excellence of either the form of the vase or the painted subject. There is a great deal of work on some of the figure-pictures, and the prices seem to be small. Nearly all the best of them are marked "sold." The two names most conspicuous as potters in Italy now, Ginori, at Florence, and Giustiniani, at Naples, do not appear among the exhibitors, so far as we know. Their prices are much higher, and some of their work is better than any shown. But if draughtsmen and artists so good would only give us their pictures of the life of Italy to-day as they so well could do, — of the peasants and their donkeys, their vine-dressing and wine-making, their fishing, their cooking, their street work in its thousand varieties! That they could, and do not; that they continue on and on with the stupid round of copy after copy in all departments of art, may mean that the good public who have money to spend want these copies, and therefore potters and painters sink from the clear air of invention and originality into the dull inanities of copying. That this stupidity is not peculiar to the Italians is everywhere apparent: in the English, French, German, in all departments of ceramic art, except possibly the Japanese; and we know too little to be sure even of them.

Do we who buy really demand and so create this unwise waste? Now and then a dazzling ray of hopeful light strikes the eye; as, for example, in those fresh, delightful, beautiful bronze groups by that young artist, Lanceray, born in Russia, and here and there, in a less remarkable way, in other departments. This man's work, so daring, so fresh, so Russian and not Greek, is apparently appreciated.

Within a decade a kind of bold decorative pottery has appeared in England and elsewhere, and is called "majolica," for what reason one cannot divine. Some very large vases and pots of this work are to be seen in the Main Building, exhibited, we think, by Daniels and Son. The work seems a sort of cross between the Italian maiolicas and the Palissy ware. It does not attempt fineness or delicacy of form, or subtlety of color or meaning in its decoration; and indeed it is not possible to understand why it should be. But it has for the last ten years been largely produced and widely sold, and it must gratify a certain want. Who buys it and where it goes, who can tell? for in these ten years the writer has seen but one piece of it in any house except a hotel. Is it true that the people who go to hotels and who travel in steamboats demand this sort of thing? Is it indeed true that whatever is bad and big finds its pedestal in those palaces because their patrons cry for them; or is it that the designers of these caravansaries suppose they do, and are frightfully mistaken? Or is it possible that what no one else will buy a hotel-manager always does? Of this class of work the best we saw was in the collec-

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tion of Rostrand, of Stockholm, and has the merit of good and quiet color.

The Palissy ware, as it is called, appears in considerable force also. The history of Bernard Palissy, a French potter who suffered much and accomplished much, is interesting; and it has unfortunately given to the pottery he produced a glamour of merit which it does not deserve. The most striking feature of this ware is the covering the margins of dishes, and sometimes an entire plate, with representations of snakes, toads, fish, lizards, shells, leaves, etc., in high relief. These are not only not interesting, but they are poor imitations of natural objects and do not deserve to rank as art. Notwithstanding this, Palissy's own work has a great value for museums and schools, as illustrating the history of pottery. But this does not demand of us that we should fill our houses with these things so undesirable to the artistic soul. The best of those we saw were in Barbizet's exhibit, and we think that among them is to be found better work than any which Palissy did. As Palissy had everything to hinder, and Barbizet has all to help, it is not surprising.

It is undoubtedly true that, following in the wake of the great potters of Italy, France did produce at Nevers, at Haguenau, at Rouen, and at Marseilles some good and distinctive decorations of earthen-ware. The genuine old pieces now bring great prices, and a good demand has sprung up for their copies. These are excellently made at Nevers and at Gien, and the exhibits by these two factories in the French department are worthy of attention. But in the way of earthen-ware nothing in the French or English exhibits is at all equal to the vases, bottles, etc., shown by Haviland, from Limoges. These, we were told frankly and with all desire to give the artists their due share, were modeled by Lindencher and painted by Lafon; we hope we have their names right. The forms of the pots and the relief modelings are bold, unconventional, and excellent. The artist has studied nature and art also, but not to copy. This is true too of Lafon, whose lavish and daring use of color is remarkable. Nothing is niggled or petty, as in this kind of work nothing should be. As examples of real art they are equal to the best work of China and Japan, and a true man would wish rather a hundred such vases as the Pennsylvania Industrial Museum has bought, than one of those great vases from Sèvres which stand in the French picture gallery. This is the same kind of art-work which for a few years has been done by Chapelet and a little band of artists near Paris, some of which has been brought to Boston and has had a tedious sale. These painters are artists in color. Bold and strange as the work is, nothing is glaring, showy, bright, or flashy; throughout there is that reserve which indicates strength and creates confidence.

A few pieces of the "Henri Deux" ware may be seen in the collection of Messrs. Daniels and Son. They are copies made at Minton's by an artist named Toft. These are as far away from the bold pottery just spoken of as the pole from the equator, yet they are equally good as art-work, equally interesting, and probably a hundred times more costly. The ordinary observer will see nothing to attract attention at his first glance. The pieces themselves are small; the decoration is in delicate black and brown lines, covering nearly the whole surface; the glaze and body are not specially striking; but to the expert probably no pottery exists more interesting as art-work, or showing such a complete and delicate mastery of the potter's art. They are molded of pipe clay; into this are engraved delicate lines in the style of the "champ-levé" enamels, and these are filled with colored clays to make the ornament. The place and history of this manufacture have for a long time been a mystery, which has been only recently cleared up, and is best explained by M. Ritter in a recent article published in England, as follows: —

"At the court of King Francis I. lived a widow lady of high birth, named Hélène de Hangest. Her husband had

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been governor of the king, and grand master of France. She was herself an artist, and a collection of drawings by her of considerable artistic merit is preserved. They are portraits of the celebrities of the period. She was in favor at court; the king himself composed a rhymed motto to each of her portraits, and some of these verses are written in his own hand. It is established that Hélène de Hangest set up a pottery at her château of Oiron, and that Francis Charpentier, a potter, was in her employ. To his hand, under the auspices of the chatelaine of Oiron, is due the famous ware of Henri Deux."

Some fifty-three pieces of this ware only are known to exist, of which twenty-six are owned in England, twenty-six in France, and one in Russia. These have cost the owners from one to ten thousand dollars each, and if for sale would sell for still more, prices which no other porcelain or pottery could bring. Besides the delicate reproductions in Philadelphia, Mr. Briggs, of Boston, has had and may still have some examples.

To this pottery may be applied that excellent word, "elegant." It may be compared with the bold work from Limoges, of which we have spoken, in the same way that an etching of Rajon's may be spoken of in the same breath with a painting of Regnault's, wholly unlike but wholly good.

Let us now turn to the porcelain exhibit. Porcelain, as most know, was first invented and made in China long before our era, and was brought to Europe by the Portuguese about the year 1518.

While the Chinese have been making porcelain of the most perfect kinds from a very early period, some as early as forty to sixty centuries ago, and the Japanese since the beginning of our era, its secret was not discovered in Europe until about the years 1709–15, when Böttcher, in Saxony, succeeded in producing true porcelain. It may be of interest to many to know that this discovery of porcelain grew out of the experiments of the alchemists, and that Böttcher was searching for the secret of the philosopher's stone when some substance was produced in one of the crucibles which suggested porcelain to his shrewd mind. Out of his experiments and the discovery of the true kaolinic clay sprang the royal porcelain works of Meissen, which continue to this day.

The finest porcelain made in Europe was the result of the work at Dresden; for in Saxony was discovered a bed of the kaolinic clay. From about 1730 to 1800 the best work was produced, and in many styles of decoration.

In the Centennial collection there is no exhibit from the royal works of Meissen, — that is, of the Dresden ware, — and it is an almost universal belief that to-day neither the clay, the forms, nor the decoration are at all equal to those of the last century. The same is true of the royal potteries at Berlin. There is quite a large collection of the present Berlin work in the Main Building; it fails to reach the old standard, either in the body or in the designs. Indeed, it must be looked at rather as a life based upon tradition, having a certain interest which one's great ancestors might transmit.

The most famous of European porcelains in this century have been made at Sèvres, and are still made there. While the pride and spirit which once inspired the factories at Dresden and Berlin have abated, at Sèvres is still to be seen much activity and a good degree of life. The only works from Sèvres, however, are some large and elaborately painted vases in the French picture exhibit. They certainly have the merits of size and careful elaboration and painful penciling, but are wholly lacking in the finer and subtler qualities which genius or courage might have given with even less hard work. We believe that France now is developing more genius in the ceramic artists than any other country. Whether it can there find its best field may be doubted, when we remember that so many who go to Sèvres to buy are controlled by such questions as these: "What do kings buy? Which costs most?"

We find in the French exhibit a profusion of porcelain bound and strapped

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and fringed with those elaborations of gold mountings which, if possible, we would punish the buyers of with sudden death: they are the culprits, for if they did not demand these things, surely no potter or man of artistic education would wish to make them. If the pot is good, it not only does not need this gilding but is spoiled by it; if it is bad, it is an insult to try to make us swallow it in that way.

Haché and Pepin, of Paris, have some excellent dinner-services, in which the shapes and the body are almost perfect. The gilding, too, is good, though too much for most who do not live in palaces. Some delightful sage-green tea-cups too may here be seen, and a dessert-service which has nicely painted roses thrown on the borders. Haviland & Co. have a dinner-service, delicately modeled and nicely painted, made in *pâte tendre*. As this is so much more perishable and so much more costly than the *pâte dur* it is a pity to waste fine work and valuable time upon it. Twelve dinner-plates, designed by Bracquemond, once at Sèvres, are good; but as they are simply imitations of Japanese birds and plants, one is again impelled to ask, Why should not this artist have spent his strength upon the birds and plants of France?

Stepping across to the English exhibit, which in ceramics is perhaps the largest of all, we find much every-day good work. Messrs. Bromfield and Son have some nearly perfect dinner-sets, where body, form, and decoration are delightful. The shape of the dinner-plate, which is not deep but shallow, and has the edge or rim nearly or quite horizontal with the table, is perfection. We have been eating for so long upon plates which with their rims slanting upward make a sort of fence to keep us away from what we so greatly desire, and into which our salt is always sliding to its ruin that we are inclined to clap our hands at this simple and beautiful success. The French have been grievous sinners in this way, and it is strange, too, for they have shown so much perception of the fit and the beautiful. In this collection is to be seen a pair of large vases upon which is tossed in a bold and free way a profusion of red roses, quite fascinating.

Messrs. Daniels and Son exhibit a greater variety of art-work than any other one house; and we understand that not being potters or artists themselves they know how to have their work done by those who are in the best way artists. Many interesting things are to be seen here which cannot be well described; but it is impossible to pass over, without a word, the exquisite *pâte sur pâte* vases and pots designed and made by Solon. This fascinating and finished style of work, so far as we know, originated in France, where some admirable pieces have been made. The name comes from the fact that upon a body or paste of a dark color is laid a design in a light or white paste, which, being semi-transparent, allows of delicate shading and modeling. This is to be seen in great perfectness in these vases made by M. Solon. While he cannot claim to have originated a new style of artistic porcelain, it is certain that the work here exhibited cannot be surpassed. The vases sold to Sir Richard Wallace for some six hundred guineas have a subtle, deep olive-green body, upon which M. Solon's figures seem floating as if they had just appeared from the dark, or might at any moment sink into it. The mystery and strength of color no one can fathom or explain, nor can one at all put into words the ineffable satisfaction which one receives from such work as this. It is gratifying to know that two pairs of these vases have been bought by the Philadelphia Industrial Museum and by Henry Gibson, Esq., so that one may hope hereafter to see in Philadelphia examples of this art-work. While these are in the English exhibit, it must be said that M. Solon is a Frenchman, and having been one of the artists at Sèvres he must be recognized as the outcome of the French rather than the English soil.

It was to be expected that the Chinese and the Japanese, if they made an exhibit at all, would take the places of honor. This they have done for quan-

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tity, and the Japanese do so for quality also.

When it is remembered that the great city of King-teh-Chin had grown to be a city of near a million of Chinese souls, according to the French missionaries, as long ago as the thirteen hundreds of our era, wholly devoted to the production of fictile wares, and that this city was almost destroyed in our time by the Tae-ping rebels who called themselves Christians, one can hardly expect an exhibit of modern work at all equal to what we have seen and known to have come from these heathen Chinese. Among those we saw are some good pots, but none equal to what may be seen in such private collections as those of Mr. Avery, Mr. Hoe, Mr. Pruyn, Mr. Wales, Mr. Cunningham, Mrs. Burlinghame, and doubtless others which we have not seen. In these collections are exquisite examples of work done in the best period of art, the Ming dynasty (1368–1644). To-day neither the body, the forms, nor the decoration seem at all near those of that time; and we failed to see any examples of one of the most delightful of porcelains, the celestial blue, which some of the private collections just mentioned are so rich in. Among those we noticed in the collection, sure to create a feeling of pleasure, were a pair of vases with free sketches of deer, bought by Mr. Howland; some *céladon* bottles etched all over, bought by Mr. Marquand; and, finer than any, some blue and green "crackle" pots secured by W. T. W., of Baltimore, which were exquisite.

But we can expect no more great work from these people. Upon all the Orientals we are now impressing ourselves, and they will surely be induced to copy our bad art rather than to convert us to their good.

The Japanese have the largest and the finest exhibit in the collection. Their art and their manufactures retain a certain excellence, a certain honesty, and a certain piquant individuality, so far their own, but which must certainly go down before the arrogant demands of trade. Already there is sufficient evidence that they are perceiving the desirableness of shoddy and the importance of cheapness; already they are making us pay "through the nose," or pocket, for what we want to buy; and it will not be surprising by and by to hear them spoken of as those "unconscionable rascals" and even with stronger objurgations, which, no doubt, they will well deserve.

Making inquiries of one or two of the officials with a desire if possible to learn a little of the interesting people and their ways, we were told that there are at Hizen some five factories of fictile wares; at Kioto, ten; at Owari, three; at Kaga, five; at Satsuma, one; at Banko, one; at Yedo, forty-three. This last statement was a surprise, but it was reiterated. It is likely that at that port this result has been brought about by the demands of trade following the persuasions of our ships and guns.

The porcelains of Hizen rank first, and the exhibit from there is the largest. The two great vases some eight feet high, being lacquer on porcelain, are the largest pieces of potter's work we have ever seen, and they seem cheap at twenty-five hundred dollars. In the central part of the two great cases are two small tea-sets of some five pieces each, which are really the finest of porcelain in all particulars, and yet no one had bought them at one hundred and thirty dollars each; not even the Philadelphia Museum, which has shown a marvelous skill in selecting the best. There are also here quite a number of excellent pots and vases, from which Mr. Brown has secured a very desirable pair, sage-green with white bands containing grotesque designs. There are still other good things to be selected here.

The Owari porcelain is mostly the blue. The body or paste seemed clear, but there was a want of good form and superiority of coloring and decoration. Some excellent and striking pieces could be found here. But so far as one visit could reveal, there was nothing equal to the old six-mark blue.

The Kaga ware is distinctive and peculiar, in that there is in the decoration

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a preponderance of crimson and gold. It is strong and positive, but it is also pretty certain to be somewhat clumsy, lacking a certain subtle delicacy which is or should be found in the finest china.

The Satsuma is a faience now tolerably well known for its creamy tone, its quaint, often richly colored designs, and its glaze, which is a fine net-work of crackle. Of modern pottery none is more interesting than the good of this, and in the *old* Satsumas are to be found pieces which nothing equals. These last we do not find in the Exhibition, of course.

The Kioto is also a faience of a weaker body than the Satsuma, and running more to a lemon yellow. Its decoration is marked by a certain delicacy which in small articles is good, but which in large ones lacks strength. Shimzi of Kioto has a case of good pieces.

Meyagama of Yokohama has some delightful porcelain vases, decorated in relief with butterflies, plants, etc., which, it is satisfactory to know, are bought by our New York friends.

The few examples of Banko ware show a curious kind of pottery, mostly in dark clays without glaze, bearing enameled decorations. We have seen at Mr. Briggs's, and at some of the New York dealers', more attractive pieces than any we saw here.

The case of old wares shown by Kiriu Kosho Kuwaisha, from Tokio, contains a collection which has a kind of mysterious fascination even to us "outside barbarians," which we suppose might become an intense desire to possess, could we *know* anything about them.

Have we Americans nothing in the great Exhibition to show our skill in the ceramic arts? Let us see. Some twenty firms, mostly from Trenton, are collected in the southeast corner of the Main Building, where they make a creditable display of what is known as the "white granite" ware, so useful and so detestable; thick, that it may resist the hostility of the Milesian maiden, clumsy because of that, without color or decoration of any kind, and cheap: can we expect or demand much? Looking more carefully, we find in Otto and Brewer's exhibit a modeler named Broome who has made some base-ball players which are full of life and spirit; also some unglazed vases which have excellence of form and precision of modeling and decoration, showing that good things may be done here. James Moses, too, has some white and gold work which is good. Isaac Davis, one of these granite potters, has ventured to turn his cups with a sense of good form, and with a thin lip from which one might drink without being reminded of the horse-trough: he must beware lest it should not pay!

Laughlin Brothers, of Ohio, have a good show of the same kind of wares, and they have also a decorated dinner-set which is good. They have more than this, in that they promise us something. They are using feldspars, kaolins, clays, silexes, from various parts of our country, and believe we have the best and the greatest variety to be found in any country; but besides these a new clay or mineral, as they think, has been found in Missouri, which promises to be of infinite value. It is cheap, is easily ground and mixed, and imparts to the body a creamy softness, and a beauty which adds much to the production. That this is true is shown in some of the cups made with it. Moreover, as Mr. Laughlin states, one or more of the best porcelain-makers of Europe are seriously contemplating the propriety of establishing themselves on this shore of the sea, and putting to use these kaolinic treasures. And why not? With cheap clays, cheap fuels, cheap foods, may we not begin to supply ourselves, if not some of the rest of the world, with the finest productions of the potter's wheel? And it would seem a good thing for us to do. So, if we should do it, might there not be a drop of consolation to our free-trade doctors in knowing that our forty per cent. of duty had brought this good to pass?

Before we leave this subject let us ask attention to the style of decoration practiced by the Orientals, as we see it in this Exhibition.

It is not likely that the Oriental goes

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to a school to be taught various styles of decoration: the Greek, the Egyptian, the Roman, the Renaissance, and so on. Doubtless there are masters, men of daring and the perceptive eye, who have struck out styles which have fascinated thousands there as they do us; and these artists have impressed others; but the freedom and boldness of their painters even to-day seem to show that they have not been made into slaves or copyers. There is still, especially do we see it in Japan, a certain freedom and personality such as marked their best work three centuries ago. And this a servile copying in the schools does not permit. The Oriental sees and feels the spirit and grace and meaning of the natural forms, and throws them upon the porcelain with a free hand which excites our admiration. It is not done without study or care or pains, but it has the curious fascination of touching the imagination as no painfully penciled miniature ever can. The Oriental artist feels, and he suggests to our imagination and excites in a degree the same feeling that he had himself. Now this seems really art, and not copying. Then too there is fitness in decorating chinas or pottery with sketches, and it seems a waste to put upon these fictile vessels the elaborate penciling which should be found only in the best miniatures or the most delicate pictures.

Charles Wyllys Elliott.

THE FOURTH WAITS.

I.

THE click of dominos is an accompaniment scarcely in harmony with a discussion of psychology and religion. But no subject is too sacred, or too profane, to be discussed in a *café*, — that neutral ground where all parties and all sects meet; and it was a serious debate during a game of dominos that marked the beginning of a course of strange coincidences and sad occurrences that crowd one chapter in an eventful Bohemian life.

There were four of us art-students in the Academy of Antwerp assembled, as was our custom after the evening life-class, at a café in a quiet *faubourg* of the city. It was a gloomy November evening, cold and raw in the wind, but not too chill to sit in the open air under the lee of the wooden shed which inclosed two sides of the café garden. The heavy atmosphere had not crushed every spark of cheerfulness out of the buoyant natures of the materialistic Flemings, and the tables were filled with noisy *bourgeois* and their families, drinking the mild beer of Louvain, or generous cups of coffee. Their gayety seemed sacrilegious in the solemn presence of approaching winter, — that long, depressing, ghostly season which in the Low Countries gives warning of its coming with prophetic sobs and continued tears, and trails the shroud of summer before the eyes of shrinking mortals for weeks before it buries its victim. In a climate like that of Flanders, the winter, rarely marked by severe cold, really begins with the rainy season in early autumn, and it continues in an interminable succession of dismal days with shrouded skies.

On the evening in question the clouds seemed lower than usual; the wind was fitful and spasmodic, and came in long, mournful, insinuating sighs that stole in mockingly between the peals of music and laughter, and startled every one in his gayest mood. The gas-jets flickered and wavered weirdly, and the dry leaves danced accompaniment to the movements of the swift-footed waiters. The clatter

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of wooden shoes on the pavement without, and the measureless but not unmusical songs of the jolly workmen on their way home, filled the score of the medley of sounds that broke the sepulchral quiet of the evening.

There were four of us, as I have said: old Reiner, Tyck, Henley, and myself. Each represented a different nationality. Reiner was a Norwegian of German descent, tall and ungainly, with a large head, a shock of light-colored, coarse hair, a virgin beard, and a good-humored face focused in a pair of searching gray eyes that pried their way into everything that came under their owner's observation. He was by no means a handsome man, neither was he unattractive, and his sober habits, cool judgment, and great stock of general information gained for him the familiar name of old Reiner among the more thoughtless and more superficial students who were his friends. He was by nature of a more scientific than artistic turn of mind. He was conversant with nine languages, including Sanskrit, had received a thorough university education in Norway and Germany, took delight in investigating every subject that came in his way, — from the habits of an ant to the movements of the gold market in America, — and could talk intelligently and instructively on every topic proposed to him. Indeed, his scientific and literary attainments were a wonder to the rest of us, who had lived quite as long and had accomplished much less. As an artist he had great talents as well; but here also his love of investigation constantly directed his efforts. In his academic course he had less success than might have been anticipated except in the direction of positive rendering of certain effects. He was not a colorist; such natures rarely are; and it is probable that he would never have made a brilliant artist in any branch of the profession, for he was too much of a positivist, and even his historical pictures would have been little more than marvels of correctness of costume and accessories. In his association with us, the flow of his abundant good-humor, which sometimes seemed unlimited, was interrupted by occasional spells of complete reaction, when he neither spoke to nor even saw any one else, but made a hermit of himself until the mood had passed.

Tyck at first sight looked like a Spaniard. He was slight in stature, one short leg causing a stoop which made him appear still smaller than he was. His skin was of a clear brown warmed by an abundance of rich blood: a mass of strong, curling hair, and a black mustache and imperial framed in a face of peculiar, strong beauty. His eyes had something in them too deep to be altogether pleasing, for they caused one to look at him seriously, yet they were as full of laughter and good nature and cheerfulness as dark eyes can be. His face was one that, notwithstanding its peculiarities, gave a good first impression; and a long friendship had proved him to be chargeable with fewer blemishes of character than are written down against the most of us. But his hands were not in his favor. They were long, bony, and cold; the finger-joints were large and lacked firmness, and the pressure of the hand was listless or unsympathetic. The lines of life were faint and discouraging, and there were few prominent marks in the palm. The secret of his complexion lay in his parentage, for his mother was a native woman of Java, and his father a Dutch merchant, who settled in that far-off country, built up a fortune, and raised a small family of boys, who deserted the paternal nest as soon as they were old enough to flutter alone. Tyck was a colorist. He seemed to see the tones of nature rich with the warm reflections of a tropical sun, and his studies from life, while strong and luscious in tone, were full of fire and subtle gradations — qualities combined rarely enough in the works of older artists. He was to all appearance in the flush of health, and, notwithstanding his deformity, was uncommonly active and fond of exercise. We who knew him intimately, however, always looked upon him as a marked man. With all his rugged, healthy look, his physique was not vigorous enough to resist the attacks

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of the common foe, winter, and we knew that he occasionally pined mentally and physically for the luxurious warmth of his native land. He flourished in the raw climate of Flanders only as a transplanted flower flourishes; still he was not declining in health or strength.

It is a long and delicate process to build up an intimate friendship between men of mercurial temperament and such an impersonation of coolness and deliberation and studied manners as was Henley, the third member of our group. From his type of face and his peculiar bearing he was easily recognizable as an Englishman, and even as a member of the Church of England. His manner was plainly the result of a severe and formal training; his whole life, as he told us himself, had been passed under the careful surveillance of a strict father who was for a long time the rector of one of the first churches of London. But Henley, serious, formal, and cool, was not uncompanionable; and I am not quite sure whether it was not the bony thinness of his face, his straggling black beard and abundant dead-colored hair, that predisposed one at first sight to judge him as a sort of melancholy black sheep among his lighter-hearted companions. So we all placed him at our first meeting. When once the ice was broken and we felt the sympathetic presence that surrounded him in his intercourse with friends, he became a necessity to complete the current of our little circle, and his English steadiness often served a good purpose in many wordy tempests.

In religious opinions we four were as divided as we were distinct in nationality. Henley, as I have said, was a member of the Church of England. Tyck was a Jew and a freemason. Reiner entirely disbelieved in everything that was not plain to him intellectually. Our discussions on religious subjects were long and warm, for the theories of the fourth member of the circle piled new fuel upon the flames that sprung up under the friction of the ideas of the other three, and on these topics alone we were seriously at variance. Rarely were our disputes carried to that point where either of us felt wounded after the discussion was ended, but on more than one occasion they were violent enough to have ruptured our little bond if it had not been strengthened by ties of more than ordinary friendship.

This friendship was of the unselfish order, too. We were in the habit of living on the share-and-share-alike principle. Henley was the only one who had any allowance, and he always felt that his regular remittance was rather a bar to his complete and unqualified admission to our little ring. The joint capital among us was always kept in circulation. When one had money and the others had none, and it suited our inclinations or the purposes of our study to visit the Dutch cities, or even to cross the Channel, we went on the common purse. Share-and-share-alike in cases less pressing than sickness or actual want may not be a sound mercantile principle, but where the freemasonry of mutual tastes, united purposes, and common hardships binds friend to friend, the spirit of communism is half the charm of existence. Especially is this true of Bohemian life.

In introducing the characters a little time has been taken, partly in order to give us a chance to move our table into a more sheltered corner and to allow us to get well started in another game of dominos. As I remember that evening, Reiner, who was not entirely recovered from an attack of one of his peculiar moods, had been discussing miracles and mysteries with more than his accustomed warmth, and the rest of us had been cornered and driven off the field in turn; even to Henley, who was not, with all his study, quite as well up on the subject of the Jewish priests and the Druids as old Reiner, whom no topic seemed to find unprepared. When the discussion was at its height I observed in Reiner certain uneasy movements, and I instinctively looked behind him to see if any one was watching him, as his actions resembled those of a person under the mesmerism of an unseen eye. I saw no one, and concluded that my imagination had fooled me. But Reiner became suddenly grave and even solemn, the debate

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stopped entirely; and, at last, after a long silence, Reiner proposed another game of dominos. When the squares were distributed he began the moves, saying at the same time, quite in earnest and as if talking to himself, "This will decide it."

His voice was so strange and his look so determined that we felt that something was at stake, and instinctively and in chorus declared that it was useless to play the game out, and proposed an adjournment to the sketching-club. Reiner did not object, and we rose to go. As we left the table I saw behind Reiner's chair two small, luminous, green balls, set in a black mass, turned toward us:—evidently the eyes of a dog, glistening in the reflection of the gas like emerald fires. Possibly the others did not notice the animal, and I was too much startled at the discovery of the unseen eye to speak of it at that moment. Before I had recovered myself completely we were out of the gate, followed by the dog. Under the street-lamp, he leaped about and seemed quite at home. He was seen to be a perfectly black Spitz poodle, with cropped ears and tail, very lively in his movements, and with a remarkably intelligent expression. He was a dog of a character not commonly met, and once observed was not easily mistaken for others of the same breed. Our walk to the club was dreary enough. The gloomy manner of old Reiner was contagious, and no one spoke a word. I was too busy reflecting on the strange manner in which our game had been interrupted, to occupy myself with my companion, remembering the now frequent recurrence of Reiner's blue days and dreading his absence from the class and the club, which I knew from experience was sure to follow such symptoms as I had observed in the café. To the sketching-club we brought an atmosphere so forbidding that it seemed as if we were the heralds of some misfortune. Scarcely a cheerful word was said after our entrance, and frequent glasses of Louvain or *d'orge*, drunk on the production of new caricatures, failed to raise the barometer of our spirits. The meeting broke up early, and we four separated. The dog, which had been lying under a settee near the door, followed Reiner as he turned down the boulevard.

For a week we did not meet again. Reiner kept his room or was out of town. He made no sign, and when without him we frequented neither the café nor the club. The weather grew cold and rainy; the last evening at the café proved to have been the final gasp of dying autumn, and winter had fairly begun. At last Reiner made his appearance at dinner one dark afternoon and took his accustomed seat at our table, near the window which opened out upon the glass-covered court-yard of the small hotel where we used to dine, a score of us, artists and students all. He looked very weary and hollow-eyed; said he had been unwell, had taken an overdose of laudanum for neuralgia, and had been confined to his room for a few days. Expecting each day to be able to go out the next morning, he had neglected to send us word, and so the week had passed. As he was speaking I noticed a dog in the court-yard, the same black poodle that attached himself to us in the café. Reiner, observing my surprise, explained that the dog had been living with him at his room in the Steenhouwersvest, and that they were inseparable companions now. We could all see that old Reiner was not yet himself again. One of us ventured to suggest that there might be something Mephistophelian about the animal, and that Reiner was endeavoring, Faust-like, to get at the kernel of the beast, so as to fathom whatever mystery of heaven or earth was as yet to him inexplicable. No further remarks were made, as Reiner arose to go away, leaving his dinner untouched. He shook hands with us all almost solemnly, and with the poodle went out into the gloomy street.

Another week passed, and we saw neither Reiner nor the poodle. December began, and the days were short and dark, the sun scarcely appearing above the cathedral roof in his course from east to west. The absence of old Reiner was a constant theme of conver-

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sation, and there were multitudes of conjectures as to whether he were in love, in debt, or really ill. We had no message from him, not a word, not a written line. One Thursday evening, as we sat at dinner, the black poodle came rushing in at the *porte cochère*, followed closely by the servant-girl of the house where Reiner had rooms, drenched to the skin by the pouring rain, bonnetless and in slippers. Her message was guessed before she had time to gasp out, "Oh Mynheeren, erwer vriend Reiner is dood!" Not waiting for explanations we followed her as she returned through the slippery streets, scarcely walking or running. How I got there I never knew; it seemed at the time as if I was carried along by some superior force. Filled with dread and fear, mingled with hope that it was an awful mistake and that something might yet be done, I reached the door of the house. Through the grocery-shop, where was assembled a crowd of shivering, drenched people who had gathered there on hearing of the event, conscious that all were watching our entrance with solemn sympathy, not seeing distinctly any one or anything, forgetting the narrow, dark, and winding wooden stair, I was at the door of Reiner's room in an instant. The tall figure of a gendarme was silhouetted against the window; a few women stood by the table whispering together, awe-stricken at the sight of something that was before them, to the left, and still hidden from me as I took in the scene on entering the door.

Another step brought me to the bedside. There in the dim light lay old Reiner, not as if asleep, for the awful pallor of death was on his face, but with an expression as calm and peaceful as if he were soon to awake from pleasant dreams, as if his soul were still dreaming on. He lay on his right side, with his head resting on his doubled arm. The bedclothes were scarcely disturbed, and his left arm lay naturally on the sheet which was turned over the coverlid. Great, dark stains splashed the wall behind the bed and the pillow; dark streaks ran along over the linen and made little pools upon the floor. His shirt-bosom was one broad, irregular blotch of blood, and in his left hand I could see the carved ivory handle of the little Scandinavian sheath-knife that he always carried in his belt. Before I had taken in completely the awful reality of poor Reiner's death, the doctor arrived, lights were brought, and the examination began. Our dead comrade's head being raised and his shirt-bosom opened, there were exposed two great gashes across the left jugular vein and one across the right, and nine deep wounds in the breast. Few of the cuts would not have proved mortal, and the ferocity with which the fatal knife had been plunged again and again into his breast testified to the madness of the determination to destroy his life. On the dressing-table by the bed we found two small laudanum vials, both empty, and one overturned, as if placed hastily beside its fellow. In all probability poor Reiner took this large dose of laudanum early in the morning, as it was found that he had been in bed during the entire day, and was seen by the servant to be sleeping at three o'clock in the afternoon; and his iron constitution and great physical strength overcoming the effects of the narcotic, he awoke to consciousness late in the afternoon. Finding himself still alive, in the agonies of despair and disappointment at the unsuccessful attempt to dream over the chasm into the next world, he had seized his knife and madly stabbed himself, probably feeling no pain, but only happily conscious that his long-planned step was successfully taken at last. The room was unchanged, nothing was disturbed, and there was no evidence of the premeditation of the suicide except an open letter on the table, addressed to us, his friends. It contained a simple statement of his reasons for leaving the world, saying that he was discouraged with his progress in art, that he could not establish himself as an artist without great expense to his family and friends, and that he believed by committing suicide he simply annihilated himself — nothing more or less — and so ceased to trouble himself

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or those interested in him. He gave no directions as to the disposal of his effects, but inclosed a written confession of faith, which read, —

"Frederik Reiner, athée, ne croyant rien que ce que l'on peut prouver par la raison et l'expérience. Croyant tout de même à l'existence d'un esprit, mais d'un esprit qui dissoud et disparaît avec le corps.

"L'âme c'est la vie, c'est un complexité des forces qui sont inséparables des atoms ou des molecules dont se compose le corps. L'un comme l'autre a existé depuis l'éternité. Moi-même, mon âme comme mon corps, un complexité accidentel, une réunion passagère.

"J'insisterai toujours dans les éléments qui me composent mais dissoudent en d'autres complexités. Ainsi, *moi*, *ma personnalité*, n'existera plus après ma mort."

Beside this letter on the table lay Henri Murger's Scénes de la Vie de Bohéme, open, face downward. The pages contained the description of the death of one of the artists, and the following brief and touching sentence was underlined: "*Il fut enterré quelquepart.*" A litter was brought from the hospital and four men carried away the body; the dog, which we had come to look upon almost with horror, closely following the melancholy procession as it gradually disappeared in the drizzling gloom of the narrow streets. We three went to our rooms in a strange bewilderment, and huddled together in speechless grief and horror around the little fire-place. When bed-time came we separated and tried to sleep, but I doubt if an eye was closed or the awful vision of poor Reiner as we last saw him left either of us for a moment.

The days that followed were, to me at least, most agonizing. The terrible death of old Reiner grew less and less repulsive and more horribly absorbing. I had often read of the influence of such examples on peculiarly constituted minds, but had never before felt the dread and ghastly fascination which seemed to grow upon me as the days following that of the tragedy drew no veil across the awful spectacle ever present in my mind's eye, but rather added vividness and distinctness to the smallest details of the scene. My bed, with its white curtains, the conventional pattern of heavy Flemish furniture found in every room, came to be almost a tomb, in the morbid state of my imagination. I could never look at its long, spotless drapery without fancying my own head on the pillow, my own blood on the wall and staining with splashes of deep red the curtain and sheets. The number and shape of the spots on old Reiner's bed seemed photographed on the retina of my eye, and danced upon the slender, graceful folds of the curtains as often as I dared look at them. A little nickel-plated derringer, always lying on my table as a paper-weight, often found its way into my hands, and I would surprise myself wondering whether death by such a means were not after all preferable to destruction by the knife. A few cartridges in the corner of my closet, which I had hidden away to keep them from the meddling hands of the servant, seemed to draw me toward them with a constant magnetism. I could not forget that shelf and that particular spot behind a bundle of paint-rags. If there was need of anything on that particular shelf for months after Reiner's death, I always took it quickly and resolutely, shutting the closet door as if I were shutting in all the evil spirits that could possess me. The tempter was exorcised, but with difficulty, and to this day, for all I know, the cartridges may still lie hidden there. Then, too, a quaint Normandy hunting-knife was quite as fiendish in its influence as the derringer. Its ugly, crooked blade and strong, sharp point were very suggestive, and for a time I was almost afraid to touch the handle lest the demon of suicide should overcome me. Still, in the climax of this fever, which might well have resulted in the suicide of another of the four, for it was evident that Henley and Tyck were also under the same influences that surrounded me day and night, the thought of burdening our friends with our dead bodies was the strongest inducement that stayed our

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hands. It is certain that if we had been situated where the disposal of our bodies would have been a matter of little or no difficulty, as, for example, on board ship, one of the three or all would have succumbed to the influence of the mania that possessed us.

It was on the Sunday forenoon — a grim, gray morning threatening a storm — following the fatal Thursday, that we met in the court-yard of the city hospital to bury poor Reiner.

The hideous barrenness of a Flemish burial-ground, even in bright, cheerful weather, is enough to crush the most buoyant spirits; it is indescribably oppressive and soul-sickening. The awful desolation of the place in the dreariness of that day will ever remain a horrid souvenir in my mind. Nature did not seem to weep but to frown, and in the heavy air one felt a deep and solemn reproach. The soaked and dull atmosphere was stifling in its density, like the overloaded breath from some newly opened tomb. There was an army of felt but unseen spirits lurking in the ghostly quiet of the place, which the presence of a hundred mortals did not disturb. There was no breath of wind, and the settling of the snow and a faint, faint moan of the distant rushing tide made the silence more oppressive. The drip of the water from the drenched mosses on the brick walls, the faintest rustle of the wreaths of immortelles hung on every hideous black cross, the fall of one withered flower from the forgotten offerings of some friend of the buried dead, every sound at other times and in other places quite inaudible, broke upon that unearthly quiet with startling distinctness. The sound of our footsteps, as we followed the winding path to the fresh heap of earth in a remote corner, fell heavily on the thick air, and the high brick walls, moldy and rotting in the sunless angles, gave a deep and unwilling echo. It was like treading the dark and skull-walled passages of the Catacombs without the grateful veil of a partial darkness. All that was mortal and subject to decay, all that was to our poor human understanding immortal and indestructible, seemed buried alike in this rigid, barren inclosure. Beyond? There was no beyond; the straight, barren walls on all sides, and the impenetrable murkiness of the gray vault that covered us, barred out the material and the spiritual world. Here was the end, here all was certain and defined — a narrow ditch, a few shovelfuls of earth, and nothing more that needed or invited explanation. There was no future, no waking from that sleep: all exit from that narrow and pitiless graveyard seemed forever closed. Such thoughts as these were, until then, strangers to us. Could it be the unextinguishable influence of that nerveless body that filled the place with the dread and uncongenial presence that urged us to accept for the time, then and there, the theories and convictions of the mind which once animated that cold and motionless mass?

The fresh, moist earth was piled on one side of the grave, and the workmen with their shovels stood near the heap as we filed up, and at a sign lowered the coffin into the grave. A Norwegian minister approached to conduct the services. He took his place apart from all, at the head of the grave, and began with the customary prayer in the Norwegian language. He was dressed in harmony with the day and scene. A long black gown fell to the feet and was joined by a single row of thickly sewn buttons; a white band hung from his neck low down in front, and white wristbands half covered his gloved hands; a silk hat completed the costume. His face was of the peculiar, emotionless northern type, perfectly regular in feature, with well-trimmed, reddish-brown beard and hair, and small, unsympathetic gray eyes, and it bore an expression of congealed conviction in the severity of divine judgment. His prayer was long and earnest, and the discourse which followed was full of honest regret for the loss of our friend, but mainly charged with severe reproach against the wickedness of the suicide, the burden of the sermon being, "The wages of sin is death." We stood there shivering with the penetrating chill of the damp atmosphere,

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filled with the horrors of this acre of the dead, and listened patiently to the long discourse. In the very middle of the argument there was a sudden rustle near the head of the grave, a momentary confusion among those standing near the minister, and, to the great amazement and horror of Tyck, Henley, and myself, that black poodle, draggled but dignified, walked quietly to the edge of the pit as if he had been bidden to the funeral, and sat down there midway between the minister and the little knot of mourners, eying first the living and then the dead with calm and portentous gravity. He seemed to pay the closest attention to the words of the discourse, and with an expression of intelligent triumph, rather than grief, cocked his wise little head to one side and eyed the minister as he dilated on the sin of suicide, and then looked solemnly down into the grave. His actions were so human and his expression so fiendishly exultant that his presence was to the three of us who had previously made his acquaintance an additional horror; among the rest it merely excited comment on the sagacity of the beast. There he sat through the whole of the services, and nothing could move him from his post.

At the close of the sermon, and after a short eulogy in Flemish delivered by one of us, the minister gave out the Norwegian hymn with this refrain: —

"Min Gud! gjör dog for Christi Blod
Min sidste Afskedstime god!"

The first part of the air is weird and northern, and the last strain is familiar to us by the name of Hebron. The Norwegian words were significant and well-chosen for this occasion, very like the simple stanzas of our Hebron. The hymn is sad enough at all times; when tuned to the mournful drag of our untrained voices it seemed like the sighing of unshrived spirits.

As the sad measures wailed forth, the day seemed to grow colder and darker; a dreary wind rustled the dry branches of the stunted trees and rattled the yellow wreaths of immortelles and the dry garlands and bouquets. The dog grew uneasy between the verses and howled long and piteously, startling us all in our grief and causing a dismal echo from the cold, bare walls that hemmed us in. As last the painfully long hymn was ended, immortelles were placed upon the coffin-lid, each one threw in a handful of dirt, and we turned our faces toward the gate, away from death and desolation to dismal and melancholy life and our now distasteful occupation. With one last look into the inclosure we passed out of the gate, closing it behind us. The dog was still at his post.

A rapid drive brought us in fifteen minutes to the Place de Meir, where we alighted and found to welcome us the same black poodle that we left at the grave. The cemetery of Kiel is at least two miles from the Place de Meir; yet the dog left it after we did, and, covered with mud and panting, was awaiting us at the latter place. He could have made his escape from the cemetery only by the aid of some one to open the heavy gate for him, and, considering this necessary delay, his appearance in the city before us was, to say the least, startling. He welcomed us cheerfully, but we gave him no encouragement. The inexplicable ubiquity of the beast horrified us too much to allow any desire for such a companion. As we separated and took three different roads, to my great relief he followed neither of us, but stood undecided which way to turn.

The circumstances attending the burial of poor Reiner and the events which followed tended to increase our disposition to imitate the questionable action of our friend, but the annual *concours* of the academy, which demanded the closest attention and the most severe work for nearly three months, counteracted all such evil tendencies, and by spring-time we laughed at the morbid fancies of the previous winter.

The evening after the funeral, on my way to the life-class, I met the poodle again, and, in reply to his recognition, drove him away with my cane. Both Tyck and Henley related at the class a similar experience with the dog, which we had now come to look upon as a

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fiend in disguise. After this the meetings with the poodle were daily and almost hourly. He would quietly march into the hotel court-yard as we were at dinner; we would stumble over him on the stairs; at a café the *garçon* would hunt him from the room; at the academy he would startle us, amuse the rest of the students, and enrage the professor by breaking the guard of the old surveillant and rushing into the life-class. He seemed to belong to no one and to have no home, and yet he was an attractive animal with his long, glossy coat, saucy ears and tail, and bright, intelligent eyes. We often endeavored to rid ourselves of him. Many times I tried my best to kill him, arming myself expressly with my heavy stick, but he avoided all my attacks and always met me cheerfully at our next interview. At times he was morose and meditative. It used to be a theory of mine that at these seasons he was making up his mind which one of us he had better adopt as his master, declaring — only half in earnest, however — that the one whom the animal especially favored would be sure to meet poor Reiner's fate. The months of January and February passed and the poodle still haunted us. In the course of these dark months we repeatedly attempted to make friends with the dog, finding that we could not make an enemy of him, and hoped to jointly disprove the imagined fatality of the beast or else to break the spell by our own wills. All efforts at conciliation failed; he would never eat in, never even come into the room where we three were alone, and would show signs of general recognition only, and those but sparingly, when we were together. He seemed content with simply watching us, and not desirous of further acquaintance. Yet, in the face of this mysterious behavior, I doubt very much if any one of us really believed that anything would come of our forebodings, for we began to speak of the dog at first quite in jest, and grew more serious only as we were impressed after the death of Reiner by the consistent impartiality of his fondness for our society and by the unequaled persistency with which he haunted us wherever we went abroad.

Inquiries about the dog at the house where old Reiner used to live, and diligent search in various localities, gave us no hint of the spot where the poodle passed his nights, and we discovered only that he was known all about the town, but simply as Reiner's dog, the story of his presence at the funeral having been repeated by some of those who noticed his actions at the grave. March came and went and the dog had not yet taken his choice of us, and we began to be confident that he never would. But in one of the first warm days of spring we noticed his absence, and for a day or two saw nothing of him. One Sunday, after a fête-day when we three had not met as usual at the academy, a pure spring day, I received a short note from Henley asking me to come to his room on the Place Verte, as he was unwell. I went immediately to his lodgings, and found him sitting up, but quite pale and with a changed expression on his face. I knew he had been suffering from a severe cold for some time, but we all had colds in the damp, unhealthful old academy. His noticeably increasing paleness was due, I had supposed, to the anxious labor and prolonged strain of the concours. In one instance when we had been for thirty-six hours shut up in a room with sealed doors and windows, threescore of us, with as many large kerosene-lamps and nearly the same number of foul pipes, with three large, red-hot cylinder stoves, and no exit allowed on any excuse, we were all more or less affected by the poisoned air and the long struggle with the required production. The idea, then, that there was anything serious the matter with Henley never entered my head as I saw him sitting there in his room; but his first words brought me to a realization of the case, and all the horror of that long winter and its one mournful event came back to me in a flash. His remark was significant. He simply said, "That dog is here."

To be sure, the poodle was quietly sleeping near Henley's easel, in the sun. After a few general remarks, my friend

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said to me, quite abruptly, as if he had made up his mind to come to the point at once, —

"I thought I would send for you, old boy, to give you a souvenir or two. I am more seriously ill than you imagine. My brother will be here to-morrow, I shall return with him to England, and you and I shall probably meet no more."

There was resignation in every word he uttered, and he was evidently convinced of the hopelessness of attempting to struggle with the disease, his languid efforts to throw it off not having in the least retarded its advance. I tried to prove to him the folly of the superstition about the dog, but it was useless. He quietly said that the doctor had assured him of the necessity of an immediate return to a warmer climate and to the care of his friends. Tyck, who was sent for at the same time, came in shortly after, and was completely shaken by the strange fulfillment of our half-credited forebodings. We passed a sad hour in that little room, and took our leave only when we saw that Henley was fatigued with too much talking, for he began to cough frightfully and could hardly speak above a whisper. He gave to each of us with touching tenderness a palette-knife, — the best souvenirs we could have, he said, because they would be in our hands constantly, — and we took our leave, promising to meet him on the boat the following day. We learned from the servant that the poodle had inhabited the cellar for several days, and that they had not been able to drive him away.

Tyck seemed perfectly dazed by the suddenness of Henley's departure and the severity of his malady. Both of us avoided speaking of the dog, each fearing that his own experience with the unlucky acquaintance might follow that of our two companions. Tyck, I knew, was more subject to colds than the rest of us, for he had never been completely acclimated in Flanders, and he doubtless feared that one of the frequent slight attacks that troubled him might prove at last as serious as the illness that now threatened poor Henley. With Henley's departure Antwerp would lose half its attraction for us, for since the death of old Reiner we three had been even more closely attached than before. Henley had lost some of his insular coldness and formality of manner, was daily putting on more and more the appearance and acquiring the free and easy habits of an art-student, and his unchanging good-nature, his stability of character, and his entertaining conversation made him the leader of our trio. During the exhausting months of the concours, and in face of the discouraging results of weeks of the most energetic and nervous toil, he never lost his patience, but encouraged us by his superior strength of purpose and scorn of minor disappointments.

The next day we three met on board the Baron Osy just before the cables were cast off the quay. Henley was one of the last passengers to get aboard, and fortunately our parting was by necessity short. He was very weak, and evidently failed hourly, for he could walk only with the support of his brother's arm. He said good-by hopelessly but calmly, and with scarcely a word we parted. We felt that regrets were useless and words of encouragement vain, and that the only thing that remained to do was to accept his fate calmly and as calmly await our own. There was not a shadow of hope that we would ever meet again, and I can never forget the far-off look in Henley's face as he turned his eyes for an instant toward the swift, yellow current of the Scheldt, with the rich-hued sails, the fleecy spring-clouds, and the gorgeously-colored roofs of Saint Anneke reflected in its eddying surface. The cables were cast off and we hurried ashore. In the bustle and confusion a black poodle was driven off the plank by one of the stewards, but the crowd was so great and the noise and tumult of the wharf-men so distracting that it was impossible to see whether the dog remained on the boat or was put ashore. But we saw him no more and did not doubt that he went with Henley to London. In less than two weeks a letter from Henley's brother announced the

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death of our friend from quick consumption. Nothing was said of the dog.

From that time Tyck was preoccupied; he was alone much, ceased to frequent the academy, and neither worked nor diverted himself: it was plain that he needed change. Antwerp, at the best a cheerless town, gay on the surface, perhaps, because its people are as thoughtless and improvident as children, but full of misery and well-concealed wretchedness, grew hateful to us both.

Suddenly Tyck announced his purpose of going to Italy, and I resolved to break my camp as well, make an artistic tour of the East, and meet my friend in Rome in the autumn. We divided our effects among the rest of the fellows, rolled up our studies, and with the color-box, knapsack, and traveling-rug were prepared in a day to leave the scene of our sad experiences. It was with feelings of great relief and satisfaction that we saw the red roofs of Antwerp disappear behind the fortifications as the train carried us southward.

II.

Eight months after Tyck and I parted at Brussels, I arrived in Rome. Sharing as I did the general ignorance in regard to the severity of the Italian winters, I was surprised to find the weather bitterly cold. It was the day before Christmas, and a breeze that would chill the bones swept the deserted streets. After three months' idling in the East, paddling in the Golden Horn, dreamily watching from the hills of Smyrna the far-off islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and sleeping in the sun on the rocks at Piræus, Italy seemed as cold and barren as the shores of Scandinavia. It is a popular mistake to winter in Italy. The west of England, the south of France, and many sections of our own country are far preferable. It is not to be denied that Italy can be thoroughly enjoyed only in the warm months. Even in the hottest season, Americans find Naples, Rome, and Florence less uncomfortable than Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Immediately on my arrival Tyck came to meet me at the hotel, and we spent a happy Christmas Eve discussing the thousand topics that arise when two intimate friends meet after a separation like our own. Tyck was in better health and spirits than I had ever known him to be in before, and to all appearances Italian air agreed with him. In the course of the evening he gave me an invitation to make one of a breakfast-party that was to celebrate Christmas in his studio the next day, and the invitation was accompanied with the request to bring eatables and liquids enough to satisfy my own appetite on that occasion, a Bohemian fashion of giving dinner-parties to which we were no strangers. Accordingly the next morning at eleven o'clock we were to meet again in Tyck's quarters.

The studio was in the fifth story of a large block not far from the Porta del Popolo, and looked out upon a large portion of the city, the view embracing the Pincio and St. Peter's, Monte Mario, and the Quirinal. The entrance on the street was dismal and prison-like. A long, dark corridor led back to a small court at the bottom of a great pit formed by the walls of the crowded houses, and the stones of the pavement were flooded with the drippings from the buckets of all the neighborhood, as they slid up and down the wire guys leading into the antique well in one corner and rattled and splashed until they were drawn up by an unseen hand far above in the maze of windows and balconies, — an ingenious and simple way of drawing water quite common in Rome. From this sunless court-yard a broad, musty stair-case twisted and turned capriciously up by inexplicable doors and landings to the upper floors of the house. At the fourth story began a narrow wooden staircase always perfumed with the odors of the adjacent kitchens; and it grew narrower and steeper and more crooked until it met a little dark door at the very top, bearing the name of Tyck. The suite of rooms which Tyck occupied made up one of those mushroom-like wooden stories that are lightly stuck on the top

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of substantial stone or brick buildings. They add to the beauty of the silhouette but detract from the dignity of the architectural effect, and look like the cabin of a wrecked ship flung upon the rocks. From the outside, quaint little windows, pretty hanging gardens, or an airy *loggia* make the place look cheerful and cozy. Within, one feels quite away from the world; far up beyond neighbors and inclosing walls, tossed on a sea of roofs, and with a broad sweep of the horizon before one. Such a perch is as attractive as it is difficult to reach, and offers to the artist the advantages of light, quiet, and perfect freedom. Tyck's rooms were three in number. A narrow corridor led by the door of the store-room to the studio, a large, square room with a great window on the north side and smaller ones with shutters on the east and west. From the studio a door opened into the chamber, in turn connected with the store-room. Thus there was a public and a private entrance to the studio.

The Christmas breakfast had more than ordinary significance; it was to be the occasion of the presentation of Tyck's household to his artist friends. This, perhaps, needs explanation. At the time of our departure from Antwerp, Tyck was engaged to be married to a young lady, the daughter of a Flemish merchant, and there was every prospect of a wedding within a year. After two or three months of his absence her letters ceased to come, and Tyck learned from a friend that the thrifty father of the girl had found a match more desirable in a mercenary point of view, and had obliged his daughter to break engagement number one in order to enter into a new relation. Tyck, after some months of despondency, at last made an alliance with a Jewish girl of the working-class, and it was at the Christmas breakfast that Lisa was to be presented for the first time to the rest of the circle. When I entered the studio there was already quite a number of fellows present. The apartment was a picture in itself, and a long dining-table placed diagonally across the room, bearing piles of crockery and a great *pièce montée* of evergreen and oranges, and surrounded by a unique and motley assemblage of chairs, did not detract from the picturesqueness.

As studios run, this would not, perhaps, have been considered luxurious or of extraordinary interest, but it had a character of its own. Two sides of the room were hung with odd bits of old tapestry and stray squares of stamped leather, matched together to make an irregular patchwork harmonious in tone and beautifully rich in color. In the corner were bows and arrows, spears, and other weapons, brought from Java, a branch or two of palm, and great reeds from the Campagna with tortured and shriveled leaves, yellow and covered with dust. Studies of heads and small sketches were tucked away between the bits of tapestry and leather, and so every inch of these walls was covered. On another wall was a bookshelf with a confused pile of pamphlets and paper-covered books, and under this hung a number of silk and satin dresses, various bits of rich drapery, a coat or two, and a Turkish fez. The remaining wall, and the two narrow panels on either side of the great window, were completely covered with studies of torsos, drawings from the nude, academy heads, sketches of animals and landscapes, besides sustaining a shelf of trinkets, a skeleton, and a plaster death-mask of a friend hung with a withered laurel-wreath. Quaint old chairs, bits of gilded stage-furniture, racks of portfolios, a small table or two covered with the odds and ends of draperies, papers, sketches, and the accumulation of months, filled the corners and spread confusion into the middle of the room. Three or four easels huddled together under the light, holding stray panels and canvases and half-finished pictures, a lay-figure, — that stiff and angular caricature of the human form, — and a chair or two loaded with brushes, color-box, and palettes, witnessed that tools were laid aside to give room for the table that filled every inch of vacant space. In one corner was an air-tight stove, and this was piled up with dishes and surrounded by great tin boxes whence an appetizing

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steam issued forth, hinting of the good things awaiting us. The bottles were beginning to form a goodly array on the table, and as often as a new guest appeared, a servant with a *porte-manger* and a couple of bottles would contribute to the army of black necks and add to the breastwork of loaded dishes that flanked the stove. Tyck was in his element, welcoming heartily and with boyish enthusiasm every arrival, and leading the shout of joy at the sight of a fat bundle or a heavy weight of full bottles. By eleven o'clock every one was on hand, and there was an embarrassment of riches in the eating and drinking line. Before sitting down at the table — there were eighteen of us — we made a rule that each one should in turn act as waiter and serve with his own hand the dishes he had brought, the intention being to divide the accumulated stock of dishes into a great many different courses. French was chosen as the language of the day.

While we were discussing the question of language, Lisa came in and was presented to us all singly, impressing us favorably. She was slight but not thin, with dark hair, large brown eyes, and a transparent pink and white complexion, — a fine type of a Jewess. She took the place of honor at Tyck's right hand, and we sat down in a very jolly mood.

The *ménu* of that breakfast would craze a French cook, and the arrangement of the courses was a work of great difficulty, involving much general discussion. The *trattorie* of Rome had been ransacked for curious and characteristic national dishes, every combination of goodies that ingenious minds could suggest was brought, and plain substantials by no means failed. In the *hors d'œuvre*, we had caviar with an extra flavor because the contribution of a Russian, Bologna sausage and nibbles of radish, and, to finish, *pâté de fois gras*. Soup *à la jardinière* was announced and was almost a failure at the start-off, because one very important aid to the enjoyment of soup, the spoons, had been forgotten by the contributor. A long discussion as to the practicability of leaving the soup to the end of the meal, meanwhile ordering spoons to be brought, terminated in the employment of extra glasses in place of spoons and soup-plates. Then all varieties of fish followed in a rapid succession of small courses. Tiny minnows fried in delicious olive-oil; crabs and craw-fish cooked in various ways; Italian oysters, small, thin, and coppery in flavor; canned salmon from the Columbia River; *bacalá* and herrings from the North Sea; broad, gristly flaps from the body of the devil-fish, the warty feelers purple and suggestive of the stain of sepia and of Victor Hugo, — all these, and an abundance of each, were passed around. An immense joint of roast beef with potatoes, contributed by an Englishman, a leg of mutton by a Scotchman, a roast pig from a Hungarian, the potted meat of Australia, and the tasteless *manzo* of Italy, formed the solid course. Next we devoured a whole flock of juicy larks with crisp skins, pigeons in pairs, ducks from the delta of the Tiber, a turkey brought by an American, pheasants from a Milanese, squash stuffed with meat and spices, and a globe of *polenta* from a Venetian. At this point in the feast there were cries of quarter, but none was given. An English plum-pudding of the unhealthiest species, with flame sauce, a pie or two strangely warped and burned in places from the ignorance of the Italian cook or the bad oven, pots of jelly and marmalade, fruit mustard, stewed pears, and roasted chestnuts, *ekmekataïf* and *havláh* from a Greek, a profusion of fruits of all kinds, were offered, and at last coffee was served to put in a paragraph. The delicate wines of Frascati and Marino, the light and dark Falernian, a bottle of Tokay, one of Vöslau, thick red wine of Corfu, and flasks of the ordinary Roman mixture, — a little more than water, a little less than wine, — Capri *rosso* and *bianco*, Bordeaux, and Burgundy; good English ale and porter, Vienna beer, American whisky, and Dutch gin, *Alkermes*, *Chartreuse*, and Greek *mastic*, made all told a wine list for a king, and presented a rank of arguments to convert a prohibitionist. This was no orgy that I am describing, simply a jolly breakfast

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for eighteen Bohemians of all nationalities, a complex, irregular affair, but for that reason all the more delightful.

When we were well along in the bill of fare, a little incident occurred which put me out of the mood for further enjoyment of the breakfast, and for the rest of the day my position was that of silent spectator, watching the amusements with an expression not calculated to encourage sport. To begin with, I was unusually sensitive to nervous shocks, from the fact that my first impression of Rome had been intensely disagreeable. I found myself in a strangely exciting atmosphere and subject to unpleasant influences. The first night passed in Rome was crowded with visions, and I cannot recall a period of twenty-four hours during my residence in that city that has not its unpleasant souvenir of strange hallucinations, wonderful dreams, or some shock to my nerves. The meeting with Tyck was doubtless the occasion of my visions and restlessness on the night before the Bohemian breakfast. The events of the previous winter in Antwerp came freshly to my mind; I lived over again that dark season of horrors, and the atmosphere of Rome nourished the growth of similar strange fancies. There was, however, in my train of thoughts on Christmas Eve no foreboding that I can recall, no prophetic fear of a continuance of the strange relations with that black poodle which had already taken away the best half of our circle. It needed little, nevertheless, to put me in a state of mind very similar to that which tortured me for months in Antwerp.

But to return to the breakfast. While we were at the table a hired singer and guitar-player, a young girl of sixteen or seventeen years, sang Italian popular songs and performed instrumental pieces. She had nearly exhausted her list when she began to sing the weird, mournful song of Naples, Palomella, at that time quite the rage, but since worn threadbare, all its *naïve* angles and depressions polished out to the meaningless monotony of a popular ditty. We heard a dog howl in the sleeping-room as the singer finished the ballad, and Lisa rose to open the door. My seat on Tyck's left brought me quite near the door, and I turned on my chair to watch the entrance of the animal. A black poodle, as near as I could judge the exact counterpart of the Flemish dog, quietly walked into the room, evidently perfectly at home. My first calm reflection was that it was an hallucination, a mental reproduction of one of the grim pictures of the past winter; I could not believe my own vision, and it was some time before I came to realize the fact that my senses were not deceived. I was about to ask Tyck if he had noticed in the dog any curious resemblance to our self-appointed companion in Antwerp, when he turned, and, as I thought then, with a lingering touch of the old superstitious fear in his voice, said, "You 've noticed the dog; he belongs to Lisa. When he first came here, a month ago, I was horrified to find in him the image of our Flemish friend. Lisa laughed me out of my fears, saying that the animal had been in the family for six months or more, and at last I began to look upon him as a harmless pup, and to wonder only at the strange coincidence." But I could not turn the affair into a joke or forget for a moment past events now recalled so vividly to my mind. This was the third time that a black poodle had taken a liking to one of us, and two out of the three attachments had already proved fatal to the human partner. It was not by any means clear that the same dog played these different renderings of one part, but to all appearance it was the identical poodle. If in two cases this friendship of the dog for his self-chosen master had proved fatal, it was but a natural inference that the third attachment would terminate in a similar manner. But Tyck was in better health than ever before, notwithstanding the companionship of the dog. Was not this a proof of the folly of my superstition? I asked myself. Reasons were not wanting to disprove the soundness of my logic. It was not difficult to reason it out that stranger and more wonderful coinci-

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dences had happened, and nothing had come of it, and that the imagination would distort facts to such a degree that coincidences would be suspected where none existed. If it were only a coincidence, fears were childish. And the dog manifested no particular friendship for Tyck; he belonged to Lisa, and seemed to take no special notice of any one else.

The *déjeuner* went on without further interruption, and the guitar girl drummed away until the table was cleared. We were not at a loss for entertainments after the feast was ended. Tyck's costumes were drawn upon, and a Flemish musician with a Walloon sculptor sang a costume duet, one being laced up in a blue satin ball-dress, and the other staggering under the weight of a janissary's uniform. There was later a dancing concours, in which the Indian war-dance, the English jig, the negro walk-around, the tarantella, the Flemish *reuske*, and the Hungarian *czárdas* each had its nimble-footed performers. The scene was worth putting upon canvas. The confusion of quaint and rare trinkets, the abundance of color-bits, and the picturesque groups of figures in all the costumes that could be improvised for the dance or the song, — a museum of *bric-à-brac* and a carnival of characters, — all this made a *tableau vivant* of great richness and interest.

About the middle of the afternoon the entertainment began to flag a little, and the moment there was a lull in the sport some one proposed a trip to Ponte Molle. The vote was immediately taken and carried, and we marched out to the Piazza del Popolo and engaged an omnibus for the rest of the day.

The straggling suburb outside the Porta del Popolo was lively with pleasure-seeking Romans. The wine shops were full of sad-eyed peasants and weary, careworn laborers; all the mournful character of a Roman merry-making was unusually prominent on this cheerless holiday, and the cloaked natives chatted as solemnly as if they were mourners at a funeral. Roman festivities are, in general, not liable to divert the participants to a dangerous extent. Wine-drinking is the chief amusement, and even under the enlivening influences of his potations the Roman rarely loses his habitual seriousness of manner, but bears himself to the end of the orgy as if he expected every moment to be called upon to answer for the sins of his ancestors. As we drove along the straight, broad road that raw afternoon, we met numberless carts and omnibuses loaded with laborers returning from the wine shops in the Campagna; the sidewalks were filled with crowds on their way to and from the trattorie near the Tiber, and scarcely a song was heard, rarely a laugh sounded above the rattle of the wheels. The people were making a business of amusement, and formed a staid and sober procession, when in Germany or Belgium the frolics and noisy merriment of the people would have known no bounds short of the limit of physical endurance. We were probably regarded as escaped maniacs because we persisted in breaking the voiceless confusion by our hearty Flemish songs. We hauled up in the yard of a trattoria at some distance out in the Campagna, and strolled over the hills for an hour, watching the dark, cold mountains and the broad, sad-tinted waste spread out before us. The solemn beauty of the Campagna is always impressive; under a gray sky it assumes a sombre and mournful aspect. To the north of the city the low, flat-topped hills combine in a peculiar way to form silhouettes of great nobleness of character and simplicity of line. They are the changeless forms that endure like the granite cliffs, monumental in their grandeur. When across these hills moving shadows of the clouds form purple patches, and the dull gray of the turf comes into occasional relief in a spot of strong sunlight, the scene is one of unique and matchless beauty — a heroic landscape, masculine in its lines, with feminine grace of combination and delicacy of tone. That afternoon the dog, which had accompanied Tyck on the excursion, furnished us our chief amusement. We tossed sticks down the steep gravel

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banks, to watch his lithe black form struggle through the brambles, seize the bit, and return it to us. He, poor animal, had probably been shut up within the walls of Rome longer than the rest of the party, and entered into the outdoor frolics with even more zest than his human companions. Below the trattoria there was a narrow brook bridged by a rail, and we tried to get the poodle to walk this narrow path, but with no success. Tyck at last made the attempt, to encourage the dog, but on his way back he slipped and wetted his feet thoroughly. Most of us thought this accident of not the least importance, but one or two of the old residents advised a return to the wine shop, hinting of a possible serious illness in consequence of the wetting. At the trattoria Tyck dried himself at the large open fire in the kitchen, and we thought no more of it. The old Porta del Popolo answered our chorus with a welcoming echo as we drove in, shortly after dark, and mingled with the shivering crowd hurrying to their homes. Our Christmas had at least been a merry one to the most of us, but I could not forget the incident of the dog; and as I walked through the streets to my cheerless room a strange dread, in spite of my reason, gradually took entire possession of me.

For a day or two, that least amusing of all occupations, studio hunting, kept me busy from morning till night, and I saw none of the breakfast party. It was beginning to surprise me that Tyck did not make his appearance, when I had a call from Lisa, bearing a message from him, saying he was slightly unwell and wanted me to come and see him. I lost no time in complying with his request. On my way to his room the same old dread, stifled for a while in the busy search for rooms, came back with all its force, and I already began to suffer the first agonies of grief at the loss of my friend. For, although the message was hopeful enough, it came at a time when it seemed the first sign of the fulfillment of my forebodings, and from that moment I looked upon Tyck as lost to us. Not pretending to myself that it was an excusable weakness on my part to become the victim of what would generally be declared a morbid state of the imagination; reasoning all the while that the weather, the peculiar, tomb-like atmosphere of Rome, our previous experience in Antwerp, and our long absence from the distractions and worldliness of a civilized society would have caused this state of mind in healthier organizations than my own; I still could not but think of my friend as already within the clutch of death, and soon to be numbered as the third lost from our little circle, while the fourth was still to wait.

Tyck was in bed when I entered his chamber. There was a fresh glow deep in his brown cheek, and his eyes seemed to me brighter than usual; still there was no visible sign of a dangerous illness, and my reason laughed at my fears. He complained of dizziness, headache, pains in the back, and coughed at intervals. His manner showed that his mind was troubled, and from Lisa I learned that he had not yet received the expected remittance for the sale of his last pictures sent to London. The winter was severe and wood expensive; models were awaiting payment, and the rent-day was drawing near. I gave Lisa all the money I had with me, and charged her to keep me posted as to the wants of the household, if by any bad fortune Tyck should be obliged to keep his room longer. She afterwards told me that later in the day several friends called, suspected the state of affairs, and each contributed according to his purse — always without the knowledge of the sufferer.

Every day after, I passed a portion of the daylight in Tyck's room. His cough gradually grew more violent, and in a day or two he became seriously ill with high fever. The doctor, a spare, wise-looking German, of considerable reputation as a successful practitioner in fever cases, was called that day and afterwards made more frequent visits than the length of our purses would warrant. On the third or fourth day he decided that the disease was typhoid

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fever, and commenced a severe and to us inexperienced nurses a harsh treatment, dosing continually with quinine and blistering the extremities. Before the end of a week Tyck fell into long spells of delirium, and recognized his friends only at intervals. His tongue was black and protruded from his mouth, and between his fits of coughing he could at last only whisper a few words in Italian. We had been in the habit of conversing at discretion in English, French, Flemish, or German; talking always on art questions in French, telling stories in the picturesque Flemish patois, and reserving the German and English languages for more solemn conversation. Tyck would frequently attempt to use one of these languages when he wished to speak with me during his illness, aware of my slight acquaintance with Italian, and it was most painful to witness his struggles with an English or French sentence. The words seemed too rasping for his tender throat and blistered tongue; the easy enunciation of the Italian vowels gave him no pain, and in a sigh he could whisper a whole sentence.

When at last Lisa was quite worn out with nursing, and there was need of more skillful and experienced hands to administer the medicines and perform the thousand duties of a sick-room, the doctor advised us to make application at a convent for a sister to come and watch at night. We did so, and on the evening of the same day a cheerful, home-like little body, in the stiffest of winged bonnets, climbed the long stairs and took immediate possession of the sick-room, putting things into faultless order in a very few moments, her first step being to banish the dog to a neighboring studio. I awaited her entrance into the painting-room with some anxiety. The long table had been removed, but otherwise the traps were just the same as they were on the day of the feast. A regiment of bottles was drawn up near the window; various tell-tale dishes, broken glasses, and other *débris* cluttered the corner near where the stove stood, and I was sure that a lecture on the sin of the debauchery which had brought my friend to a sick-bed awaited me the moment the sister saw these proofs of our worldliness. She trotted out into the studio at last, in the course of her busy preparation for the night; and then, instead of bursting forth with a reproof, she covered her face with her hands, turned about, and walked out of the house. I of course followed her and begged for an explanation. She hesitated long, but finally with some difficulty said she could not stay in a room where such pictures decorated the walls, and before she would consent to return she must be assured of their removal or concealment. I hastened up, covered all the academy-studies with bits of newspaper, and the sister returned and went on with her duties as if nothing had happened. So the expected lecture was never delivered. In the sight of the greater enormity of academy-studies, she clearly thought it useless to lecture on the appetite.

Few days elapsed after the sister took charge of the sick-room before we were all rejoiced at an improvement in Tyck. He grew better rapidly, and in two weeks was able to sit up in bed and talk to us. Though we were full of joy at his apparent speedy recovery, there was always a bitterness in the thought that the fatal relapse might be expected at every moment, and this shadow hung over us even in the most hopeful hours. The sister gave up her charge, and as Tyck grew better day by day, Lisa came to act as sole nurse and companion, although we made daily visits to the sick-room. The month of January passed, and Carnival approached. Tyck was able to have his clothes put on, and to move around the room a little. The doctor made infrequent and irregular visits, and but for the fear of a relapse would have ceased to come altogether.

The morning of the first day of Carnival week, I was awakened while it was still dark by the ringing of my door-bell, and lay in bed for a while undecided whether it was not a dream that had roused me. My studio and rooms were of a very bogyish character, located at the top of a house on the Tiber, completely shut away from the world,

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and full of dream-compelling influences that lurked around the faded scapularies that hung over the bed, souvenirs of some former occupant who had died there, and filled the shaky old wardrobe and the musty little salon with an oppressive presence felt in the brightest days and in the liveliest assembly that ever gathered there. So it never astonished me to be awakened by some unaccountable noise or by the mental conviction that there was some disturbance in the crowded atmosphere. When I was aroused that dark, drizzly morning, I awaited the second pull of the bell before I summoned courage enough to pass through the shadowy salon and the lofty studio, with its ghostly lay-figure and plaster-casts, like pale phantoms in the dim light of a wax taper, and open the great door that led into the narrow corridor. A slender form wrapped in a shawl entered, and Lisa stood there, pale with fright, her great brown eyes drowned in tears, shrinking from the invisible terrors that seemed to pursue her. She whispered that Tyck was worse, and asked me to go for the doctor. I led her back to Tyck's room, and in an hour the doctor was there.

The details of that last illness are painful in the extreme. The sister did not come, it having been decided by the superior that artists' studios were places whither the duties of the sisterhood did not call its members, and so Lisa's mother came and did her best to fill in a rough sort of way the delicate office of nurse. On the last day of Carnival, little suspecting that the end of my friend was near, I was occupied in my own studio until nearly dark, and just as the sport was at its height I struggled through the crowd and reached Tyck's studio, white with *confetti* and flour, and in a state of mind hardly fitted for the sick-room. In the studio two doctors sat in consultation, and their two serious faces, with the frightened look in Lisa's eyes, told me the sad story at once. They had decided that Tyck must die, and made a last examination just after I entered. They raised him in bed, thumped his poor back, pulled out his swollen tongue, and felt of his tender scalp, burned with fever and frozen with a sack of ice. The group at the bed-side, so picturesquely impressive, will always remain in my memory like the souvenir of some gloomy old picture. Lisa's mother was seated on the back of the bed, raising Tyck like a sick child, his limp arms dangling over her shoulders and his head drooping against her cheek. To the right the slight and graceful form of Lisa, holding the earthen lamp; one doctor bending over to listen at the bared back, the focus of the dim light; the other doctor solemn and motionless, a dark silhouette against the bed and the wall beyond. The examination proved only the truth of the decision just reached, and it was then announced for the first time that the real malady was lung-fever, with the not infrequently accompanying first symptoms of typhoid. A few moments later one or two young artists dropped in, learned the sad news, and went away to warn the rest of the friends. At eight o'clock we were all in the studio, and after a hushed and hasty discussion as to whether or not a priest should be called in this last hour, the Catholic friends were overruled and it was decided to consult no spiritual adviser. Tyck, meanwhile, was scarcely able to talk. One by one the fellows came to his bedside, were recognized, and went away. I alone stayed in the studio, waiting, waiting. The doctor was to come at half-past nine, and the fellows had promised to return again at ten.

For a long hour we sat in silence, Lisa and I, and watched the advent of death. The mother, completely exhausted, lay on the bare floor near the stove, as motionless as a corpse; the dim light reflected from the sick-room transformed the draperies into mysterious shapes and made the lay-figure look vaporous and spectral. Frequent fits of violent, suffocating cough would call us to the bedside, and after a severe struggle Tyck would for a moment throw off the clutch of the malady and breathe again. He was in agony to speak with me, but was unable to. I guessed part of his wishes, repeated them in Flemish, and he made

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a signal of assent when I was right. In this way he communicated certain directions about his affairs, and I promised to see Lisa provided for and all the business put to rights. But there was something still to communicate, and he continued to the last his vain struggle to express it.

The stillness of the studio in the intervals between the spasms of suffocation was painfully broken, as the long hour passed, by his heavy breathing and by the stifled sobs of the poor girl, who at last cried herself to sleep, exhausted by her watching. From outside, a dog's mournful howl, breaking into a short, spasmodic bark, came up at intervals, and I could see that this sound disturbed the sufferer, probably recalling to his waning faculties the history of the dog that had so haunted us. From the street the chorus of the maskers came floating to us, sounding hollow and far away, like the chant of a distant choir in some great cathedral. Occasionally a carriage rumbled over the rough pavement, the deep sound echoing through the deserted court-yard and up the long, dreary stairways. It was within a few moments of the doctor's expected visit that a spasm more violent than any previous one called me to the chamber. We had long since stopped the medicine, and nothing remained to do but to ease the sufferer over the chasm as gently as possible. He did not seem at all anxious to live, and in the agonies of the suffocation there was no fear in those dark eyes that rolled in their hollow sockets. I raised him in bed, and at last, after the most prolonged fight, he caught his breath, opened his eyes, turned toward me, and said plainly in English, "All right, old boy." Then he relapsed into a comatose state and never spoke again. The doctor found him rapidly sinking, and another spasm came on while he was feeling the pulse. The patient recovered from it only to pass into another and more protracted one, at the end of which he sighed twice and was dead. For a second or two after the last deep breath his face had all the fever-flush and the look of life, but almost instantly he fell over toward me, changed beyond recognition. The wave of death had passed over us, carrying with it the last trace of life that lingered in the face of my friend, and a ghastly pallor crept over his cheeks, transforming him that I loved into an unrecognizable, inert thing. I turned away and never saw that face again, although they told me it was nobly beautiful in its Egyptian, changeless expression. That pause of an instant, while death was asserting its power, impressed me strangely, — and this was no new experience for me. In that pause, when time seemed to stand still, I remember, something urged me to raise my eyes in confident expectation of seeing the spirit as it left the body. Even my heated imagination, to which I was ready to charge much that was inexplicable in our experience, did not produce an image, but instead, where the wall should have been I seemed to look into space a wide, wide distance. An awful vacancy, an infinity of emptiness, yawned before me, and I looked down to meet the fixed expression of that changed face. From that moment there was no lingering presence of my friend that I could feel; in that short struggle he had separated himself entirely from us and from the place he used to fill with his charming presence. In the chamber of death there was no atmosphere hinting of the life that once flourished there, of the soul that had just fled. And so I thought only of burying the body and providing for poor Lisa.

The rest of the fellow-painters came a few moments after it was all over, and received the news with surprise. Lisa still slept, and we did not wake her. I remained in the studio all night, and in the morning the formalities of the police notification were gone through with, and the preparations made for the funeral. In the studio, unchanged in every respect from the day when Tyck put his brushes in his palette and laid it upon a chair, we held a meeting to decide upon the funeral ceremonies. Lisa was completely broken down by grief

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and exhaustion, and with her mother and the dog, who joyfully occupied his old place by the stove and disputed the entrance of every one, lived in the studio and the store-room.

On Sunday morning we buried our friend in the Protestant cemetery. Arriving at the little house in the inclosure we found the coffin there, with the undertaker, Lisa, her mother, and the dog. An hour later an English minister came and conducted the ceremonies in a cold, hurried manner; but perhaps the services were quite as satisfactory, after all, because his language was unintelligible to the majority of those present. We stood shivering in a circle around the coffin until the services were over, and then bore the burden to the grave, dug high near the wall in a picturesque nook under a ruined tower — a fit monument to our friend. Lisa and her mother stood a little apart, holding the dog, while we put the body in the grave, and a cold sun shone down upon us, quite as cheerless and as unsympathetic as the dull, lowering clouds of that day in Flanders a year before. After the customary handful of earth had been thrown, we turned away and separated, for the living had no sympathy with each other after the cold formality of the funeral. As I strolled across the field in the direction of Monte Testaccio, I looked back once only. There on the mound of fresh earth stood the dog, and Lisa was bending over to arrange a wreath of immortelles.

After the sale of Tyck's effects, which brought a comfortable little sum to Lisa, I left Rome, now unbearable, and sought the distractions of busy Naples. Later, with warm weather, I settled in a solitary nest in Venice, where the waves of the lagoon lapped my door-step. The distressed cries of a dog called me to the water door, one rainy morning, while I was writing a part of this very narrative, and I pulled out of the water a half-drowned, shaggy black dog. With some anxiety I assisted the poor animal to dry his fur, and found, instead of my old enemy, a harmless shaggy terrier, who rests his dainty nose on the paper as I write. Thus I have proved to myself that while the sight of a black poodle always brings up a hideous panorama before me, a diseased imagination does not invest every black dog with the dreaded powers that we ascribed to the dog that haunted us.

And so the fourth still waits.

F. D. Millet.

RENCONTRE.

TOILING across the Mer de Glace,
  I thought of, longed for thee;
What miles between us stretched, alas!
  What miles of land and sea!

My foe, undreamed of, at my side
  Stood suddenly, like Fate.
For those who love, the world is wide,
  But not for those who hate.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

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THE FAIR OF MOSES: THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH.

THE Moslems believe that their religion superseded Judaism and Christianity, — Mohammed closing the culminating series of six great prophets, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Christ, Mohammed, — and that they have a right to administer on the effects of both. They appropriate our sacred history and embellish it without the least scruple, assume exclusive right to our sacred places, and enroll in their own calendar all our notable heroes and saints.

On the 16th of April was inaugurated in Jerusalem the *fête* and fair of the Prophet Moses. The fair is held yearly at Neby Mûsa, a Moslem wely, in the wilderness of Judea, some three or four hours from Jerusalem on a direct line to the Dead Sea. There Moses, according to the Moslem tradition, was buried, and thither the faithful resort in great crowds at this anniversary, and hold a four days' fair.

At midnight the air was humming with preparations; the whole city buzzed like a hive about to swarm. For many days pilgrims had been gathering for this festival, coming in on all the mountain roads, from Gath and Askalon, from Hebron, from Nabulus and Jaffa, pilgrims as zealous and as ragged as those that gather to the Holy Sepulchre and on the banks of the Jordan. In the early morning we heard the pounding of drums, the clash of cymbals, the squeaking of fifes, and an occasional gun, let off as it were by accident — very much like the dawn of a Fourth of July at home. Processions were straggling about the streets, apparently lost, like ward-delegations in search of the beginning of St. Patrick's Day; a disorderly scramble of rags and color, a rabble hustling along without step or order, preceded usually by half a dozen enormous flags, green, red, yellow, and blue, embroidered with various devices and texts from the Koran, which hung lifeless on their staves, but grouped in mass made as lively a study of color as a bevy of sails of the Chioggia fishing-boats flocking into the port of Venice at sunrise. Before the banners walked the musicians, filling the narrow streets with a fearful uproar of rude drums and cymbals. These people seem to have inherited the musical talent of the ancient Jews, and to have the same passion for noise and discord.

As the procession would not move to the Tomb of Moses until afternoon, we devoted the morning to a visit to the Armenian Patriarch. Isaac, archbishop, and by the grace of God Patriarch of the Armenians of Jerusalem, occupant of the holy apostolic seat of St. James (the Armenian convent stands upon the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. James), claims to be the spiritual head of five millions of Armenians, in Turkey, Syria, Palestine, India, and Persia. By firman from the Sultan, the Copts and the Syrian and the Abyssinian Christians are in some sort under his jurisdiction, but the authority is merely nominal.

The reception-room of the convent is a handsome hall (for Jerusalem), extending over an archway of the street below and looking upon a garden. The walls are hung with engravings and lithographs, most of them portraits of contemporary sovereigns and princes of Europe, in whose august company the Patriarch seems to like to sun himself. We had not to wait long before he appeared and gave us a courteous and simple welcome. As soon as he learned that we were Americans, he said that he had something that he thought would interest us, and going to his table took out of the drawer an old number of an American periodical containing a portrait of an American publisher, which he set great store by. We congratulated him upon his possession of this treasure, and expressed our passionate fondness for this

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sort of thing, for we soon discovered the delight the Patriarch took in pictures and especially in portraits, and not least in photographs of himself in the full regalia of his sacred office. And with reason, for he is probably the handsomest potentate in the world. He is a tall, finely proportioned man of fifty years, and his deportment exhibits that happy courtesy which is born of the love of approbation and a kindly opinion of self. He was clad in the black cloak with the pointed hood of the convent, which made a fine contrast to his long, full beard, turning white; his complexion is fair, white and red, and his eyes are remarkably pleasant and benignant.

The languages at the command of the Patriarch are two, the Armenian and the Turkish, and we were obliged to communicate with him through the medium of the latter, Abd-el-Atti acting as interpreter. How much Turkish our dragoman knew, and how familiar his holiness is with it, we could not tell, but the conversation went on briskly, as it always does when Abd-el-Atti has control of it. When we had exhausted what the Patriarch knew about America and what we knew about Armenia, which did not take long (it was astonishing how few things in all this world of things we knew in common), we directed the conversation upon what we supposed would be congenial and common ground, the dogma of the Trinity and the point of difference between the Armenian and the Latin church. I cannot say that we acquired much light on the subject, though probably we did better than disputants usually do on this topic. We had some signal advantages. The questions and answers, strained through the Turkish language, were robbed of all salient and noxious points, and solved themselves without difficulty. Thus, the "*Filioque* clause" offered no subtle distinctions to the Moslem mind of Abd-el-Atti, and he presented it to the Patriarch, I have no doubt, with perfect clarity. At any rate, the reply was satisfactory: —

"His excellency, he much oblige, and him say he t'ink so."

The elucidation of this point was rendered the easier, probably, by the fact that neither Abd-el-Atti nor the Patriarch nor ourselves knew much about it. When I told his highness (if, through Abd-el-Atti, I did tell him) that the great Armenian convent at Venice, which holds with the Pope, accepts the Latin construction of the clause, he seemed never to have heard of the great Armenian convent at Venice. At this point of the conversation we thought it wise to finish the subject by the trite remark that we believed a man's life was after all more important than his creed.

"So am I," responded the dragoman, and the Patriarch seemed to be of like mind.

A new turn was given to our interview by the arrival of refreshments, a succession of sweetmeats, cordials, candies, and coffee. The sweetmeats first served were a delicate preserve of plums. This was handed around in a jar, from which each guest dipped a spoonful, and swallowed it, drinking from a glass of water immediately — exactly as we used to take medicine in childhood. The preserve was taken away when each person had tasted it, and shortly a delicious orange cordial was brought, and handed around with candy. Coffee followed. The Patriarch then led the way about his palace, and with some pride showed us the gold and silver insignia of his office and his rich vestments. On the wall of his study hung a curious map of the world, painted at Amsterdam in 1692, in Armenian characters. He was so kind also as to give us his photograph, enriched with his unreadable autograph, and a book printed at the convent, entitled Deux Ans de Séjour en Abyssinie; and we had the pleasure of seeing also the heroes and the author of the book, two Armenian monks, who undertook, on an English suggestion, a mission to King Theodore, to intercede for the release of the English prisoners held by the tyrant of that land. They were detained by its treacherous and barbarous chiefs, robbed by people and priests alike, never reached the head-quarters of the king,

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and were released only after two years of miserable captivity and suffering. This book is a faithful record of their journey, and contains a complete description of the religion and customs of the Abyssinians, set down with the candor and verbal nakedness of Herodotus. Whatever Christianity the Abyssinians may once have had, their religion now is an odd mixture of Judaism, fetichism, and Christian dogmas, and their morals a perfect reproduction of those in vogue just before the flood; there is no vice or disease of barbarism or of civilization that is not with them of universal acceptance. And the priest Timotheus, the writer of this narrative, gave the Abyssinians abiding in Jerusalem a character no better than that of their countrymen at home.

The Patriarch, with many expressions of civility, gave us into the charge of a monk, who showed us all the parts of the convent we had not seen on a previous visit. The convent is not only a wealthy and clean, but also an enlightened establishment. Within its precincts are nuns as well as monks, and good schools are maintained for children of both sexes. The school-house, with its commodious apartments, was not unlike one of our buildings for graded schools; in the rooms we saw many cases of antiquities and curiosities, from various countries, and specimens of minerals. A map which hung on the wall, and was only one hundred years old, showed the Red Sea flowing into the Dead Sea, and the river Jordan emptying into the Mediterranean. Perhaps the scholars learn ancient geography only.

At twelve the Moslems said prayers in the Mosque of Omar, and at one o'clock the procession was ready to move out of St. Stephen's Gate. We rode around to that entrance. The spectacle spread before us was marvelous. All the gray and ragged slopes and ravines were gay with color and lively with movement. The city walls on the side overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat were covered with masses of people, clinging to them like bees; so the defenses may have appeared to Titus when he ordered the assault from the opposite hill. The sunken road leading from St. Stephen's Gate, down which the procession was to pass, was lined with spectators, seated in ranks on ranks on the stony slopes. These were mostly women — this being one of the few days upon which the Moslem women may freely come abroad — clad in pure white, and with white veils drawn about their heads. These clouds of white robes were relieved here and there by flaming spots of color, for the children and slaves accompanied the women, and their dress added blue and red and yellow to the picture. Men also mingled in the throng, displaying turbans of blue and black and green and white. One could not say that any color or nationality was wanting in the spectacle. Sprinkled in groups all over the hill-side, in the Moslem cemetery and beneath it, were like groups of color, and streaks of it marked the descent of every winding path. The Prince of Oldenburg, the only foreign dignitary present, had his tents pitched upon a knoll outside the gate, and other tents dotted the roadside and the hill.

Crowds of people thronged both sides of the road to the Mount of Olives and to Gethsemane, spreading themselves in the valley and extending away up the road of the Triumphal Entry; everywhere were the most brilliant effects of white, red, yellow, gray, green, black, and striped raiment: no matter what these Orientals put on, it becomes picturesque, — old coffee-bags, old rags and carpets, anything. There could not be a finer place for a display than these two opposing hill-sides, the narrow valley, and the winding roads, which increased the apparent length of the procession and set it off to the best advantage. We were glad of the opportunity to see this ancient valley of bones revived in a manner to recall the pageants and shows of centuries ago, and as we rode down the sunken road in advance of the procession, we imagined how we might have felt if we had been mounted on horses or elephants instead of donkeys, and if we had been conquerors leading a triumph, and these people on

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either hand had been cheering us instead of jeering us. Turkish soldiers, stationed every thirty paces, kept the road clear for the expected cavalcade. In order to see it and the spectators to the best advantage, we took position on the opposite side of the valley and below the road around the Mount of Olives.

The procession was a good illustration of the shallow splendor of the Orient: it had no order, no uniformity, no organization; it dragged itself along at the whim of its separate squads. First came a guard of soldiers, then a little huddle of men of all sorts of colors and apparel, bearing several flags, among them the green Flag of Moses; after an interval another squad, bearing large and gorgeous flags, preceded by musicians beating drums and cymbals. In front of the drums danced, or rather hitched forward with stately steps, two shabby fellows, throwing their bodies from side to side and casting their arms about, clashing cymbals and smirking with infinite conceit. At long intervals came other like bands with flags and music, in such disorder as scarcely to be told from the spectators, except that they bore guns and pistols, which they continually fired into the air and close over the heads of the crowd with a reckless profusion of powder and the most murderous appearance. To these followed mounted soldiers in white, with a Turkish band of music — worse than any military band in Italy; and after this the pasha, the governor of the city, a number of civil and military dignitaries and one or two high ulemas, and a green-clad representative of the Prophet, — a beggar on horseback, — on fiery horses which cavorted about in the crowd, excited by the guns, the music, and the discharge of a cannon now and then, which was stationed at the gate of St. Stephen. Among the insignia displayed were two tall instruments of brass, which twirled and glittered in the sun, not like the golden candlestick of the Jews, nor the "host" of the Catholics, nor the sistrum of the ancient Egyptians, but, perhaps, as Moslemism is a reminiscence of all religions, a caricature of all three.

The crush in the narrow road round the hill and the grouping of all the gorgeous banners there produced a momentary fine effect; but generally, save for the spectators, the display was cheap and childish. Only once did we see either soldiers or civilians marching in order; there were five fellows in line carrying Nubian spears, and also five sappers and miners in line, wearing leathern aprons and bearing theatrical battle-axes. As to the arms, we could discover no two guns of the same pattern in all the multitude of guns; like most things in the East, the demonstration was one of show, color, and noise, not to be examined too closely, but to be taken with faith, as we eat dates. A company of Sheridan's cavalry would have scattered the entire army.

The procession, having halted on the brow of the hill, counter-marched and returned; but the Flag of Moses and its guard went on to the camp, at his tomb, there to await the arrival of the pilgrims on the Monday following. And the most gorgeous Moslem demonstration of the year was over.

Charles Dudley Warner.

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OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XVI.

DUBLIN, *August*, 1830.

MY DEAR H——: I should have answered your letter sooner had I before been able to give you any certain intelligence of our theatrical proceedings next week, but I was so afraid of some change taking place in the list of the plays that I resolved not to write until alteration was impossible. The plays for next week are on Monday, Venice Preserved; on Wednesday, The Grecian Daughter; Thursday, The Merchant of Venice. I wish your people may be able to come up, the latter end of the week; I think Romeo and Juliet, and The Merchant of Venice, are nice plays for them to see. But you have, I know, an invitation from Mrs. J—— to come into town on Monday. I do not know whether my wishes have at all influenced her in this, but she has my very best thanks for it, and I know that they will have some weight with you in inclining you to accept it; do, my dearest H——, come if you can. I shall certainly not be able to return to Ardgillan, and so my only chance of seeing you depends upon your coming into Dublin. I wish I had been with you, when you sat in the sun and listened to the wind singing over the sea. I have a great admiration for the wind, not so much for its purifying influences only, as for its invisible power, strength, the quality above all others without which there is neither moral nor mental greatness possible. Natural objects endowed with this invisible power please me best, as human beings who possess it attract me most; and my preference for it over other elements of character is because I think it communicates itself, and that while in contact with it one feels as if it were *catching;* and whether by the shore, when the tide is coming up fast and irresistible, or in the books or intercourse of other minds, it seems to rouse corresponding activity and energy in one's self, persuading one, for the time being, that one is strong. I am sure I have felt taller by three inches, as well as three times more vigorous in body and mind, than I really am, when running by the sea. It seemed as if that great mass of waters, as it rushed and roared by my side, was communicating power directly to my mind as well as my bodily frame, by its companionship. I wish I was on the shore now with you. It is surprising (talking of E——) how instantaneously, and by what subtle, indescribable means, certain qualities of individual natures make themselves felt, — refinement, imagination, poetical sensibility. People's voices, looks, and gestures betray these so unconsciously; and I think more by the manner, a great deal, than the matter of their speech. Refinement, particularly, is a wonderfully subtle, penetrating element; nothing is so positive in its effect, and nothing so completely escapes analysis and defies description. I am glad dear little H—— thought I "grew pretty;" there is a world of discrimination in that sentence of his; and to have made a conquest of Hercules, with my love of and admiration for power, is no mean triumph. To your charge that I should cultivate my judgment in preference to my imagination, I can only answer, "I am ready and willing to do so;" but it is nevertheless not altogether easy for me to do it. My life in London leaves me neither time nor opportunity for any self-culture, and it seems to me as if my best faculties were lying fallow, while a comparatively unimportant talent, and my physical powers, were being taxed to the uttermost. The profession I have embraced is supposed to stimulate powerfully the imagination. I do not find it so; it appeals to mine in a slight degree compared with other pursuits; it is too definite in its object and too confined in its scope to excite my imagination strongly; and, moreover, it carries with it the

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antidote of its own excitement in the necessary conditions under which it is exercised. Were it possible to act with one's *mind* alone, the case might be different; but the body is so indispensable, unluckily, to the execution of one's most poetical conceptions on the stage, that the imaginative powers are under very severe though imperceptible restraint. Acting seems to me rather like dancing hornpipes in fetters. And by no means the least difficult part of the business is to preserve one's own feelings warm, and one's imagination excited, whilst one is aiming entirely at producing effects upon others; surrounded, moreover, as one is, by objects which, while they heighten the illusion to the distant spectator, all but destroy it to us of the *dramatis personæ*. None of this, however, lessens the value and importance of your advice, or my own conviction that "mental bracing" is good for me. Mrs. K—— and I have exchanged visits and missed one another; she has sent me a delightful book of yours, Sir Humphry Davy's Consolations in Travel, with which I am enchanted, and about which I want to talk to you; so come and listen to what I have to say, and bring me word how the hay-cutting prospers. My reception on Monday was quite overpowering, and I was escorted back to the hotel, after the play, by a body-guard of about two hundred men, shouting and hurrahing like mad; strange to say, they were people of perfectly respectable appearance. My father was not with us, and they opened the carriage-door and let down the steps, when we got home, and helped us out, clapping, and showering the most fervent expressions of good-will upon me and aunt Dall, whom they took for my mother. One young man exclaimed pathetically, "Oh, I hope ye 're not too much fatigued, Miss Kemble, by your exertions!" They formed a line on each side of me, and several of them dropped on their knees to look under my bonnet, as I ran laughing, with my head down, from the carriage to the house. I was greatly confused and a little frightened, as well as amused and gratified, by their cordial demonstration.

The Mrs. J—— whom I have mentioned in this letter was sister of Miss S——'s dearest friend, Miss W——, and wife of that amiable and eminent man, Chief Baron J——. The humors of a Dublin audience, much as I had heard of them before going to Ireland, surprised and diverted me very much. The second night of our acting there, as we were leaving the theatre by the private entrance, we found the carriage surrounded by a crowd eagerly waiting for our coming out. As soon as my father appeared, there was a shout of "Three cheers for Misther Char-*les!*" then came Dall, and "Three cheers for Misthriss Char-*les!*" then I, and "Three cheers for Miss Fanny!" "Bedad, she looks well by gas-light!" exclaimed one of my admirers. "Och, and bedad, she looks well by daylight too!" retorted another, though what his opportunity for forming that flattering opinion of the genuineness of my good looks had been, I cannot imagine. What further remarks passed upon us I do not know, as we drove off laughing, and left our friends still vociferously cheering. My father told us one day of his being followed up Sackville Street by two beggar-women, between whom the following dialogue passed, evidently with a view to his edification. "Och, but he 's an iligant man, is Misther Char-*les* Kemble!" "An' 'deed, so was his brudher Misther John, thin, a moighty foine man! and to see his *demanour*, puttin' his hand in his pocket and givin' me sixpence, bate all the worrld!" Lord C——, whose tall, lathy figure and prominent teeth were well known to the pauper population of Dublin, having told a tiresome old female beggar, who was pursuing him, to "go along," received the agreeable rejoinder, "Ah! go 'long wid your own self; ye 're like an old comb: all back and taath!" When I was acting Lady Townley, in the scene where her husband complains of her late hours and she insolently retorts, "I won't come home till four, to-morrow morning," and receives the startling reply with which Lord Townley leaves her, "Then, madam, you shall never come home again,"

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I was apt to stand for a moment aghast at this threat; and one night during this pause of breathless dismay, one of my gallery auditors, thinking, I suppose, that I was wanting in proper spirit not to make some rejoinder, exclaimed, "Now thin, Fanny!" which very nearly upset the gravity produced by my father's impressive exit, both in me and in the audience.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, *August* 6, 1830.

MY DEAREST H——: I fear I caused you a disappointment by not writing to you yesterday afternoon, but as it was not until between five and six o'clock that I learned we were not going to Cork, when I thought of writing you to that effect, I found I was too late for the post. I hope still that Dall and I may be able to come to Ardgillan again, but we cannot leave my father alone here, and his departure for Liverpool is at present quite uncertain. I have been trying to reason myself into patience, notwithstanding a very childish inclination to cry about it, which I think I will indulge because I shall be able to be so much more reasonable without this stupid lump in my throat.

I hope I may see you again, dear H——. You are wrong when you say you cannot be of service to me; I can judge better of the value of your intercourse to me than you can, and I wish I could have the advantage of more of it before I plunge back into "toil and trouble." I have two very opposite feelings about my present avocation: utter dislike to it and everything connected with it, and an upbraiding sense of ingratitude when I reflect how prosperous and smooth my entrance upon my career has been. I hope, ere long, to be able to remember habitually what only occasionally occurs to me now, as a comfort and support, that since it was right for me to embrace this profession, it is incumbent upon me to banish all selfish regrets about the surrender of my personal tastes and feelings, which must be sacrificed to real and useful results for myself and others. You see, I write as I talk, still about myself; and I am sometimes afraid that my very desire to improve keeps me occupied too much about myself and will make a little moral egotist of me. Will it be inconvenient to you, sister, if I bring my maid with us? I hope not, as when we go to you we shall have done with Dublin. Perhaps Dall and I could occupy the big room together, and M—— the one I had before, if both are empty. I am going to bid good-by to Miss W—— this morning; I should like her to like me; I believe I should value her friendship as I ought. Good friends are like the shrubs and trees that grow on a steep ascent: while we toil up and our eyes are fixed on the summit, we unconsciously grasp and lean upon them for support and assistance on our way. God bless you, dear H——. I hope to be with you soon, but cannot say at present how soon that may be. F. A. K.

A very delightful short visit to my friend at Ardgillan preceded my resuming my theatrical work at Liverpool, whence I wrote her the following letter:

LIVERPOOL, *August* 19, 1830.

DEAR H——: I received your letter about an hour ago, at rehearsal, and though I read it with rather dim eyes, I managed to swallow my tears and go on with Mrs. Beverley.

The depth and solemnity of your feelings, my dear H——, on those important subjects of which we have so often spoken together, almost make me fear, sometimes, that I am not so much impressed as I ought to be with their *awfulness*. I humbly hope I *fear* as I ought, but it is so much easier for me to love than to fear, that my nature instinctively fastens on those aspects of religion which inspire confidence and impart support, rather than those which impress with dread. I was thinking the other day how constantly in all our prayers the loftiest titles of might are added to that name of names, "Our Father," and yet his power is always less present to my mind than his mercy and love. You tell me I do not know you, and that may very well be, for one really *knows*

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no one; and when I reflect upon and attempt to analyze the various processes of my own rather shallow mind, and find them incomprehensible, I am only surprised that there should be so much mutual affection in a world where mutual knowledge and understanding are really impossible. For your sake I wish my brains were more on a par with yours; though to myself my inferiority is gratifying, rather than otherwise, for it is pleasant to feel weaker and less gifted than those we love, and to be able with reason to look up to and rely upon them. This is no mock humility, dear H——, you know, nor am I at all disposed to quarrel with my own peculiar gifts; but I think my small plot of cultivable ground better fitted to produce flowers, or even fruit (gooseberries, for instance), than the bread which is the staff of life.

My side-ache was much better yesterday. I believe it was caused by the pain of leaving you and Ardgillan; any strong emotion causes it, and I remember when I last left Edinburgh having an attack of it that brought on erysipelas. You say you wish to know how Juliet does. Why, very well, poor thing. She had a very fine first house indeed, and her success has been as great as you could wish it; out of our ten nights' engagement, Romeo and Juliet is to be given four times; it has already been acted three successive nights to very great houses. To-night it is The Gamester, tomorrow Venice Preserved, and on Saturday we act at Manchester, and on Monday here again. You will hardly imagine how irksome it was to me to be once more in my stage-trappings, and in the glare of the theatre instead of the blessed sunshine in the country, and to hear the murmur of congregated human beings instead of that sound of many waters, that wonderful sea-song, that is to me like the voice of a dear friend. I made a great effort to conquer this feeling of repugnance to my work, and thought of my dear Mrs. Harry, whom I have seen, with a heart and mind torn with anxiety, leave poor Lizzy on what seemed almost a death-bed, to go and do her duty at the theatre. That was something like a trial. There was a poor old lady, of more than seventy years of age, who acted as my nurse, who helped also to rouse me from my selfish morbidness — age and infirmity laboring in the same path with rather more cause for weariness and disgust than I have; she may have been working, too, only for herself, while I am the means of helping my own dear people, and many others; she toils on, unnoticed and neglected, while my exertions are stimulated and rewarded by success and the approval of every one about me, and yet my task is sadly distasteful to me; it seems such useless work that but for its very useful pecuniary results I think I would rather make shoes. You tell me of the comfort you derive, under moral depression, from picking stones and weeds out of your garden. I am afraid that antidote would prove insufficient for me; the weeds would very soon lie in heaps in my lap, and the stones accumulate in little mountains all round me, while my mind was sinking into contemplations of the nature of *slow quicksands.* Violent bodily exercise, riding, or climbing up steep and rugged pathways are my best remedies for the blue devils.

My father has received a pressing invitation from Lord and Lady W—— to go to their place, Heaton, which is but five miles from Manchester. I believe we shall only go there (if at all) for a day or two, as we can hardly avoid doing so altogether, for they are pressing for the fulfillment of a promise which it seems my father made some time ago, without much expecting that it would be insisted upon.

You say to me in your last letter that you could not live at the rate I do; but my life is very different now from what it was while with you. I am silent and quiet and oppressed with irksome duties, and altogether a different creature from your late companion by the sea-shore. It is true that *that* was my natural condition, but if you were here with me now, in the midst of all these unnatural sights and sounds, I do not think I should

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weary you with my overflowing life and spirits, as I fear I did at Ardgillan. I was as happy there as the birds that fly in the clear sky above the sea, and much happier, for I had your companionship in addition to the delight which mere existence is in such scenes. I am glad Lily made and wore the wreath of lilac blossoms; I was sure it would become her. Give her my love and thanks for having done as I asked her. Remember me to Mrs. K——; I am glad she approved of Bayard's cerebral development. [Bayard was a favorite horse.] I was won by the expression of his face. I am sorry now you did not put me upon him for a few minutes on the lawn. I should have sat very passively on his back, and he is too noble-natured to have taken advantage of my want of power over him; I have great faith in his looks, and will ride him the next time I am with you. Oh, do not wish Ardgillan fifteen miles from London! Even for the sake of seeing you, I would not bring you near the smoke and dirt and comparative confinement of such a situation; I would not take you from your sea and sky and trees, even to have you within reach of me.

Certainly it is the natural evil of the human mind, and not the supernatural agency in the story of its development, that makes Macbeth so terrible; it is the hideousness of a wicked soul, into which enter more foul ingredients than are held in the witches' caldron of abominations, that makes the play so tremendous. I wish we had read that great work together. How it contrasts with what we did read, The Tempest, that brightest creation of a wholesome genius in its hour of happiest inspiration!

I am so sorry for the loss of Mr. H——'s election and his sister's disappointment. She must have felt it sadly.

I believe some people think it presumptuous to pray for any one but themselves; but it seems to me strange to share every feeling with those we love and not associate them with our best and holiest aspirations; to remember them everywhere but there where it is of the utmost importance to us all to be remembered; to desire all happiness for them, and not to implore in their behalf the Giver of all good. I think I pray even more fervently for those I love than for myself. Pray for me, my dear H——, and God bless you and give you strength and peace. Your affectionate

F. A. K.

I have not seen the railroad yet; if you do not write soon to me, we shall be gone to Manchester.

My objection to the dramatic profession on the score of its uselessness, in this letter, reminds me of what my mother used to tell me of Miss Brunton, who afterwards became Lady Craven; a very eccentric as well as attractive and charming woman, who contrived, too, to be a very charming actress, in spite of a prosaical dislike to her business, which used to take the peculiar and rather alarming turn of suddenly, in the midst of a scene, saying aside to her fellow-actors, "What nonsense all this is! Suppose we don't go on with it." This singular expostulation my mother said she always expected to see followed up by the sudden exit of her lively companion, in the middle of her part. Miss Brunton, however, had self-command enough to go on acting till she became Countess of Craven, and left off the *nonsense* of the stage for the *earnestness* of high life.

A very serious cause for depression had added itself to the weariness of spirit with which my distaste for my profession often affected me. While at Liverpool, I received a letter from my brother John which filled me with surprise and vexation. After his return from Germany he had expressed his determination to go into the church; and we all supposed him to be in the country, zealously engaged in the necessary preparatory studies. Infinite, therefore, was my astonishment to receive from him a letter dated from Algeciraz, in Spain, telling me that he and several of his college companions, Sterling, Barton, French, and Boyd among others, had determined to lend the aid of their enthusiastic sympathy to the cause of liberty in Spain. The "cause of liberty

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in Spain" was then represented by the rash and ill-fated rising of General Torridos against the Spanish government, that protean nightmare which in one form or another of bigotry and oppression has ridden that unfortunate country up to a very recent time, when civil war has again interfered with apparently little prospect of any better result. My distress at receiving such unexpected news from my brother was aggravated by his forbidding me to write to him or speak of his plans and proceedings to any one. This concealment, which would have been both difficult and repugnant to me, was rendered impossible by the circumstances under which his letter reached me, and we all bore together, as well as we could, this severe disappointment and the cruel anxiety of receiving no further intelligence from John for a considerable time. I was bitterly grieved by this letter, which clearly indicated that the sacred profession for which my brother had begun to prepare himself, and in which we had hoped to see him erelong honorably and usefully laboring, was as little likely to be steadily pursued by him as the legal career which he had renounced for it. Richard Trench brought home a knowledge of the Spanish tongue which has given to his own some beautiful translations of Calderon's masterpieces; and his early crusade for the enfranchisement of Spain has not militated against the well-deserved distinction he has achieved in the high calling to which he devoted himself. With my brother, however, the case was different. This romantic expedition canceled all his purposes and prospects of entering the church, and Alfred Tennyson's fine sonnet addressed to him when he first determined to dedicate himself to the service of the temple is all that bears witness to that short-lived consecration: it was poetry, but not prophecy.

MANCHESTER, *September* 3, 1830.

MY DEAREST H——: I received your letter and the pretty Balbriggan stockings, for which I thank you very much, quite safely. I have not been able to put pen to paper till now, and even now do not know whether I can do more than just tell you that we have heard nothing further whatever from my brother. In his letter to me he said that he would write home whenever he could do so safely, but that no letter of ours would reach him; and indeed I do not now know where he may be. From the first moment of hearing this intelligence, which has amazed us all so much, I have felt less miserable than I could have thought possible under the circumstances; my mind, I think, has hardly taken hold of the truth of what has come so unexpectedly upon me. The very impossibility of relieving one's suspense, I suppose, compels one not to give way to its worst suggestions, which may, after all, be unfounded. I cannot communicate with him, and must wait patiently till he can write again; he is in God's hand, and I hope and pray that he may be guided and protected. My great anxiety is to keep all knowledge of his having even gone abroad, if possible, from my mother. She is not in a state to bear such a shock, and I fear that the impossibility of ascertaining anything about him at present, which helps *me* to remain tolerably collected, would almost drive her distracted. She believes him, as we all did till lately, on a visit to Mr. Donne, in Norfolk; and until my father is with her to prepare and support her for the intelligence, I shall be most anxious it should be kept from her.

The news of the revolt in the Netherlands, together with the fact that one of our dear ones is away from us in scenes of peril and disturbance, has, I think, shaken my father's purpose of sending Henry to Heidelberg. It is a bad thing to leave a boy of eighteen so far from home control and influences, and he is of a sweet, affectionate, gentle disposition, that makes him liable to be easily led and persuaded by the examples and counsels of others. Moreover, he is at the age when boys are always in some love-scrape or other, and if he is left alone at Heidelberg, in his own unassisted weakness, at such a distance from us all, I should not be surprised to hear

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that he had constituted himself the lord and master of some blue-eyed *fräulein* with whom he could not exchange a dozen words in her own vernacular, and had become a *dis*-respectable *pater familias* at nineteen. In the midst of all the worry and anxiety which these considerations occasion, we are living here a most unsettled, flurried life of divided work and pleasure. We have gone out to Heaton every morning after rehearsal, and come in with the W——s in the evening, to act. I think to-night we shall sleep there after the play, and come in with the W——s after dinner to-morrow. They had expected us to spend some days with them, and perhaps after our Birmingham engagement we may be able to do so. Heaton is a charming specimen of a fine country-house, and Lady W—— a charming specimen of a fine lady; she is handsome, stately, and gentle. I like Lord W—— better than I did; he is clever, or rather accomplished, and refined. They are both of them very kind to me, and most pressing in their entreaties that we should return and stay as long as we can with them. To-morrow is my last night here; on Monday we act at Birmingham, and my father thinks we shall be able to avail ourselves of the invitation of our Liverpool friends, and witness the opening of the railroad. This would be a memorable pleasure, the opportunity of which should certainly not be neglected. I have been gratified and interested this morning and yesterday by going over one of the largest manufactories of this place, where I have seen a number of astonishing processes, from the fusing of iron in its roughest state to the construction of the most complicated machinery and the work that it performs. I have been examining and watching and admiring power-looms, and spinning-jennies, and every species of work accomplished by machinery. But what pleased me most of all was the process of casting iron. Did you know that the solid masses of iron-work which we see in powerful engines were many of them cast in molds of sand?—inconstant, shifting, restless sand! The strongest iron of all, though, gets its strength beaten into it.

BIRMINGHAM, *September* 7, 1830.

You see, my dearest H——, how my conversations are liable to be cut short in the midst; just at the point where I broke off, Lord and Lady W—— came to fetch us out to Heaton, and until this moment, when I am quietly seated in Birmingham, I have not been able to resume the thread of my discourse. I once was told of a man who had been weather-bound at some port, whence he was starting for the West Indies; he was standing on the wharf, telling a long story to a friend, when a fair wind sprang up and he had to hurry on board; two years after, returning thence, the first person he met on landing was his friend, whom he accosted with, "Oh, well, and so, as I was telling you," etc. But I cannot do that, for my mind has dwelt on new objects of interest since I began this letter, and my visit to Heaton has swept sand and iron and engines all back into the great warehouse at Manchester, for a time, whence I may draw them at some future day for your edification.

Lady W—— possesses, to a great degree, beauty, that "tangible good" which you admire so much; she has a bright, serene countenance, and very sweet and noble eyes and forehead. Her manner is peculiarly winning and simple, and to me it was cordially kind, and even affectionate.

During the two days which were all we could spare for Heaton, I walked and rode and sang and talked, and was so well amused and pleased that I hope after our week's work is over here we may return there for a short time. I must tell you of a curious little bit of *ancientry* which I saw at Heaton, which greatly delighted me: a "rush-bearing." At a certain period of the year, generally the beginning of autumn, it was formerly the wont in some parts of Lancashire to go round with sundry rustic mummeries to all the churches, and strew them with rushes. The religious intention of the custom has passed away,

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but a pretty rural procession, which I witnessed, still keeps up the memory of it hereabouts. I was sitting at my window, looking out over the lawn, which slopes charmingly on every side down to the house, when the still summer air was suddenly filled with the sound of distant shouts and music, and presently the quaint pageant drew in sight. First came an immense wagon piled with rushes in a stack-like form, on the top of which sat two men holding two huge nosegays. This was drawn by a team of Lord W——'s finest farm-horses, all covered with scarlet cloths and decked with ribbons and bells and flowers. After this came twelve country lads and lasses, dancing the real old morris-dance, with their handkerchiefs flying, and in all the rustic elegance of apparel which they could command for the occasion. After them followed a very good village band, and then a species of flowery canopy, under which walked a man and woman covered with finery, who, Lord W—— told me, represented Adam and Eve. The procession closed with a *fool* fantastically dressed out, and carrying the classical bladder at the end of his stick. They drew up before the house and danced their morris-dance for us. The scraps of old poetry which came into my head, the contrast between this pretty picture of a bygone time and the modern but by no means unpicturesque group assembled under the portico, filled my mind with the pleasantest ideas, and I was quite sorry when the rural pageant wound up the woody heights again, and the last shout and peal of music came back across the sunny lawn. I am very glad I saw it. I have visited, too, Hopwood Hall, an enchanting old house in the neighborhood of Heaton, some parts of which are as old as the reign of Edward the First. The gloomy but comfortable oak rooms, the beautiful and curious carving of which might afford one days of entertaining study, the low, latticed windows and intricate, winding, up-and-down passages, contrasted and combined with all the elegant adornments of modern luxury, and the pretty country in which the house is situated, all delighted me. I must leave off writing to you now; I have to dress, and dine at three, which I am sorry for. Thank you for Mrs. Hemans's beautiful lines, which made me cry very heartily. I have not been altogether well for the last few days, and am feeling tired and out of spirits; if I can get a few days' quiet enjoyment of the country at Heaton, I shall feel fitter for my winter work than I do now.

MANCHESTER, *September* 20, 1830.

MY DEAREST H——: I did not answer your letter which I received at Heaton, because the latter part of my stay there was much engrossed by walking, riding, playing battledore and shuttlecock, singing, and being exceedingly busy all day long about nothing. I have just left it for this place, where we stop to-night on our way to Stafford; Heaton was looking lovely in all the beauty of its autumnal foliage, lighted by bright autumnal skies, and I am rather glad I did not answer you before, as it is a consolatory occupation to do so now.

I am going with my mother to stay a day at Stafford with my godmother, an old and attached friend of hers, after which we proceed into Buckinghamshire to join my aunt Dall and Henry and my sister, who are staying there; and we shall all return to London together for the opening of the theatre, which I think will take place on the first of next month. I could have wished to be going immediately to my work; I should have preferred screwing my courage to my professional tasks at once, instead of loitering by way of pleasure on the road. Besides that, in my visit to Buckinghamshire I come in contact with persons whose society is not very agreeable to me. My mother, however, made a great sacrifice in giving up her fishing, which she was enjoying very much, to come and chaperon me at Heaton, where there is no fishing so good as at Aston Clinton, so that I am bound to submit cheerfully to her wishes in the present instance. But I do not like Lady D——, and I do not like that rollicking parson, her son, and I do not like fishing, for

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a combination of reasons that, I am sure, will make you laugh. I do not think it right to destroy life merely for amusement, and *if I did*, the wretches don't come to be killed fast enough to please me.

You probably have by this time heard and read accounts of the opening of the railroad, and the fearful accident which occurred at it, for the papers are full of nothing else. The accident you mention *did* occur, but though the unfortunate man who was killed bore Mr. Stephenson's name, he was not related to him. I will tell you something of the events on the 15th, as, though you may be acquainted with the circumstances of poor Mr. Huskisson's death, none but an eye-witness of the whole scene can form a conception of it. I told you that we had had places given to us, and it was the main purpose of our returning from Birmingham to Manchester to be present at what promised to be one of the most striking events in the scientific annals of our country. We started on Wednesday last, to the number of about eight hundred people, in carriages constructed as I before described to you. The most intense curiosity and excitement prevailed, and, though the weather was uncertain, enormous masses of densely packed people lined the road, shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs as we flew by them. What with the sight and sound of these cheering multitudes and the tremendous velocity with which we were borne past them, my spirits rose to the true champagne height, and I never enjoyed anything so much as the first hour of our progress. I had been unluckily separated from my mother in the first distribution of places, but by an exchange of seats which she was enabled to make she rejoined me when I was at the height of my ecstasy, which was considerably damped by finding that she was frightened to death, and intent upon nothing but devising means of escaping from a situation which appeared to her to threaten with instant annihilation herself and all her traveling-companions. While I was chewing the cud of this disappointment, which was rather bitter, as I had expected her to be as delighted as myself with our excursion, a man flew by us, calling out through a speaking-trumpet to stop the engine, for that somebody in the directors' carriage had sustained an injury. We were all stopped accordingly, and presently a hundred voices were heard exclaiming that Mr. Huskisson was killed; the confusion that ensued is indescribable: the calling out from carriage to carriage to ascertain the truth, the contrary reports which were sent back to us, the hundred questions eagerly uttered at once, and the repeated and urgent demands for surgical assistance, created a sudden turmoil that was quite sickening. At last we distinctly ascertained that the unfortunate man's thigh was broken. From Lady W——, who was in the duke's carriage and within three yards of the spot where the accident happened, I had the following details the horror of witnessing which we were spared through our situation behind the great carriage. The engine had stopped to take in a supply of water, and several of the gentlemen in the directors' carriage had jumped out to look about them. Lord W——, Count Batthyany, Count Matuscenitz, and Mr. Huskisson among the rest were standing talking in the middle of the road, when an engine on the other line, which was parading up and down merely to show its speed, was seen coming down upon them like lightning. The most active of those in peril sprang back into their seats; Lord W—— saved his life only by rushing behind the duke's carriage, and Count Matuscenitz had but just leaped into it, with the engine all but touching his heels as he did so; while poor Mr. Huskisson, less active from the effects of age and ill health, bewildered too by the frantic cries of "Stop the engine! Clear the track!" that resounded on all sides, completely lost his head, looked helplessly to the right and left, and was instantaneously prostrated by the fatal machine, which dashed down like a thunderbolt upon him, and passed over his leg, smashing and mangling it in the most horrible way. (Lady W——

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said she distinctly heard the crushing of the bone.) So terrible was the effect of the appalling accident that, except that ghastly "crushing" and poor Mrs. Huskisson's piercing shriek, not a sound was heard or a word uttered among the immediate spectators of the catastrophe. Lord W—— was the first to raise the poor sufferer, and calling to aid his surgical skill, which is considerable, he tied up the severed artery, and for a time, at least, prevented death by loss of blood. Mr. Huskisson was then placed in a carriage with his wife and Lord W——, and the engine having been detached from the director's carriage conveyed them to Manchester. So great was the shock produced upon the whole party by this event that the Duke of Wellington declared his intention not to proceed, but to return immediately to Liverpool. However, upon its being represented to him that the whole population of Manchester had turned out to witness the procession, and that a disappointment might give rise to riots and disturbances, he consented to go on, and gloomily enough the rest of the journey was accomplished. We had intended returning to Liverpool by the railroad, but Lady W——, who seized upon me in the midst of the crowd, persuaded us to accompany her home, which we gladly did. Lord W—— did not return till past ten o'clock, at which hour he brought the intelligence of Mr. Huskisson's death. I need not tell you of the sort of whispering awe which this event threw over our whole circle; and yet, great as was the horror excited by it, I could not help feeling how evanescent the effect of it was, after all. The shuddering terror of seeing our fellow-creature thus struck down by our side, and the breathless thankfulness for our own preservation, rendered the first evening of our party at Heaton almost solemn; but the next day the occurrence became a subject of earnest, it is true, but free discussion; and after that was alluded to with almost as little apparent feeling as if it had not passed under our eyes, and within the space of a few hours.

I have heard nothing of my brother; my mother distresses me by talking of him, ignorant as she is of what would give her so much more anxiety about him. I feel, while I listen to her, almost guilty of deceit; and yet I am sure we were right in doing for her what she cannot do for herself, keeping her mind as long as possible in comparative tranquillity about him.

Our Sunday at Heaton terminated with much solemn propriety by Lord W—— reading aloud the evening prayers to the whole family, visitors, and servants assembled; a ceremony which, combined and contrasted with so much of the pomps and vanities of the world, gave me a pleasant feeling towards these people, who live in the midst of them without forgetting better things. I mean to make studying German and drawing (and endeavoring to abate my self-esteem) my principal occupations this winter. I have met at Heaton Lord Francis Leveson Gower, the translator of Faust. I like him very much; he is a young man of a great deal of talent, with a charming, gentle manner, and a very handsome, sweet face. Good-by, dear H——. Write to me soon, and direct to No. 79 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. I should like to find a letter from you there, waiting for me.

Our arrangement for driving in to the theatre from Heaton compelled me once or twice to sit down to dinner in my theatrical costume, a device for saving time in dressing at the theatre which might have taxed my self-possession unpleasantly; but the persons I was surrounded by were all singularly kind and amiable to me, and my appearing among them in these picturesque fancy-dresses was rather a source of amusement to us all. Many years after, a lady who was not staying in the house but was invited from the neighborhood to dine at Heaton one evening, told me how amazed she had been on the sudden wide opening of the drawing-room doors to see me enter, in full mediæval costume of black satin and velvet, cut Titan fashion, and with a long, sweeping train, for which apparition she had not been previously prepared. Of

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Lord W—— I have already spoken, and have only to add that in spite of his character of a mere dissipated man of fashion he had an unusual taste for and knowledge of music, and had composed some that is not destitute of merit; he played well on the organ, and delighted in that noble instrument, a fine specimen of which adorned one of the drawing-rooms at Heaton. Moreover, he possessed an accomplishment of a very different order, a remarkable proficiency in anatomy, which he had studied very thoroughly. He had made himself enough of a practical surgeon to be able, on the occasion of the fatal accident which befell Mr. Huskisson on the day of the opening of the railroad, to save the unfortunate gentleman from bleeding to death on the spot, by tying up the femoral artery, which had been severed. His fine riding in the hunting-field and on the race-course was a less peculiar talent among his special associates. Lady W—— was strikingly handsome in person and extremely attractive in her manners. She was tall and graceful, the upper part of her face, eyes, brow, and forehead were radiant and sweet, and, though the rest of her features were not regularly beautiful, her countenance was noble and her smile had a peculiar charm of expression at once winning and mischievous. My father said she was very like her fascinating mother, the celebrated Miss Farren. She was extremely kind to me, petting me almost like a spoiled child, dressing me in her own exquisite riding-habit and mounting me on her own favorite horse, which was all very delightful to me. My father and mother probably thought the acquaintance of these distinguished members of the highest English society advantageous to me in some respects, as calculated to keep up the fashion of enthusiasm about me; they may have thought it in other ways likely to advance my worldly interests, and I have no doubt they felt both pride and pleasure in the notice bestowed upon me by persons so much my superiors in rank, and had a natural sympathy in my enjoyment of all the gay grandeur and kindly indulgence by which I was surrounded at Heaton. I now take the freedom to doubt how far they were judicious in allowing me to be so taken out of my own proper social sphere. It encouraged my taste for the luxurious refinement and elegant magnificence of a mode of life never likely to be mine, and undoubtedly increased my distaste for the coarse and common details of my professional duties behind the scenes, and the sham splendors of the stage. The guests at Heaton of whom I have a distinct remembrance were Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring, afterwards Lord and Lady Ashburton. I knew them both in after-life, and liked them very much; Mr. Baring was highly cultivated and extremely amiable; his wife was much cleverer than he, and in many respects a remarkable woman. The beautiful sisters, Anne and Isabella Forrester, with their brother Cecil, were at Heaton at this time. They were celebrated beauties: the elder, afterwards Countess of Chesterfield, was a brunette; the younger, who married Colonel Anson, the most renowned lady-killer of his day, was a blonde; and they were both of them exquisitely pretty, and used to remind me of the French quatrain, —

> "Vous êtes belle, et votre sœur est belle;
> Entre vous deux, tout choix serait bien doux.
> L'Amour était blond, comme vous,
> Mais il aimait une brune, comme elle."

They had beautiful figures as well as faces, and dressed peculiarly and so as to display them to the greatest advantage. Long and very full skirts gathered or plaited all round a pointed waist were then the fashion; these lovely ladies, with a righteous scorn of all disfigurement of their beauty, wore extremely short skirts, which showed their thoroughbred feet and ankles, and were perfectly plain round their waists and over their hips; with bodies so low on the shoulders and bosom that there was certainly as little as possible of the perfections of their beautiful persons concealed. I remember wishing it were consistent with her comfort and the general decorum of modern manners that Isabella Forrester's gown could only slip entirely off her exquisite bust. I suppose I felt as

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poor Gibson, the sculptor, who, looking at his friend and pupil's, Miss Hosmer's, statue of Beatrice Cenci, the back of which was copied from that of Lady A—— T——, exclaimed in his slow, measured, deliberate manner, "And to think that the cursed prejudices of society prevent my seeing that beautiful back!" Count and Countess Batthyany (she the former widow of the celebrated Austrian general, Bubna, a most distinguished and charming woman) were visitors at Heaton at this time, as was also Henry Greville, with whom I then first became acquainted, and who from that time until his death was my kind and constant friend. He was for several years attached to the embassy in Paris, and afterwards had some small nominal post in the household of the Duchess of Cambridge, and was Gentleman Gold-Stick in waiting at court. He was not in any way intellectually remarkable; he had a passion for music and was one of the best society singers of his day, being (that, to me, incomprehensible thing) a *mélomane* for one kind of music only. Passionately fond of Italian operatic music, he did not understand and therefore cordially detested German music, — Beethoven, its preëminent genius, preëminently. He was absolutely without affectation, and therefore when he protested this to me, I was obliged to believe that he really had but one ear to his head. I do not think that he would have gone even the length of admitting with Costa that Beethoven's Leonora was "gran bella cosa," even with the great Italian leader's addition, "é gran seccatura." He had a passion for the stage; but though he delighted in acting he did not particularly excel in it. He had a taste for everything elegant and refined, and his small house in May-Fair was a perfect casket full of gems. He was a natural exquisite, and perfectly simple and unaffected, a great authority in all matters of fashion both in Paris and in London, and a universal favorite, especially with the women, in the highest society of both capitals. Every one of the various beautiful chairs in his drawing-rooms had been wrought by a different pair of fair hands especially for him, and his great and fine lady friends filled them with exquisite flowers and their own radiant presence whenever he gave one of his delightful little dinners or musical parties. His social position, friendly intimacy with several of the most celebrated musical and dramatic artists of his day, passion for political and private gossip, easy and pleasant style of letter-writing, and general rather supercilious fastidiousness used sometimes to remind me of Horace Walpole. He had a singularly kind heart and amiable nature, for a life of mere frivolous pleasure had not impaired the one or the other. His serviceableness to his friends was unwearied, and his generous liberality towards all whom he could help either with his interest, his trouble, or his purse was unfailing.

I have spoken in my last letter to Miss S—— of seeing a rush-bearing, and an exceedingly pretty sight it was. All the information I could obtain with regard to this picturesque mummery was that it had been observed from time immemorial in that part of Lancashire under the name of the rush-bearing, and had originated in the practice of strewing the church with rushes, which obtained in earlier times, when that species of carpet was the only one resorted to on occasions of high state, in the banquet and ball rooms of palaces and at the greatest court and civic festivities.

The whole gay party assembled at Heaton, my mother and myself included, went to Liverpool for the opening of the railroad. The throng of strangers gathered there for the same purpose made it almost impossible to obtain a night's lodging for love or money; and glad and thankful were we to put up with and be put up in a tiny garret by our old friend, Mr. Radley, of the Adelphi, which many would have given twice what we paid to obtain. The day opened gloriously, and never was an innumerable concourse of sight-seers in better humor than the surging, swaying crowd that lined the railroad with living faces. How dreadfully that brilliant opening was over-

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cast I have described in the letter given above. After this disastrous event the day became overcast, and as we neared Manchester the sky grew cloudy and dark, and it began to rain. The vast concourse of people who had assembled to witness the triumphant arrival of the successful travelers was of the lowest order of mechanics and artisans, among whom great distress and a dangerous spirit of discontent with the government at that time prevailed. Groans and hisses greeted the carriage, full of influential personages, in which the Duke of Wellington sat. High above the grim and grimy crowd of scowling faces, a loom had been erected, at which sat a tattered, starved-looking weaver, evidently set there as a *representative man*, to protest against this triumph of machinery, and the gain and glory which the wealthy Liverpool and Manchester men were likely to derive from it. The contrast between our departure from Liverpool and our arrival at Manchester was one of the most striking things I ever witnessed. The news of Mr. Huskisson's fatal accident spread immediately, and his death, which did not occur till the evening, was anticipated by rumor. A terrible cloud covered this great national achievement, and its success, which in every respect was complete, was atoned for to the Nemesis of good fortune by the sacrifice of the first financial statesman of the country.

Frances Anne Kemble.

MAPLES.

AMID this maple avenue, on the brow
Of this cool hill, while summer suns were bold,
No gaudier coloring could I then behold
Than the deep green of many a breezy bough;
But up the foliaged vista gazing now,
Where autumn's halcyon brilliancies unfold,
And opulent scarlet blends with dazzling gold,
I feel my wandering fancy dream of how,
In some old haughty city, centuries since,
Before the coming of some conqueror-prince
Back from famed fights with all his war-worn bands,
While jubilant bells in tower and steeple swung,
Down over sculptured balconies were hung
Great gorgeous tapestries out of Eastern lands!

Edgar Fawcett.

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EARLY PROVENÇAL POETRY.

It is not easy to say how much of the interest of the new Provençal literature is due to the ancient dignity of its name, and to a kind of reflected lustre which it receives from the far-away glories of the old. Yet when we come to look carefully for the connection and resemblance between the two, we shall be surprised to find how slight these are. Nearly all the modern literatures of Europe owe as much to the early Provençal poetry as the literature of the troubadours' land itself does. Nay, it has seemed until very lately as if France had been the smallest heir to the rich legacy of modern song, if not completely disinherited. The truth is that the literature of the troubadours, childish in spirit, but precociously mature and beautiful in form, perished early by violence and without issue. Aliens had already caught the spirit of it, and imitated its music with more or less success; but six hundred years were to elapse before a school of poetry would arise in which we might reasonably look for a true family-likeness to this the first untutored outburst of modern minstrelsy. The likeness may be traced, no doubt, but it is faint and fleeting. The early Provençal literature stands before us as something unique, integral, immortally youthful, and therefore unconscious of its own range and limitations, pathetic from the brevity of its course, a development of art without an exact parallel in the world's history.

There has never been a more brilliant analysis of what may be called the *technique* of the troubadour poetry than Sismondi's in his Literature of the South of Europe. He does no less than furnish a key to the whole mystery of modern versification, and whoever would study that versification as an art ought to bestow the most careful attention on Sismondi's first four chapters. But even Sismondi has his prepossessions; and in particular we are inclined to think that he lays too much stress on the influence of the Arabs, at least over the *forms* of modern verse. There is no doubt that the frequent incursions of the Saracens into the south of France, during the three centuries preceding the year 1000, influenced powerfully the imagination of the inhabitants of Provence, and furnished them with subjects for an abundant ballad-literature of a crude order, slight but sufficient traces of which remain. But the mutual aversion of Christian and Infidel was then at its height; the Maçarabins or mixed Arabians, — Christian Goths, who under special circumstances accepted the amnesty of their Mussulman conquerors and lived peaceably under their sway, and on whose influence in diffusing Oriental culture Sismondi lays great stress, — were shunned as the vilest of apostates; and although these were the days of Haroun Al Raschid and his son, Al Mamoun, under whom every branch of Moorish art flourished amazingly, there seems no good reason to suppose that the Christians borrowed more from the Saracens in the department of poetry than they did in that of constructive architecture or general decoration. There are words of Arabian origin in the Romance language, and there are many more of Greek origin, preserved from that long period of Greek occupation and civilization which antedated even the Roman conquest. But the language as a whole remains Latin, modified by the speech of the northern barbarians, and the first of a family of such languages to produce a literature.

And as with the form of this literature, so with its substance and inspiration. We have elsewhere traced what seems to us the unbroken descent — through the Latin hymnology of the earlier Middle Age — of the troubadour *measures*, in which, as in all modern verse, the effect depends upon accent, while in classic measures the effect depends upon quantity. It is possible, although by no means, certain, that the

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first idea of those terminal rhymes which were destined to play so important a part in the new poetry may have been derived from Oriental compositions, of which they were a conspicuous ornament. But at all events, it was in the cell of the Christian monk that the seeds of poetic as of all other culture were kept and fostered as carefully as the flowers of the convent-garden, through the troubled season of the first Christian millennium. During that most dreary time of transition, Christianity was slowly spreading among the half-savage races which had replaced the Romans and their colonists in the south of Europe, and adopting and assimilating to itself certain of the native barbarian ideas. Prominent among these was that serious, almost superstitious respect for woman which seems a birthright of the northern nations. It was a notion wholly at variance with the view of classic paganism, but one which the spirit of Christianity favored. The grand primitive passion, the love of man for woman, received a sort of theoretic consecration, and the virgin mother of Jesus Christ became one of the chief objects of public worship. And then in the period of reaction and exhilaration which followed the close of the tenth century and the relief from that harrowing presentiment of the end of the world and the last judgment which had prevailed almost everywhere as the first millennial year approached, at the time also of the final repulse of the Saracens in the southwest, then, if ever, chivalry, or the adventurous service of God and womankind, took systematic shape, and the Crusades were its first outgrowth in action, and the love-poetry of the troubadours, or minstrels of the south, its first symmetrical expression in art.

Many volumes have been written on the position and profession of the troubadour; charming volumes, too, which are accessible to almost every reader. Yet when all is gathered which can be certainly known, how strange a phenomenon he remains to our modern eyes! How much is still left to the imagination! We know that he was usually attached to the household of a great seignior or the court of a reigning sovereign, and was a frequent, though, as it would seem, voluntary attendant on their distant expeditions. We know that it was his *métier*, or at any rate a principal part of it, to select some lady as the object, for the time being, of his formal worship, and to celebrate her charms and virtues in those melodious numbers, the secret of whose infinitely variable beauty he himself never ceased to regard as a kind of miraculous discovery or revelation. We know that while the singer was sometimes even of kingly rank, oftener a poor cavalier who had need to live upon his skill in *finding*, and oftener yet a man of humble birth whom genius was readily allowed to ennoble, the lady-love was almost always of exalted station; frequently, by the operation of the Salic law, a great heiress in her own right; and that hence her hand was certain to have been disposed of for prudential or political reasons before she had any choice in the matter. There were reasons, therefore, besides total depravity, why she was regularly a married woman. We know that, theoretically, chivalric love was a something mystical and supersensual; but that the courts of love sanctioned much which the courts of law, even of those days, forbade. We know that a seignior and a husband could regard with complacency, not to say pride, the ceremonial devotion of his vassal to his wife; yet that he was liable to be visited, when all things appeared most picturesque and prosperous, by movements of what we cannot help regarding as a natural jealousy, and impulses to deadly revenge. We know that in the great majority of cases there came a "sombre close" to the troubadour's "voluptuous day," and that his life of amatory adventure and artificially stimulated emotion was apt to end in the shadow of the cloister. We seem, in fine, to see him as an airy, graceful, *insouciant* figure, who sports and sings along a dainty path, skirting the sheer and lofty verge of the great gulf of human passion; and the student will probably decide, from his own

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knowledge of human nature, in what proportion of cases he kept his perilous footing upon the flowery heights, and in what he plunged headlong into the raging deeps below.

So much for the man; and now a word or two more about his work. Let it be understood that we are to speak of the *chansons* or love-songs chiefly. There is another great body of troubadour literature, coming under the general head of *sirventes* and comprising narrative and satirical poems, which, though full and overfull of suggestions about the manners of the time, have, as a rule, no great literary merit. The chief wonder of the chansons is, and must ever be, the contrast between the consummate beauty and immense variety of their forms, and the simplicity, the sameness, and the frequent triviality of their sentiments. In this respect troubadour poetry is like Greek sculpture. The technical excellence of it is so incredible that we cannot help regarding it as something spontaneous, half-unconscious, — *found*, as the troubadours themselves so strikingly said, rather than learned, — which no care and patience of deliberate effort could ever quite have attained. Sismondi complains of the monotony of the troubadour compositions; that they begin by amazing and end by disappointing the student. But they can disappoint, it seems to us, only him who is predetermined to seek for more than is in them. It is little to say that they show no depth of thought. They contain hardly any thought at all. The love of external nature is represented in them alone by the poet's perennial rapture at the return of spring; spring, which terminated his winter confinement and set him free to wander over the sunny land; spring, with its mysterious but everlastingly intimate association with thoughts of love. Of sensuous imagery of any kind these poems contain very little, which is another reason for distrusting the theory of Arabian origin and influence. They are "all compact" of primary emotion, of sentiment pure and simple; and, as such, they rank in the scale of expression between music and ordinary poetry, partaking almost as much of the nature of the former as of the latter, which again is one reason why, although the rules of their language are simple, these lyrics are often so very obscure, — so elusive, rather, and intangible in their meaning. Their words are like musical notes, not so much signs of thought as symbols of feeling, which almost defy an arbitrary interpretation, and must be rendered in part by the temperament of the performer.

And herein will be found our excuse, or rather our reason, for having, in the versions which we have attempted, preserved at all hazards the measure and movement of the originals, the lines of widely varying length, the long-sustained and strangely distributed rhymes. The reader who cares to examine these originals — to which he is referred — will find the rendering not always close, according to the present high standard of accuracy; but where form is so wonderfully paramount to sense, a likeness in form seems of the first importance, and the rest has to come somewhat as Heaven pleases. Strictly speaking, however, some of these versions, at least, should rather be called paraphrases.

Our selections have been made, with one or two exceptions, from Raynouard's Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours, first published in 1816, or three years later than Sismondi's analysis of the structure of the troubadour verse. In a note to one of his later editions, Sismondi expresses himself as disappointed in many ways in the collection of Raynouard; chiefly because, like other bodies of elegant extracts, it shows little of the coarser side of the Provençal poetry, and thus fails to illustrate its range. Out of the two or three hundred poets whom Raynouard specifies, we, however, shall have mentioned in this series of articles barely a score, and may certainly be pardoned for having selected those of their strains which we found most delicate and sweet, and which seemed to us to exhibit, with the least defacement from the license of the time, the sublimated ideal of that lisping, short-lived

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school of song.[1] We have also preferred those authors whose names are most associated with contemporary history, and if we dared hope that our imperfect versions might evoke around the reader anything resembling the Corôt-like atmosphere haunted by simple bird-notes, with which we felt ourselves invested during the dark winter-days while we were transcribing them, we should be more than content.

It is matter for rejoicing that the first of the troubadours whose works are well authenticated was a sovereign who figured somewhat conspicuously in the history of his time, so that his most important piece can be exactly dated, and the rest approximately. The ease and finish of William of Poitiers's versification, and the fact that his was a life of constant war and crowded adventure, in which poetry can have been only a pastime, forbid us to suppose that he was really the father of Provençal song. But although, as the editor of Sainte Palaye dryly observes in the notice of William in his Histoire littéraire des Troubadours, it is the quality of the poetry that concerns us, not that of the poet, it is doubtless to the quality of the poet that we owe the preservation of the poetry.

William IX., Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine, was born in 1071, and succeeded in his fifteenth year to the sovereignty of a region comprising, besides Gascony and the northern half of Aquitaine, Limousin, Berry, and Auvergne. He grew up bold in war, unscrupulous in wit, and unbridled in love, a man of many crimes, but famed for the courtesy of his manners, and capable of generous and even pious *retours*, as the French call them. He is, in fact, one of the first distinctly knight-like figures we have, a character of which the strong tints and picturesque outlines yet stand out clearly from the faded canvas of history. Of the many anecdotes preserved concerning him we give, on the authority of William of Malmesbury, one which piquantly illustrates his usual attitude toward the clergy and the church. In William's forty-third year, the Bishop of Poitiers excommunicated him on account of one of the many scandals with which his name was associated. When the bishop began his formula, William fiercely drew his sword and threatened to kill him if he went on. The prelate made a feint of pausing, and then hurriedly pronounced the rest of the sentence. "And now you may strike," said he, "for I have done." "No," replied William, coolly putting up his sword, "I don't like you well enough to send you to Paradise!" Many of William's amatory poems are unfit for translation, and there is too much reason to suppose that they describe adventures of his own; but some are wholly noble and refined, and seem to show that the fine ideal of chivalric love was already formed even in so stormy a breast as William's. We give a specimen of one of these last. It is in the favorite spring key: —

Behold, the meads are green again,[2]
The orchard-bloom is seen again,
Of sky and stream the mien again
Is mild, is bright;
Now should each heart that loves obtain
Its own delight.

But I will say no ill of love,
However slight my guerdon prove:
Repining doth not me behoove;
And yet — to know
How lightly she I fain would move
Might bliss bestow!

There are who hold my folly great,
Because with little hope I wait;
But one old saw doth animate
And me assure:
Their hearts are high, their might is great,
Who well endure.

Almost alone of the great nobles of Southern Europe, William resisted the

[1] And it need hardly be said that so far as we have treated this poetry at all, we have treated it seriously. Like all modes of exclusively sentimental expression, it is easily open to ridicule, but the entire literature can hardly have partaken in its day of the nature of a joke. Those, however, who desire to see it travestied with considerable ability, and the stories of its chief masters flippantly and amusingly told from a thoroughly modern and rather vulgar point of view, are recommended to a little book entitled, The Troubadours: their Loves and Lyrics, by John Rutherford, published in London by Smith and Elder, 1873.

[2] "Pus vezem de novelh florir," etc. (Raynouard, vol. v., p. 117.)

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call of Raymond of Toulouse to the first Crusade in 1095, but when, in 1099, the great news arrived of the capture of Jerusalem, and an appeal was made for the reënforcement of the small garrison left in the Holy Land, William was overcome and prepared to go; and the second of his pieces which we have attempted to render was composed early in the year 1101, on the eve of his departure: —

Desire of song hath taken me,[1]
Yet sorrowful must my song be.
No more pay I my fealty
In Limousin or Poitiers.

Since I go forth to exile far,
And leave my son to stormy war,
To fear and peril, for they are
No friends who dwell about him there,

What wonder, then, my heart is sore
That Poitiers I see no more,
And Fulk of Anjou must implore
To guard his kinsman and my heir?

If he of Anjou shield him not,
And he who made me knight,[2] I wot
Many against the boy will plot,
Deeming him well-nigh in despair.

Nay, if he be not wondrous wise
And gay and ready for enterprise,
Gascons and Angevins will rise,
And him into the dust will bear.

Ah, I was brave, and I had fame
But we are sundered all the same.
I go to him in whose great name
Confide all sinners everywhere.

Surrendering all that did elate
My heart, all pride of steed or state,
To him on whom the pilgrims wait,
Without more tarrying I repair.

Forgive me, comrade most my own,
If aught of wrong I thee have done!
I lift to Jesus on his throne,
In Latin and Romance, my prayer.

Oh, I was gallant, I was glad,
Till my Lord spake and me forbade;
But now the end is coming sad,
Nor can I more my burden bear.

Good friends, when that indeed I die,
Pay me due honor where I lie;
Tell how in love and luxury
I triumphed still, or here or there.
But farewell now, love, luxury
And silken robes, and minnevair![3]

The suggestions of this *naïve* lament are almost infinite. In the first place, it is impossible to doubt that it came straight from the heart of the writer, and expresses without the faintest disguise his conflicting emotions. As the outburst of a reckless, vehement, voluptuous nature, under a sort of moral arrest or conviction, it is touchingly frank. A second summons to the Holy Land had come, one which it would be palpable dishonor to disregard. If the going thither might serve by way of expiation of former sins of sense and violence, the ducal poet felt bound to go, since he had more upon his conscience in that way than he could comfortably sustain. But he makes not the faintest pretense to enthusiasm, religious or other. It is grievous to him to leave his own realms, the scene of all his pleasures and triumphs. He really loved his child and would have enjoyed superintending his education in knightly exercises, and to abandon him to the attacks and encroachments of jealous neighbors was intolerable. It is evident also that he put no very implicit faith in the disinterestedness either of his seignior or of Fulk of Anjou. Never did his home-life look more alluring, and the notion of turning his back upon it at the Lord's behest was altogether melancholy. He feels that he cannot long survive such a sacrifice, yet that he has hardly a choice about making it. The allusion in the eighth stanza, apparently to his comrade in arms, is positively tender, and the impulse which leads him to request in the closing lines that he may be honored after his death for those things in which he did really delight and excel is almost droll in its honesty. We have lingered the longer over these personal revelations because they are, after all, the soul of literary history, and we shall find only too little of the sort in most of the remaining songs which we shall cite. It remains to add that William's presentiment of martyrdom was not realized. He escaped the manifold disasters of the campaign of 1101, and returned within

[1] Pus de chantar m'es pres talens," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iv., p. 83.)

[2] Philip I. of France, William's suzerain.

[3] The movement of these two specimens is almost the same, but William was master of a variety of measures, and sometimes managed trochaic verse with great skill, as in the song beginning "Farai cansoneta nova."

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two years to his native land. With characteristic levity, he afterwards applied himself, in the brief intervals of his struggles with Alphonse Jourdain for the possession of Toulouse, to the composition of a long narrative poem in which he seems to have detailed in a rather humorous fashion the events of that tragic Syrian campaign; but the poem, though frequently mentioned, has not been preserved. He died in 1127 at the age of fifty-six.

Very little is known concerning the life and character of Marcabrun, the author of our next specimen. The question has even been raised whether the Crusade mentioned in this little sirvente were the Crusade of 1147 or that of St. Louis, preached in 1269. The former is more probable. The Louis named in the fourth stanza was presumably Louis VII., the first husband of Queen Eleanor of England, who accompanied him on this Crusade, and Marcabrun must therefore have been contemporary, for a few years at least, with William of Poitiers. In the twenty or more pieces ascribed to him, there are but few allusions to love, and Marcabrun alone, of all the troubadours, is not known ever to have been himself a subject of the tender passion. The contrast is curious between the highly artificial structure of the following verses — one rhyme five times repeated and the others separated by the length of an entire stanza — and the extreme simplicity and obviousness of the sentiments.

A fount there is, doth overfling [1]
Green turf and garden walks; in spring
A glory of white blossoming
Shines underneath its guardian tree,
And new-come birds old music sing;
And there, alone and sorrowing
I found a maid I could not cheer,

Of beauty meet to be adored,
The daughter of the castle's lord;
Methought the melody outpoured
By all the birds unceasingly,
The season sweet, the verdant sward,
Might gladden her, and eke my word
Her grief dismiss, would she but hear.

Her tears into the fountain fell;
With sorry sighs her heart did swell.
" O Jesus, king invisible,"
She cried, " of thee is my distress!
Through thy deep wrong bereft I dwell.
Earth's best have bidden us farewell,
On thee at thine own shrine to wait.

" And my true love is also gone,
The free, fair, gentle, valiant one;
So what can I but make my moan?
And how the sad desire suppress
That Louis' name were here unknown?
The prayers, the mandates, all undone
Whereby I am made desolate? "

Soon as I heard this plaintive cry,
Moving the limpid wave anigh,
" Weep not, fair maid, so piteously,
Nor waste thy roses! " thus I cried;
" Neither despair, for he is by
Who wrought this leafy greenery,
And he will give thee joy one day."

" Seigneur, I well believe," she said,
" Of God I shall be comforted
In yonder world when I am dead,
And many a sinful soul beside;
But now hath he prohibited
My chief delight. I bow my head,
But heaven is very far away."

Even more studied in structure, but also more musical, than the above are the few love-poems of Peter of Auvergne, who was born near the time of William of Poitiers's death, and whose career of nearly a century, lasting at least until 1214, won for him the surname of the Ancient. In the old manuscript Lives of the Troubadours [2] Peter of Auvergne is described as having risen by his genius from a humble station to be the favored companion of princes. " He made," observes the monkish historian, " better-sounding verses than had ever been made before his time, especially one famous verse about the short days and long nights. He made no song [chanson], for at that time no poems were called songs, but verses, and Sir Giraud de Borneil made the first chanson that ever was made. But he was graced and honored by all worthy men and women,

[1] " A la fontana del nergier," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 375.)

[2] Of these there are two collections, made by the monks and still preserved in the original manuscripts. One of these was made in the twelfth century, by Carmentière, a monk of the Isles of Thiers, under the direction of Alphonso II., King of Aragon and Count of Provence. The other was made near the close of the fourteenth century by a Genoese, called The Monk of the Isles of Gold, who completed and corrected the work of Carmentière. In 1576 Jean Nostradamus compiled from these and other sources his rather apocryphal Lives of the Provençal Poets, and Crescimbeni in his Stória della Volgar Poesie has made a good selection from Nostradamus.

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and was held to be the best troubadour in the world before the days of Giraud de Borneil. He praised himself and his own songs a great deal, and blamed the other troubadours," — both of which assertions his remains abundantly confirm; "and," adds the biographer, who occasionally makes a parade of citing an authority, "the Dauphin of Auvergne, who was born in his day, has told me that he lived long and honorably in the world, and finally went into his order and died." A few verses out of the longest and most elaborate of Peter's love-lyrics will suffice as a specimen of his manner: —

"Now unto my lady's dwelling [1]
Hie thee, nightingale, away,
Tidings of her lover telling,
Waiting what herself will say;
Make thee 'ware
How she doth fare,
Then, her shelter spurning,
Do not be,
On any plea,
Let from thy returning.

"Come, thine utmost speed compelling,
Show her mien, her state, I pray!
All for her is my heart swelling;
Comrades, kindred, what are they?
Joyous bear
Through the air,
Wheresoever turning,
Zealously,
Fearlessly,
All thy lesson learning!"

When the bird of grace excelling
Lighted on her beauty's ray,
Song from out his throat came welling,
As though night had turned to day.
Then and there
He did forbear,
Until well discerning
Hear would she,
Seriously,
All his tale of yearning.

And so on through the three stanzas of the poet's formal message to his lady, as delivered by the bird. The text is very obscure in parts, and is given with unusual variations by different compilers, and the reiterated rhyme grows well-nigh impossible to imitate, ever so remotely. In the seventh stanza, where the lady's answer begins, a second set of rhymes is adopted, and this is preserved through the latter half of the poem.

All that is known of Guirand le Roux, the author of our next specimen, is very interesting, and intimately associates the poet's name with some of the famous persons and events of his time. The manuscript Lives of the Troubadours contain only this brief notice of him: "Girandos le Rox was of Toulouse, the son of a poor cavalier who came to serve at the court of his seignior, the Count Alphonse. He was courteous and a fine singer, and became enamored of the countess, the daughter of his seignior, and the love which he bore her taught him how to find [*trobar*], and he made many verses." Now the Count Alphonse here mentioned was Alphonse Jourdain, second son of Raymond de Saint Gilles, the ardent and self-devoted captain of the first Crusade. Alphonse himself was born in the Holy Land and baptized by his father in the Jordan, whence his surname. Raymond, as is well known, took a vow to die where Christ had died, and performed it; and his elder son Bertrand followed his example, resigning the county of Toulouse to his brother Alphonse, then a lad of thirteen or fourteen, when he left for Syria in 1109. For ten years our old friend William of Poitiers disputed with varying fortune the right of Alphonse to Toulouse. After this the latter, having established his claim, reigned in peace until he himself fulfilled the family destiny by joining the second Crusade; and the poems of Guirand le Roux all belong to the period between 1120 and 1147, the date of that Crusade; probably, also, to the last ten years of that period. As for Guirand's lady-love, the only daughter of Alphonse mentioned in trustworthy history is a natural one, who accompanied her father to the Holy Land and there became the wife, or a wife, of Sultan Noureddin, and the heroine of some wonderfully romantic adventures. And though Sainte Palaye, or his editor, insists that a natural daughter never had the title of countess, and even persuades himself of a certain Faidide married to Humbert III. of Sicily, there is little reason for doubting the identity of Guirand's mistress with the brilliant heroine of Eastern story. At all events, he, almost alone of the troubadours, loved

[1] "Rossinhol en son repaire," etc. (Parnasse Occitanien, page 133.)

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one woman only, and sang of love exclusively, in strains of unfailing dignity and refinement. Here is one, of which the high-flown devotion, whimsical but not unmanly, reminds us a little of the latest and noblest lyrics of chivalry, the melodies of Lovelace, Wotton, and Montrose. Observe, as in our last specimen, the rhymes corresponding in successive stanzas: —

Come, lady, to my song incline,[1]
The last that shall assail thine ear.
None other cares my strains to hear,
And scarce thou feign'st thyself therewith delighted;
Nor know I well if I am loved or slighted;
But this I know, thou radiant one and sweet,
That, loved or spurned, I die before thy feet!

Yea, I will yield this life of mine
In very deed, if cause appear,
Without another boon to cheer.
Honor it is to be by thee incited
To any deed; and I, when most benighted
By doubt, remind me that times change and fleet,
And brave men still do their occasion meet

Thus far we have quoted minor poets only, but our next name is one of the most illustrious in Provençal literature. The long and conspicuous life of Bernard of Ventadorn — or Ventadour — teems with historic associations, and the works which he has left would fill a volume by themselves. We must confine ourselves to the briefest outline of his life, resisting the temptation of its fascinating details, and to a few passages taken almost at random from poems which are fairly embarrassing from the abundance of their beauty.

In Bernard we have once more, as so often among the troubadours, the association of lowly birth with lovely gifts. He was a son of the baker at the castle Ventadorn, the seat of the viscounts of that name, long famous among the petty sovereigns of Southern France for their enthusiastic patronage of the poetic art. Bernard's own seignior was Ebles III., of whom the Prior of Vigeois records, in his chronicle, that he "loved even to old age the songs of *alacrity*" ("usque ad senectam carmina alacritatis dilexit"). But Bernard was forty years old when Ebles died, consequently the latter was yet in his early prime when Bernard was born at Ventadorn, not far from the year 1130, and he speedily discovered and carefully cultivated the boy's talent. The not unnatural result was that the young troubadour selected, as the object of his melodious homage, the youthful second wife of Ebles, Adelaide of Montpellier. And here let the monkish biographer take up the tale: "She [Adelaide] was a very lively and gentle lady, and was highly delighted with Bernard's songs, so that she became enamored of him and he of her. . . . And their love had lasted a good while before her husband perceived it, but when he did he was angry and had the lady very closely watched and guarded, wherefore she dismissed Bernard, and he went quite out of the country. He betook himself to the Duchess of Normandy, who was illustrious and much admired and well versed in matters of fame and honor, and knew how to award praise. And the songs of Bernard pleased her mightily, wherefore she gave him a most cordial welcome, and he resided at her court a long time, and was in love with her and she with him; and he made many fine songs about it. But while he was staying with her, the King of England, her husband, removed her from Normandy, and Bernard remained here, sad and sorrowful." Now this second royal lady-love of our aspiring poet was none other than the celebrated Eleanor, president of one of the most illustrious of the courts of love, the granddaughter of William of Poitiers, the divorced wife of Henry VII. of France, the wife of Henry II. of England, the merciless but by no means immaculate censor of the fair Rosamond Clifford, and the mother of Richard Cœur de Lion. When Bernard entered her service, in 1152, Eleanor was thirty-three years old, and fully ten years the senior both of the troubadour and of her husband, Henry II. But her beauty was perennial; she had other charms which did not depend upon the freshness of youth, and her personal prestige was destined to last unweakened for many a long year, and to survive extraordinary vicissitudes of lot. If Ber-

[1] "Aniatz la derreira chanso." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 12.)

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nard were ever profoundly in earnest, he would seem to have been so in some of the lines which he addressed to Eleanor; but he was a very troubadour of the troubadours in his constant mingling of levity and tenderness, of graceful *insouciance* with keen and sudden pathos. Our first extract belongs to Adelaide's time, and though sufficiently far from simple, these verses have in them something of the fresh enthusiasm, half-confident and half-jealous, of a first experience: —

No marvel is it if I sing[1]
Better than other minstrels all;
For more than they am I love's thrall,
And all myself therein I fling, —
Knowledge and sense, body and soul,
And whatso power I have beside;
The rein that doth my being guide
Impels me to this only goal.

His heart is dead whence doth not spring
Love's odor, sweet and magical;
His life doth ever on him pall
Who knoweth not that blessed thing;
Yea, God, who doth my life control,
Were cruel did he bid me bide
A month, or even a day, denied
The love whose rapture I extol.

How keen, how exquisite the sting
Of that sweet odor! At its call
An hundred times a day I fall
And faint, an hundred rise and sing!
So fair the semblance of my dole,
'T is lovelier than another's pride;
If such the ill doth me betide,
Good hap were more than I could thole!

Yet haste, kind Heaven, the sundering
True swains from false, great hearts from small!
The traitor in the dust bid crawl,
The faithless to confession bring!
Ah, if I were the master sole
Of all earth's treasures multiplied,
To see my lady satisfied
Of my pure faith, I 'd give the whole!

And here are some fugitive strains out of that ever-recurring spring melody which no singer tried oftener or executed more sweetly than Bernard of Ventadorn.

When tender leafage doth appear,[2]
And vernal meads grow gay with flowers,
And aye with singing loud and clear
The nightingale fulfills the hours,
I joy in him and joy in every flower
And in myself, and in my lady more.
For when joys do inclose me and invest,
My joy in her transcendeth all the rest.

[1] "Non est merevelha s'ieu chan," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 44.)

[2] "Quand erba vertz e fuelha par," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 53.)

[3] "Bels m'es qu' ieu chant in aiselh mes," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 77.)

The following exhales the true spring sadness: —

Well may I hail that lovely time[3]
When opening buds proclaim the spring,
And, in the *thickening boughs*, their chime
The birds do late and early ring.
Ah, then anew
The yearning cometh strong
For bliss more true,
Whose lack my soul doth wrong,
Which, if I have not, I must die erelong!

The next is not quite so tender: —

When leaves expand upon the hawthorn-tree,[4]
And the sun's rays are dazzling grown and strong,
And birds do voice their vows in melody
And woo each other sweetly all day long,
And all the world sways to love's influence,
Thou only art unwilling to be won,
Proud beauty, in whose train I mope and moan
Denied, and seem but half a man to be.

Then there is a very fanciful little piece in an odd but melodious measure, which runs thus: —

Such is now my glad elation,[5]
All things change their seeming;
All with flowers — white, blue, carnation —
Hoary frosts are teeming;
Storm and flood but make occasion
For my happy scheming;
Welcome is my song's oblation,
Praise outruns my dreaming.
Oh, ay! this heart of mine
Owns a rapture so divine
Winter doth in blossoms shine,
Snow with verdure gleaming!

When my love was from me riven,
Steadfast faith upbore me;
She for whom I so have striven
Seems to hover o'er me;
All the joys that she hath given
Memory can restore me;
All the days I saw her, even,
Gladden evermore me.
Ah, yes! I love in bliss;
All my being tends to this;
Yea, although her sight I miss,
And in France deplore me.

Yet, if like a swallow flying
I might come unto thee,
Come by night where thou art lying,
Verily I 'd sue thee,
Dear and happy lady, crying,
I must die or woo thee,
Though my soul dissolve in sighing
And my fears undo me.
Evermore thy grace of yore
I with folded hands adore,
On thy glorious colors pore
Till despair goes through me.

This threatens to become commonplace. Nevertheless the whole of the

[4] "Quand la fuelha sobre l'albre s'espan," etc. (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 49.)

[5] "Tant ai mon cor plen de joya," etc. (Parnasse Occitanien, page 7.)

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lyric sings itself in a very remarkable manner; and the remainder, which need not be inflicted on the reader, is interesting from an allusion it contains to the story of Tristram and Iseult, with which the poet probably became acquainted in Normandy, and the date of which is thus removed as far back at least as the middle of the twelfth century. We now subjoin, though with much diffidence, from our conscious inability to do them justice, portions of two songs in Bernard's most perfect style, both of which appear to have been addressed to Eleanor, the one perhaps while she was yet in Normandy, the other after her departure for England.

When I behold on eager wing [1]
The sky-lark soaring to the sun,
Till e'en with rapture faltering
He sinks in glad oblivion,
Alas, how fain to seek were I
The same ecstatic fate of fire!
Yea, of a truth I know not why
My heart melts not with its desire!

Methought that I knew everything
Of love. Alas, my lore was none!
For helpless now my praise I bring
To one who still that praise doth shun,
One who hath robbed me utterly
Of soul, of self, of life entire,
So that my heart can only cry
For that it ever shall require.

For ne'er have I of self been king,
Since the first hour, so long agone,
When to thine eyes bewildering,
As to a mirror, I was drawn.
There let me gaze until I die;
So doth my soul of sighing tire
As at the fount, in days gone by,
The fair Narcissus did expire.

The metre of the next is more constraining: —

When the sweet breeze comes blowing [2]
From where thy country lies,
Meseems I am foreknowing
The airs of Paradise.
So is my heart o'erflowing
For that fair one and wise,
Who hath my glad bestowing
Of life's whole energies,
For whom I agonize
Whithersoever going.

I mind the beauty glowing,
The fair and haughty eyes,
Which, all my will o'erthrowing,
Made me their sacrifice.
Whatever mien thou 'rt showing,
Why should I this disguise?
Yet let me ne'er be ruing
One of thine old replies:
Man's daring wins the prize,
But fear is his undoing.

We come now to the name of William of Cabestaing, and the reader is requested to accept for just what it is worth the tragic tradition of him and his lady-love. Incredible as the tale appears, it is given with but trifling variations by an unusual number of writers, and in the absence of all conflicting testimony we, at least, shall not attempt to mar its horrible unity. Listen to the ancient biographer: —

"William of Cabestaing was a cavalier of the country of Rossillon, which borders on Catalonia and Narbonne. He was a very attractive man in person, and accomplished in arms and courtesy and service. Now in his country there was a lady called Lady Soremonda" (elsewhere she is called Margaret), "the wife of Raymond of Castle Rossillon; and Raymond was high-born and evil-minded, brave and fierce, rich and proud. And William of Cabestaing loved the lady exceedingly and made songs about her, and the lady, who was young and gay, noble and fair, cared more for him than for any one else in the world. And this was told to Raymond of Castle Rossillon, who, being a jealous and passionate man, made inquiries and found that it was true, and set a watch over his wife. And there came a day when Raymond saw William pass with but few attendants, and he killed him. Then he had his head cut off, and the heart taken out of his body. And the head he had carried to his castle, and the heart he had cooked and seasoned, and gave it to his wife to eat. And when the lady had eaten it, Raymond of Castle Rossillon said to her, 'Do you know what you have eaten?' She said, 'No, except that it was a very good and savory viand.' Then he told her that it was the heart of William of Cabestaing which she had eaten, and to convince her he made them show her the head, which when the lady saw and heard she swooned, but presently came to herself

[1] "Quand vei la laudeta mover," etc. (Raynouard, vol iii., p. 68.)

[2] "Quand la dosò aura venta." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 84.)

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and said, 'My lord, you have given me such excellent food that I shall eat no more at all.' When he heard this he sprang upon her with his sword drawn and would have smitten her upon the head, but she ran to the balcony and flung herself over, and perished on the spot. The tidings flew through Rossillon and all Catalonia that William of Cabestaing and the lady had come to this dreadful end, and that Raymond had given William's heart to the lady to eat. And there was great sorrow and mourning in all that region, and at last the story was told to the King of Aragon, who was the seignior both of Raymond of Castle Rossillon and of William of Cabestaing. Then the king went to Perpignan, in Rossillon, and summoned Raymond to appear before him. And when Raymond was come the king had him seized, and took away from him all his castles and everything else which he had, and caused the castles to be destroyed, and put him in prison. But William of Cabestaing and the lady he had conveyed to Perpignan and buried under a monument before the door of the church, and the manner of their death he had depicted on the monument, and gave orders that all the ladies and cavaliers in the country of Rossillon should visit the monument every year. And Raymond of Castle Rossillon died miserably in the King of Aragon's prison." This king must have been Alphonse II., who held the suzerainty of Rossillon in 1181, and who had no successor of his own name upon the throne of Aragon for nearly two hundred years. The severity of the punishment which he inflicted marks the deep impression made by Raymond's brutal revenge, and the extraordinary loathing which it excited. The story was too fascinating in its horror not to be repeated with other names, and accordingly we have the tale of Raoul (or Renard), Châtelain de Coucy, who died at the siege of Acre in 1192 and in his last moments requested the friend who attended him to have his heart preserved and to carry it home to his mistress, the Lady of Fayel. The Lord of Fayel intercepted the relic and followed the example of Raymond of Rossillon, and the lady starved herself to death. De Coucy's commission was a probable one enough, and accords with the reckless romanticism of the time; but the end of the story is doubtless borrowed from that of the lovers of Rossillon. Read by the lurid light of this monstrous tale, the verses of William of Cabéstaing seem animated by a peculiarly personal force and intensity, and if the reader does not discover this in the following specimens, he may consider the translator to blame: —

There is who spurns the leaf, and turns[1]
  The stateliest flower of all to cull;
So on life's topmost bough sojourns
  My lady, the most beautiful!
Whom with his own nobility
  Our Lord hath graced, so she may move
  In glorious worth our lives above,
Yet soft with all humility.

Her pleading look my spirit shook
  And won my fealty long ago;
My heart's-blood stronger impulse took,
  Freshening my colors; and yet so,
No otherwise discovering
  My love, I bode. Now, lady mine,
  At last, before thy throngèd shrine,
I also lay my offering.

The next is more fervid and exalted:

The visions tender[2]
  Which thy love giveth me
Still bid me render
  My vows in song to thee;
Gracious and slender
  Thine image I can see,
Where'er I wend, or
  What eyes do look on me.
Yea, in the frowning face
Of uttermost disgrace,
Proud would I take my place
  Before thy feet,
Lady, whose aspect sweet
Doth my poor self efface,
And leave but joy and praise.
. . . . . .
Who shall deny me
  The memory of thine eyes?
Evermore by me
  Thy lithe, white form doth rise.
If God were nigh me
  Alway, in so sure wise,
Quick might I hie me
  Into his Paradise!

This was, perhaps, the strain which the troubadour was trying on the day when Raymond overtook him "followed by but few attendants."

[1] "Aissi cum selh que laissa 'l fuelh." (Raynouard, vol. iii., p. 113.)

[2] "La dous consire." (Raynouard, vol. iii.)

Harriet W. Preston.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. LUNDY'S title[1] is somewhat misleading. It is not really the *art* of the early Christians with which he concerns himself, for his book does not take even so much as a glance at the æsthetic aspects of the contents of the Catacombs; it is only the *symbolism* of this art that he is interested in. A work which should present, within moderate compass and with criticisms both philosophic and appreciative, the curious art-history that may be traced in the subterranes of Rome would be extremely useful, for the publications of Bosio, De Rossi, Didron, F. Piper (of Berlin), and others of that class are too archæological in their direction to be of use to the art-student without long research. However, when the reader has checked his disappointment at Mr. Lundy's failure to fill this gap, he will still find much that is very interesting in the present volume. But another abatement must be made, more serious than the first. That Mr. Lundy's ideas are not so clear as might be desired, even as to the nature of symbols, which form a chief part of his subject, this passage at once reveals: "Properly speaking, then, the symbol is used to express pure and sublime ideas of God, as clearly and concisely as possible. It is the root, trunk, and flower of all figurative representation of idea and thought. It is obvious and plain. It differs from allegory in this respect, which represents one thing and means another. The symbol *means only what it represents*. . . . The symbol requires but a glance to comprehend its meaning. The allegory is complicated; the symbol is unique. The allegory is a luxurious plant with many branches; the symbol is a half-opened rosebud containing the beautiful flower." To say nothing of the confusion of metaphor which makes "the root, trunk, and flower" synonymous with "the half-opened rosebud," or of the mistaken use of "unique," we may confine ourselves to the singular cloudiness of the author's definition of a symbol. In the phrase which we have italicized he entirely loses the distinction between representative and vicarious symbols; this is especially strange, because the majority of the symbols with which he has to deal mean things wholly other than those which they represent. That a symbol, too, "is obvious and plain" is so far from being true that Mr. Lundy elsewhere admits that "symbolism is a veiled expression;" and his own book would have been reduced to one half its actual bulk, if he had not found in the symbols before him a great deal which had to be explained. Neither would these have been used at all by the early Christians, if they had been "obvious and plain." For, according to the view of all writers on this subject, and of Mr. Lundy himself, the Roman professors of the new faith adopted the plan of painting their underground chapels and tombs with designs to understand which required special initiation. This was one measure of protection against heathen investigation, and formed a part of the Disciplina Arcani (or Arcana, as others phrase it), the "secret discipline" of the church, to which the author devotes a chapter. This discipline he connects with the pagan "mysteries" which had prevailed before Christ's advent, showing how the Christian mysteries observed, like the pagan, different degrees of initiation, but eliminated the debasing elements of the latter, and made it possible for the catechumens or novices to pass into the higher classes of *competentes*, or those who had undergone their preparation for baptism, and the *illuminati* or *mystæ*, who composed the highest order. These mysteries culminated in the celebration of the Eucharist at night, shortly before daybreak; and Mr. Lundy reminds us of the mystic import of this system carried on in secrecy and darkness, by tracing it back to Christ's custom of retiring into the country to talk with his disciples and prepare them for their mission. He adds, "The very advent of the Son of God to earth was at night. The Holy Supper was instituted at night. The resurrection itself took place at night." But his reference to allusions in the New Testament, with the aim of showing that mysteries in this sense of the Catacomb practice were a matter of immediate institution among the Apostles, does not seem to prove anything.

[1] *Monumental Christianity, or the Art and Symbolism of the Primitive Church as Witnesses and Teachers of the one Catholic Faith and Practice.* By JOHN P. LUNDY, Presbyter. New York: J. W Bouton. 1876.

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Most of these allusions are in the writings of Saint Paul, and there is no doubt that his use of the word mystery does not imply something concealed (the usual sense), but on the contrary something hitherto hidden and now *made known*. Furthermore, Mr. Lundy makes bold to instance a place in 1 Corinthians, where the "testimony of God" is spoken of, and to use this as synonymous with "mystery of God." In the Greek, the words employed are entirely distinct from each other. In general, Mr. Lundy's exposition of the Disciplina Arcana lays itself open to a charge of haziness and uncertainty. The view of Monseigneur Gerbet, as cited by the author, is the more probable one, namely, that the use of symbolic paintings and the privacy of worship were due to a fear of pagan interference. The catechumens were probably put into separate chapels because these sepulchral chambers were too small to admit both classes into one apartment. What Mr. Lundy recalls as to the grounds of government opposition to Christianity is worth remembering. He rehearses the well-known facts that Tiberius was disposed to recognize the new religion of Christ, notwithstanding the opposition of the Roman Senate, that Alexander Severus had an image of Christ among his household gods, and that the worship of Isis and Osiris was tolerated by the Romans; and explains that Christians incurred animosity by their refusal to tolerate any part of the heathen religion, as also by their custom of nocturnal worship. All secret meetings were viewed with great severity as being dangerous to the state; the Bacchic festivals had been suppressed on account of the shameful practices of participants in them; and the Christian *agapæ* or love-feasts were dreaded as tending in the same direction. The improprieties of which unworthy Christians were guilty at these meetings furnished a ground for proceeding against the entire body.

The main part of Mr. Lundy's work is devoted to searching among the symbolic paintings for evidences of the early presence of doctrines in the church, in the form which they now retain among Protestant Episcopalians. He remarks on the early reverence for God which allowed the Creator to be represented only by the symbol of a hand (this being interestingly allied with the mystic Hebrew *Yod*, said to mean a hand, which is the first letter of Jehovah's name, and the tenth or perfect number of the Hebrew alphabet); and brings in as evidence of Romish corruption the growing audacity which first introduced God as a wearer of the human form, and finally portrayed him as Pope, in full canonicals. Another chapter is devoted to Jesus Christ as Divine, another to the favorite symbolic representation of the Good Shepherd, and one treats of Jesus Christ as Human. In the latter, the author discusses the growth of the Madonna-cult. This is one of the most striking of his themes, but it can be found in much more concise and scholarly form in Marriott's Church in the Catacombs, which Mr. Lundy does not mention in his appended list of "books in the author's library," — a heading which savors of obtrusive pride. Jesus Christ as Sufferer, Hades, The Tree of Life, The Holy Ghost, The Communion of Saints, The Forgiveness of Sins, and Resurrection, make up the rest of the volume. This whole subject of the belief and practice of the primitive Christians of Rome is of the deepest interest; it excites one's keenest sympathies, it is full of pathetic suggestion, it arouses even a dormant sense of reverence. But it seems to us a serious mistake on Mr. Lundy's part to assume that the condition of the Roman Christians ought to determine absolutely the shape of Christian faith to-day, or that it settles beyond question the exact form in which the faith was left by Jesus to his disciples. The earliest records of the Catacombs that have any doctrinal value still leave a wide interval between their time and that of Christ's ministry. Fifty or even a hundred years give ample room for marked developments or modifications to take place in a religious system, even when so near its source. Mr. Lundy makes up the deficiencies of proof, in some cases, by quotations from Celsus and Minutius Felix as opponents of Christianity, and from the patristic writings in its defense. All this is valuable in defining the limits of debate, but the fathers sometimes committed themselves to points which a modern mind cannot accept; and even at that period officers of the church were becoming widely diverse in their opinions, and heresy was abundant. Mr. Lundy cumbers his volume by his extensive and repetitious quotations from the church fathers. But he invites our confidence in his evidence by the most robust example: finding from the monuments that the early Christians prayed to their dead as intercessors, he is himself quite ready to accept this doctrine as supplying the true communion of saints.

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He places himself in the main on the generally accepted basis of Episcopalian belief, but having set out to prove the "one catholic faith and practice," his tone is controversial throughout. He attacks Renan, "the infamous Houston" (author of Ecce Homo), and Dr. Draper; he assails the Romish church, in the old abusive fashion, as "the mother of harlots and of all abominations in religion and politics" (page 295), and at the same time quotes with great satisfaction from John Henry Newman (page 230). He of course has his fling or two at the Puritans, but what is more puzzling is that he attacks the Ritualists at one time, and at another waxes wroth with the American General Convention. He takes, in fact, whatever suits his taste, from whatever source; but this seems to be not so much because he is generously catholic, as that he is various in his capacity for prejudice. Opposing a good many people on all sides, he is obliged to recoil upon a centre of some kind of consistent belief which he regards as the single true one; but it is not wholly easy to define even this, beyond its general Episcopalian tendency.

This curious faculty of Mr. Lundy's mind makes him an uncertain guide even in his interpretation of symbols. He shows too easy a fertility of fancy in discussing them, and goes the great length of insisting that the horrible graffito of the Palatine — obviously a caricature if compared with other caricatures of antiquity — is a Christian adaptation of the Egyptian ass-headed god, Anubis, as a type of the crucified Saviour. He also, we think, makes too much of the Cypriote images from the New York Metropolitan Museum, in attributing to them a distinctly cruciform character. What he adduces as to pagan prefigurations of Christ, — for example, Plato's ideal man in The Republic, whose final act of devotion to his kind would be to suffer crucifixion; the crucifixion of the Persian mediator, Mithra; the Hindu story of Krishna; with the singular Asiatic crucifix from Tuam, in Ireland, and the tradition of the Mexican god, Quetzalcoatl, — all this is most suggestive, though not new. It is interesting, also, to speculate in what way the legend of Orpheus may be connected with the life of Jesus; and that the famous Christian monogram of the St. Andrew's cross with the Greek letter P should have been in use on the coins of the Ptolemies, and again on those of Herod the Great, struck forty years before our era, is a fact singularly impressive in itself. But, if we understand Mr. Lundy aright, he deduces from these data the conclusion that there had been many incarnations of the deity before the advent of Jesus; that is, he accepts in a general way the Hindu theory of the Avataras. It would be impossible here to discuss this at length, but Mr. Lundy's conclusion is, to say the least, much more credulously mythological and far less ideal than the Swedenborgian insight into the nature of these precursive conceptions and images that so strongly remind us of Jesus.

Mr. Lundy has missed an opportunity of writing a book which, as presenting a convenient compend of his subject, would have met a real need. As it is, the recent smaller work of the Rev. W. H. Withrow, The Test of the Catacombs, presents a much better executed and more intelligent survey of the field. Mr. Lundy has the advantage in the sumptuous style in which his book is issued, and in the fullness of the illustrations accompanying it, but these illustrations, on the other hand, are many of them poorly executed, and very inferior to those of Marriott. The text of the present publication is full of bad writing. Many errors of grammar appear in it as glaring as this: "The suspicions of the Roman mob that the Jews had set fire to the city, *and who*, when officially examined, implicated the Christians" (page 51), or the following: "This *single* remark or two . . . which *seems*" (page 382). Two things are spoken of as being "on the *same equality*" with each other. Here and there occur, also, passages of very questionable taste indeed, a mild example of which is the author's statement that churches, at first made circular, were afterward shaped as parallelograms, coupled with the facetious comment that the church should always be "on the square" with God. The concluding sentence of the book, too, seems ill-chosen: "Go forth, little book, and the favor of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost go with thee, child of my love and care and anxious thought through all these years of toil and study," etc.

Yet, notwithstanding his inaccuracies, his dubious conclusions, his dogmatism, and other drawbacks, Mr. Lundy is manifestly a well-intending writer, and deserves credit for an elaborate attempt to collect into one volume what has been scattered through many different works. Received with caution, his book will be a useful one.

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— In 1770 the Messrs. Langhorne, D. D. and M. A. both, in the preface to their edition of Plutarch's Lives, referred to the first English translation, from which, they scornfully observed, some persons supposed that Shakespeare might have taken suggestions for his Roman plays. This supposition they parried by asking how Shakespeare, unless learned in Greek, got at his soliloquy of "To be or not to be," which they claimed was an almost literal translation from Plato, whose works were not known to have been translated in Shakespeare's time. But Shakespearian criticism is not conducted on this plan now; and the Rev. Walter Skeat has even thought it worth while to reprint seven of the Lives as rendered from the French of Bishop Amyot, by Sir Thomas North, in 1612.[1] (North's first edition, published in 1579, is not now to be found.) A special cause for his choice of the (third) edition of 1612 is the following curious fact. In 1870 a copy of that edition was presented to the Greenock Library, which is supposed to be "*the very copy* once in Shakespeare's own possession." On the probable genuineness of this copy as a part of the great dramatist's library we are not prepared to form a decisive opinion, though Mr. Skeat is evidently satisfied by the presence of the initials W. S. on the title-page, and various other marks of identity, the strongest being certain few marginal notes in the same handwriting, a handwriting which "may very well have been Shakespeare's." The most striking of these annotations is the remark "Brute — Brutus," in brackets, opposite that part of the description of Julius Cæsar's death where Brutus is mentioned. This note is remarkable, because the phrase does not appear in Plutarch, and *does* appear in the play of Julius Cæsar. But, however it may be with regard to the Greenock copy, the main interest of this modern reprint lies in the fact that North's Plutarch was the book from which Shakespeare must have drawn supplies for several of his plays. Any one who reads the lives of Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, and Antony, must always be struck with Shakespeare's independent method of conceiving the subjects, and at the same time must wonder at the close following of Plutarch which appears here and there. The most noticeable instance of the latter, which Mr. Skeat points out, is the correspondence between the opening sentence of the Life of Coriolanus and the speech of Junius Brutus in act ii., scene iii. "Ancus Martius was one, King Numa's daughter's son, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius," is North's phrase, paralleled by —

> "That Ancus Martius, *Numa's daughter's son*,
> Who after great Hostilius here was king."

The passages where specially distinct connection exists are not very numerous, but there are many others worth noticing. As we have hinted, the dissimilarities are quite as interesting as the resemblances; and in the whole study which Mr. Skeat's volume opens up lies one of the most fruitful regions of artistic inquiry. The book itself is edited with admirable care, completeness, and intelligence; and to our thinking it is more charming than any other English version of the author. Not, of course, to be placed on the same level with Clough's clear, chaste, and scholarly translation (that late-perfected result of the faulty old Dryden edition), it still has the spice of Elizabethan *naïveté* which nothing else can have, and is more subtly suggestive, though often less definite, than a more modern rendering is permitted to be.

— There is a satisfaction to the readers of Dr. Dexter's carefully studied pages[2] in the thought that a painstaking rummaging of all the original sources respecting the banishment of Roger Williams has disclosed no new facts or new readings which would reverse the judgment already pronounced by impartial and thorough scholars like Dr. Palfrey and Dr. Ellis. One approaches a new monograph on such a subject with a certain stiffening of the mind. Here we are to have, one says, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and it is hardly likely that we shall get off from the reading without suffering some violent strain upon our prejudice, or rather — if we are talking aloud — upon our settled conviction. Dr. Dexter's attitude toward Roger Williams might have been foreseen; he and we would probably both have voted for Williams's banishment

[1] *Shakespeare's Plutarch.* Being a Selection from the Lives in North's Plutarch, which illustrate Shakespeare's Plays. Edited with a Preface, Notes, Index of Names, and Glossarial Index, by the Rev. Walter Skeat, M. A., formerly Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

[2] *As to Roger Williams, and his "Banishment" from the Massachusetts Plantation; with a few further Words concerning the Baptists, the Quakers, and Religious Liberty.* A Monograph. By Henry Martyn Dexter, D. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1876

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if we had been so fortunate as to get all our learning on the subject by talking with Winthrop and Endicott; but though the volume before us is colored by the author's intimacy with the persons who did the banishing, it is so crowded with reference to authorities that any champion of Roger Williams could not do better than consult it for sources from which to draw his weapons.

The main line of argument pursued by Dr. Dexter is the familiar one that the banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts was in self-defense against a man whose public words and acts contravened the authority of the colony at a time when that authority was in a critical condition; that freedom of conscience was not the point upon which the banishment turned; and that the course of the colony in excluding intruders and turbulent characters did not spring from religious bigotry, but from a prudent consideration for the harmony and self-preservation of the colony.

In maintaining these propositions Dr. Dexter goes over ground which has already been clearly laid out, but he undertakes to strengthen the position and *en passant* to settle certain minor questions, as Williams's age and the date of his banishment. His anxiety to make out a clear case for the magistrates outstrips his judgment, we think, when he labors to show that Williams was not banished at all, because only a state can banish, and not a trading-colony. As a mere question of words he might have been content to use a word which Cotton used, and if he were to tell Williams that the magistrates of Massachusetts could not banish him, Williams might answer, as in the story, "But they did banish me."

The fame of Roger Williams's plea for liberty of conscience has very naturally spread over his whole career, and affected popular judgment as to his exclusion from Massachusetts, but history has a way of citing records and presenting dates which slowly sets public opinion right. Dr. Dexter's book will do something toward confirming a judgment already becoming well known, and its array of authorities will frighten some into assent. But after all, the question of Roger Williams's banishment in itself is of little importance beside the larger matter of the historic truth concerning the spirit and aims of the founders of New England. The opposing eulogy and calumny under which their real selves have been buried are slowly giving way before a historic criticism which has no partisan ends to subserve.

— Mr. Tarbox hardly treats his readers fairly when he invites them to read the Life of General Putnam,[1] and engages their attention for nearly two thirds of the volume with a discussion concerning the battle of Bunker Hill. The book is not a Life of General Putnam, but a controversial tract upon the question of Putnam's position on the 17th of June, preceded by an account of Putnam's ancestry and his early life, and followed by a record of what seem to the biographer the unimportant years succeeding the battle of Bunker Hill. We like things to be called by their right names, and it does not help this book, and its plea, to give it a name likely to mislead the unwary.

With more violence than the subject seems to demand, the author brings a great many facts and arguments to prove what we believe was never seriously called in question, that Prescott commanded in the redoubt and that Putnam exercised an erratic command over the rest of the field. The main facts, according to his showing, are that the expedition to Bunker Hill was planned in a council of which Putnam was one; that Prescott was in sympathy with Putnam and was placed in command of the expedition; that his orders were to intrench himself on Bunker or Breed's Hill (as the officers themselves were in doubt, we shall not attempt to decide the question); that he marched his men there, and with Gridley's aid raised the earthworks that constituted the intrenchments; that he remained at his post until the final defeat, and that General Putnam, sometimes on the field, sometimes in Cambridge, was an inspiring and efficient officer, exercising control over the miscellaneous assemblage of troops more by the force of his personal popularity and enthusiasm than by virtue of his rank as a general officer. The error which underlies much of Mr. Tarbox's argument is in the attempt to apply a strict interpretation of military rank and etiquette, and to give the entire enterprise an order and precision which it never had. The occupation of Charlestown was a piece of daring which impetuous men achieved in the teeth of military prudence; the battle which followed had not been planned for, and the confusion of the day resulted principally

[1] *Life of Israel Putnam* ("*Old Put*"), *Major-General in the Continental Army.* By INCREASE N. TARBOX. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

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from the lack of military foresight and the timid half-measures of General Ward. Prescott's bravery in the redoubt and Putnam's energy in the field were the heroic elements in the contest which shine forth most brilliantly, but the entire operations partook more of a volunteer character than of a military movement guided and shaped by a single mind. Moreover, no one there seems to have regarded himself as commander-in-chief or to look upon any one else as such. Putnam puts himself under Warren's orders, which Warren refuses to give. Prescott tenders the command in the redoubt in the same way, with the same result. Putnam and Prescott dispute about the intrenching on Bunker Hill, and Putnam, in his lively fashion, gallops off the field after reënforcements.

Mr. Tarbox is bound to make out a case for General Putnam, and seems to regard his hero as lying crushed under a weight of calumny; but the Dearborn slanders were instantly met and answered fifty years ago, and the recent revival of interest in Prescott has no such malignant aspect toward Putnam as Mr. Tarbox seems to imagine. He has worked himself into such a heat about it that he loses his grammar as well as his temper, and in his eagerness to exalt Putnam seems to think it necessary to disparage Prescott, closing his main argument with the uncivil fling, "If Putnam had had the same business to do over again a fortnight after, he would not probably have chosen Prescott as his assistant."

It may be that the material does not exist for a full life of Putnam, but it would be a capital subject for a writer with an eye to the picturesque in character and adventure. He would find in the contemporary accounts and anecdotes of Putnam material for graphic narrative, and the surroundings of Putnam's life render him an admirable representative of the rough-and-ready volunteer of the Revolution. A biographer with such a subject, if thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Putnam, would hardly make the question of his command at Bunker Hill a solemn call for justice, nor think it necessary to be less civil to Prescott than Putnam himself was.

— In his latest volume[1] Dr. Holland returns to the field of his early fame, won by such books as Letters to Young People, and Gold-Foil. On the whole, he is at his best and strongest in that field, and there is much good sense in this collection of short editorials — good sense advanced with the emphasis of a quality by no means common in writers for the periodic press, namely, moral earnestness. This is of service in the author's discussion of Personal Dangers, Preachers and Preaching, The Church of the Future, Woman, The Rich and Poor. Still, we ourselves doubt the ultimate efficacy of his urgent remarks freely addressed to young men tempted by sensuality; the prominence given to this subject is quite as likely to do harm in some quarters as to do good in others. Besides, as Dr. Holland himself says, "One tires of talking to fools, and falls back in sorrow that hell and destruction are never full." And many good people, we may add, are tired of hearing the fools talked to. There are better ways of working. The temperance question, or rather the question of total abstinence, comes in, of course, for a great deal of attention, and it is in the paragraphs devoted to this that Dr. Holland fully shows how prejudiced he is capable of being. Culture, however, excites in him an animosity nearly equal to that which even the most moderate use of wine seems to arouse. He professes to attack only the faults of culture, but he contrives to include among these "faults" the entire system of culture representative of one portion of the country, a system than which none has been more generous, more humane, more broadly and gently Christian, in this century. Of this he says, "Christianity must kill it or Christianity must die. It must kill Christianity, or it must die." But Dr. Holland must not be taken too seriously when dealing with delicate literary questions. He derides criticism, at one point, as being merely an amusing branch of literature, consisting of the self-illustration of various men, gifted or otherwise, who imagine that they are illustrating and judging other men; and we fancy that his calibre in literary subjects is not misrepresented by the following remark, which appears in a short address on the self-evident maxim that "all writers who are good for anything have a style of their own." It is this: "As a fair illustration of the absolute impossibility of one man writing in the style of another, take the two great poets of England, and let Browning and Tennyson undertake to acquire each the style of the other. It would absolutely ruin both." Dr. Holland's own style is

[1] *Every-Day Topics. A Book of Briefs.* By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

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neither very distinctive nor polished. Is it possible that he is blind to the infelicity of this simile? — "Wine and strong drink always have done more harm than good in the world, and always will, until that *millennium* comes *whose feet are constantly tripped from under it* by the drunkards that lie in its path." Such passages, frequently recurring, impress one with the author's neglect of due discrimination. His language, though often forcible, is sometimes so redundant and feeble that not even the violent words which are somewhat lavishly used can inject strength into it. We might suggest to the author that he is in danger of falling into coarse statements of his cases, and that his severity sometimes becomes mere scolding. This is exemplified, by the way, in The Tortures of the Dinner-Table. "It is almost as hard to listen as to talk," he complains, "when the stomach is full of the heavy food of a feast;" and he sums up the topic of dinner-speeches thus: "Let us have done with this foolishness." A better way would be to moderate one's appetite. And is "foolishness" necessarily so to every intelligent person? We like Dr. Holland better in his retort upon Mr. Tyndall, which is ingenious and witty. Given his premises, he proceeds with great keenness to his conclusions. But the latter are often valueless because of his entire omission of important elements in the problem. With many practical suggestions, his ideas are often crude and commonplace. He appears to think, but not to reflect. Yet he gives withal the impression of an honest, energetic man, eager for the right, and having much power for good. The more on this account is it a pity that he neglects the development of thought in certain fine but essential particulars. To our thinking, he has qualities better than taste alone, but they are warped and injured by the absence of taste. And his mistakes, though serious, might be passed over but for his influence with the thousands of readers who, he reminds us, are familiar with his editorials.

French and German.[1]

It is as hard to define exactly the charm of the two volumes of M. Doudan's correspondence[2] as it is to give to one friend an accurate description of another which he shall find to be a just one when he comes to meet the third person face to face. Experience teaches that the most dexterously arranged adjectives convey no definite notion of what is to be expressed; and even well-chosen quotations are hardly more satisfactory in throwing light upon the tone of a writer's mind, his refinement and humor, or whatever his virtues may be, than are the little pieces of quartz with specks of gold in them, which early miners used to send home from California, in giving one an adequate comprehension of the mineral wealth of that State. Whoever cares for literature pure and simple, for reading sound and thoughtful opinions on men and things, well expressed and made wise and agreeable by a delightful humor, will find in these letters what makes some few books the most invaluable companions. The writer's name had already been mentioned by Sainte-Beuve in the eleventh volume of his Causeries, and now, thanks to the Vicomte d'Haussonville, we have an opportunity to judge how well deserved were the critic's few words of praise.

Doudan led a singularly retired life. He was born, as we learn from the introductory notices, in the year 1800, at Douai. He came to Paris to finish his studies, and soon afterwards he became a sort of under-teacher at one of the large schools for boys. While holding this post he was invited to take charge of the education of the son born to Madame de Staël after her marriage to M. de Rocca. This brought him into the household of the Duc de Broglie, and there he remained until his death, in 1872. He was not only a tutor, for when the Duc de Broglie held office under government he made Doudan his secretary, and at all times he was regarded as a trusty and intimate friend. His society was sought by all the distinguished visitors of the house; all his friends showed the utmost confidence in his taste, consulting him about their work and submitting to him the proof-sheets of their books, and some few coming in for a share of his correspondence. His influence made itself felt through his conversation and his letters. He wrote but little for publication, but he was an indefatigable reader of new books and of old ones. He was uncommon-

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Mélanges et Lettres de X. Doudan.* Avec une Introduction par M. le Comte d'Haussonville, et des Notices par MM. De Sacy, Cuvillier Fleury. Two vols. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1876.

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ly reserved, we are told, and his modesty was no less noteworthy. He was a sort of power behind the throne in literature, only the throne was very nearly unoccupied; and he preferred intercourse with intelligent friends, and indirect influence over their taste, to the struggle for more general approbation. It has been suggested that he was too fine a critic to have been successful if he had written for the public; but this statement is at least open to doubt, for the higher a man's taste is, the greater his cultivation without pedantry, the more agreeable his humor, the more surely he is marked out for a leader. During his life Doudan influenced only a small circle, but now there is no doubt that he will show many the value of literary art and of wide education.

The difference between most books and these letters is this, that here we find no formal literary manner, but rather that charm to be had only in the conversation of some rare friend. The flavor, that is to say, is not bookish, but personal, at the same time that it is literary. The impression we get of this reserved man, cultivating his taste by frequent study of the best models, praising discreetly but avoiding any excess of enthusiasm, — from sincerity, not from affectation, — and blaming without harshness, is a fascinating one. It need hardly be pointed out how thoroughly French are the qualities of M. Doudan, how his taste and elegance are the qualities which mark the best of French literature, to the despair of those who deal with ruder tongues and are ready to give up writing and to turn to digging ditches for a livelihood.

Of the specimens given of his published writing we shall speak later; it is better to begin with his letters. His criticism of those of La Mennais will show how he felt about them, and how he demanded sincerity above all things. He says of that writer, "He reserves his talents for his books, and I have often noticed that this economy was a bad sign, and the proof that one makes a trade of literature and that one does not really have the impressions one assumes to have in one's books. One's genuine self ought to appear everywhere, in conversation, in letters, as in one's published writings. There is nothing gloomier than those parlors in country-houses where fire is lit only when company comes." Nothing of this sort is to be detected here, as further extracts will show. Here is part of a letter written in 1835 to a friend of his, named Raulin: "You would do well to think of buying and reading some law-books. One can get interested in everything by merely dipping beneath the surface. I have given you, I hope, fine discourses on erudition. As for me, I have a yearning for study which increases every day. That is the secret of my pretended idleness. There is no real originality except beneath the lowest layers of erudition. He who knows nothing is too apt to take up new ideas. It would be a wise resolution to think nothing by one's self until one knew what all ages had thought about it. One would, perhaps, find it hard to think anything for one's self after all this study, but read M. Hugo's two volumes and you will see if it is worth while to think for one's self. By the way, it is said that M. de la Mennais has thought out by himself a new volume. What does he say over again here? And whom does he want to eat? Is it a treatise on the Imperious Necessity of Slaying one's Enemies by the Light of the Gospel? What a pretty little lamb that rhetorician is! His books are like processions in the *auto-da-fé:* pleasant songs, fine flowers, fine torches, magnificent chasubles glittering like butterflies' wings, fine verses from the Scriptures repeated by fine voices, beneath a clear sky, and at the end of it all, in the distance, a fine pile of blazing wood to burn up one's master or servant, according to the genius of the centuries."

This is from a letter written the next year, 1836, to the son of the Duc de Broglie, then a student: "You know it is agreed, decided, and decreed that you are not to answer my letters during the examinations. I see that this idea has begun to enter your head, and it is a new pleasure for me every day not to receive any letter from you. When I get up I say to myself, 'I shall not have any letter from Albert to-day,' and I feel happy; and I pull up my window-curtain and the sun pours into my room, and I sit down to read some witty letter of Voltaire or of Madame de Sévigné. So, my dear friend, do not hurry."

Here is a bit of criticism about Victor Hugo which does not sound like much of the adulation poured out on that eminent writer in England, when many of the writers there had but recently discovered France or at least French literature: "I certainly intend to write in the Revue française. I wanted to speak of Victor Hugo's Voix intérieures. The title reads as if it were the work of a ventriloquist, but that did not

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stop me. I find in him so much talent that I am unable to give him all the ill-treatment he deserves. Read the ode to his young brother who died mad. You will find in it many stanzas of much beauty; the movement, the ideas, the images are all poetic. There are many charming verses scattered here and there amid the wildest nonsense. You will come across a beautiful wild rose, all wet with dew, by the side of an old slipper and broken pots. I think that he jumbles everything in this way without premeditation. He does not distinguish what is beautiful from what is ugly. He is a powerful nature producing with energy palm-trees, serpents, toads, humming-birds, and spiders indifferently; he puts them all in a bag together and calls it a volume. I think too ill of him to say any good of him, and *vice versa.*" Some English critics compare Hugo with Michael Angelo; this is what Doudan says: "Victor Hugo is a Michael Angelo in terra-cotta, while the other Michael Angelo, the real one, works in the pure, solid white marble of a grand imagination."

There are not only many passages which concern themselves with the criticism of modern books, there are also frequent remarks about politics and the spirit of the age, which are worthy of attention. For instance, "It is very possible that for some time the devil has been haunting the world in the form of *utility.* He has thought in his malice that this was the worst trick one could play the beautiful." Again, "You will see that in the next fifty years there will not be a single literary work produced; I mean by that a book that will be read when it is a year old. Men are going to live like rabbits listening from their burrows to all sorts of hunters, who come with sticks and guns and dogs. In spite of La Fontaine, no rabbit has been able to think about any abstract subject. . . . Whoever is without a feeling of security for the morrow can neither meditate nor accomplish a lasting work. Great catastrophes behind one and great repose before one are the conditions in which the human mind exerts itself with that depth and calmness which constitute beauty. The memory of the civil wars, of the battle of Philippi, of the past proscription, a pretty house on the bank of the Tiber, the water-falls of the Anio, with Soracte on one side and Rome in a golden dust on the other, for the present; and for the future, the empire of Augustus keeping all things in repose by means of great, strong armies, with fine fleets on the sea at Misenum and Ravenna; with these conditions, which are not to be seen from the heights of Montmartre, one writes odes which are like beautiful clouds floating slowly over a vast expanse of tranquil sky. I doubt whether Camoens, whom I have not read, could have written a magnificent poem with the continual prospect of perishing in one way or another every day. . . . Seneca is hurried, like a man who expects to be called at any moment to leave his beautiful gardens, and marble and golden cabinets, to open his veins in a hot or lukewarm bath as he might choose. Virgil, on the edge of such a hot bath, would never have dreamed of the wild tranquillity of the Aventine woods, of the kingdom of Evander, or of the miseries of Dido beneath the sun of Carthage. Racine would not linger in the forests with Phædra, listening to the call to arms, or to the roar of cannon, or to the tocsin, or to the talk in a hut which should give him legitimate fear that his little family would not be kindly treated by the friends of a new system of property and new relations between men."

Of making extracts there could be no end. Probably enough have been given to show some of the more attractive of this writer's qualities, his taste, his humor, and his thoughtfulness. Of the published articles reprinted here, one of the most interesting is that on the new school of poetry in France, which treats of the difficulty of the people of one nation understanding fully the literature of another race, and to this subject the writer frequently returns in his letters. He expresses what may seem to some his limitations, for his sympathy is bounded, and he does not fully comprehend all modern foreign literatures, — this is not surprising, for how many of us derive any real enjoyment from the classics of French literature? — and it is with Greek and Latin and French books that he feels most at home. But it is the aroma, so to speak, of his appreciation of them that makes the present book such agreeable reading. One does not find here a complete solution of all questions, not even of all literary questions, but rather much light as to the way in which the last-named have to be solved. It is with great pleasure that we hear of the promised publication of yet more of his letters. No one will regret reading all that can be had.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

J. B. Bachelder, Boston: Popular Resorts and How to Reach Them. Illustrated. Tourists' Edition.

Edward Bosqui & Co., San Francisco: California Notes. By Charles B. Turrill.

Callahan & Co., Chicago: The Constitutional and Political History of the United States. By H. von Halst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor and Alfred B. Mason.

Curtis and Childs, Utica: The Fallen, and other Poems. By James B. Kenyon. — Eighteen Presidents and Contemporaneous Rulers. By W. A. Taylor. Fourth Edition.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: A Family Tree. By Albany de Fonblanque. — Woven of Many Threads. By Mrs. C. V. Hamilton. — Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History. Part 10. Insects as Architects. By A. S. Packard, Jr.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Practical Botany, Structural and Systematic. By August Koehler, M. D. — Ida Craven. By H. M. Cadill.

W. J. Johnston, New York: Oakum Pickings. A Collection of Stories, Sketches, and Paragraphs contributed from Time to Time to the Telegraphic and General Press. By John Oakum.

S. T. Jones & Co., St. Louis: Political and Constitutional Law of the United States of America. By William O. Bateman.

Henry S. King & Co., London: St. Thomas of Canterbury. A Dramatic Poem. By Aubrey De Vere.

Macmillan & Co., New York: History of the Norman Conquest in England. By Edward A. Freeman.

Nelson and Phillips, New York: The Lord's Land. By Henry B. Ridgeway.

Oration by R. C. Winthrop before Boston City Council.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Peter and Polly; or, Home-Life in New England a Hundred Years ago. By Marion Douglas. — The Echo Club, and other Literary Diversions. By Bayard Taylor.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: A Brief Treatise on United States Patents, for Inventors and Patentees. By Henry Howson, Civil and Mechanical Engineer and Solicitor of Patents, and Charles Howson, Attorney at Law and Counsel in Patent Cases.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: Goethe's Prose. Edited, with Notes, by James Morgan Hart.

J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York: Elements of Latin Grammar in Connection with a Systematic and Progressive Latin Reader. By Gustavus Fischer, LL. D. — Elements of English Grammar. By S. W. Whitney, A. M. — Manual of School Material. — The Mask of Comus. By John Walton.

Richard Schomburgh, Philadelphia: Botanical Reminiscences in India.

Simpkins, Marshall, & Co., London: Lord Byron vindicated; or, Rome and her Pilgrim. By Manfred.

Charles P. Somerby, New York: The Ultimate Generalization. An Effort in the Philosophy of Science.

William Tegg & Co., London: The Poetry of Creation. In Eight Parts. By Nicholas Michell. — Famous Women and Heroes. In Seven Parts. By Nicholas Michell. — Pleasure. By Nicholas Michell. — The Immortals; or, Glimpses of Paradise. By Nicholas Michell. — London in Light and Darkness. By Nicholas Michell.

The Declaration of Independence; a Poem commemorating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the National Birthday of the United States of America. By Joseph H. Martin.

Transactions of the Department of Agriculture of the State of Illinois. By A. M. Garland.

D. Van Nostrand, New York: The Ethics of Benedict de Spinoza. From the Latin. With an Introductory Sketch of his Life and Writings.

Weed, Parsons, & Co., Albany: George Washington Brown. A Non-Partisan Satire. By Vox.

Sumner Whitney & Co., San Francisco: Wrongs and Rights of a Traveller. By B. Vashon Rogers.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: The Merchant's Wife. By a Looker-on here in Vienna.

MUSIC.

It is something so unusual to find anything coming from a German that bases its whole worth upon the simple element of charm and fascination that, when we actually do find it, we must look upon it as a discovery of exceptional value, were it only for its very rarity. Carl Tausig's set of piano-forte pieces, published under the title of Soirées de Vienne,[1] is almost without a parallel in musical literature. We are not quite sure whether it should be called an admirable or an unfortunate fact that a man of Tausig's reputation and colossal power as a pianist and interpreter of great music should have written as little as he did. His creative sterility is sure to be

[1] *Nouvelles Soirées de Vienne.* Valses-Caprices d'après J. Strauss, pour le piano par Charles Tausig. Suite première: Cahier 1, *Nachtfalter;* Cahier 2, *Man lebt nur einmal;* Cahier 3, *Wahlstimmen.* Suite deuxième: Cahiers 4 et 5. Leipzig and New York: J. Schuberth & Co.

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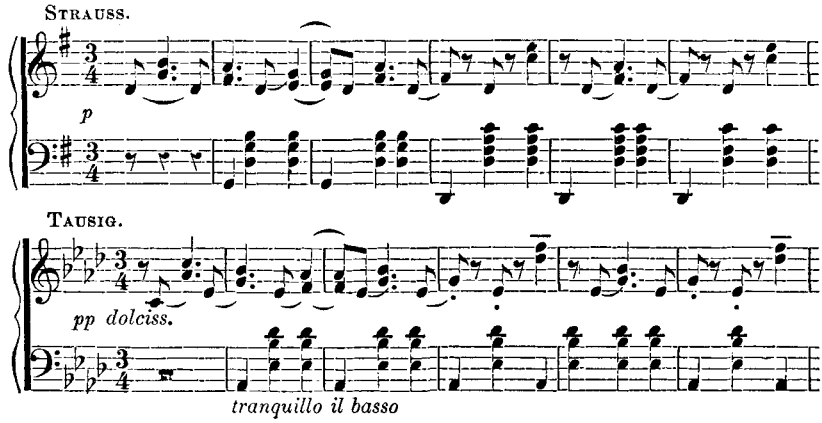
cast in his face as a reproach, by his antagonists in theory and opinion, with how much or how little justice we will not consider here; but we rather incline to the belief that it was the result of this keen artist's appreciation of the world-wide difference between reproductive and creative power, a comprehension which grew to be an efficient part of his nature as soon as his own honest introspection recognized the fact that his was rather a reproductive than a creative genius, and that his transcendent reproductive faculty, when rightly weighed in the balance, stood in no danger of injury from having the creative undeveloped. Indeed, it would be stretching a point to say that he has ever given anything of great importance to the world. His most important work is, no doubt, his piano-forte score of Wagner's Meistersinger; yet, even when we take into account the immense knowledge of both piano-forte and orchestra, the delicate æsthetic sensibility which enabled him to find a more than respectable piano-forte equivalent for the varied orchestral coloring of Wagner's score, and the wonderful dexterity with which he made a practicable piano-forte transcription of such a complex musical web as the Meistersinger, we must yet admit that even the most remarkable transcription imaginable is but a poor guaranty of a man's creative genius. No, Tausig cannot be called a composer, in any high sense of the word; he lacked the virile power of creation. But once let some vital musical germ be sown in his mind, and we stand astonished at the development the seed undergoes, at the wondrous fascination with which his own individuality invests it. The Soirées de Vienne are two series of piano-forte fantasias, capriccios, what you will, upon themes taken from Strauss waltzes. Strauss, the darling of ball-rooms, the tabooed of *soi-disant* earnest concert-rooms, had the rare good fortune to create something. He presented the world with a new *rhythm.* After this creative feat, he contented himself with repeating that rhythm over and over again, without variation, and so became monotonous, and dragged out an easily melodious existence, stamping all his compositions with a peculiar rhythmic physiognomy as with a trademark. But the rhythm of the syncopated waltz was his invention.

Tausig felt the irresistible fascination of this rhythm as few others have felt it. A man of Hector Berlioz's great rhythmic sensibility could not well remain untouched by this charm, and he was one of the too few musicians of a higher order in whose writings we find any adequate recognition of Strauss's musical worth. Tausig, no doubt, felt the monotony of the Strauss waltzes quite as much as he did the fascination of their rhythm, and in the Soirées de Vienne he has given us something that, but for the peculiar rhythm and the identity of the themes, bears as little resemblance as possible to a Strauss waltz. These piano-forte pieces are in no wise transcriptions of Strauss waltzes. Tausig has taken some of Strauss's themes, and worked them out (if such a term is at all applicable to Tausig's very loose and capricious handling of them) wholly in his own way. In some cases he has taken a phrase of considerable length bodily out of the original, changing the harmony somewhat, and bringing the peculiarity of the rhythm still more strongly into the light than Strauss did.

A good example of this is the following passage from the Immer heiterer: —



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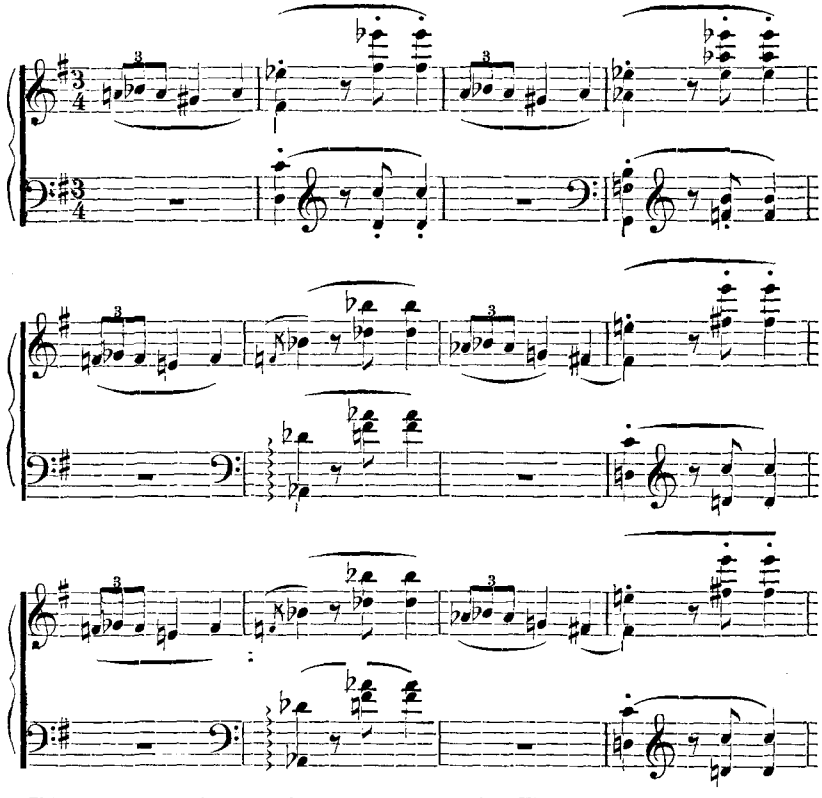
But in most cases the treatment of the theme is entirely his own, and utterly different from Strauss's. The elaborate ornaments with which he at times embellishes his work are exceedingly beautiful, and in a style wholly his own. They are in no way like things of a similar sort by Liszt or Thalberg. As far as musical form is concerned, these pieces have little that approaches it. They are perhaps the most freely and loosely constructed bits of fascination that ever were thrown upon paper. Tausig seems to have felt an almost childlike delight in harmoniously slipping from key to key, and in some instances a beautiful modulation seems to have so taken his fancy that he could not refrain from repeating it several times, swinging backwards and forwards over the pretty spot, utterly regardless of any rational progress toward a definite goal. Take, for instance, this passage from the Wahlstimmen, where he makes two bites at a distant key, from no earthly reason but his pleasure in hearing an effective juxtaposition of two foreign harmonies.



This sudden cropping up of the chord (A-flat, D-flat, F, B-flat) would seem to announce an intended change to the key of D-flat; but no, he calmly continues in his original key of G major, as if nothing had happened. Such flirting with keys is noticeable throughout these pieces. The appearance of a foreign chord is no more an indication that the key to which it belongs is coming than the appearance of a lion's head in an Oriental arabesque is a necessary proof that a lion's body will accompany it. We know that many wiseacres will prick up their long ears and dolefully bray against such frivolity. We are perfectly content to hear that consistent form is the bone, gristle, flesh, or anything you please of music (except the *soul*), and would no more think of disputing it than we would dispute the tolerably well-known fact that two and two are four. But why should the musical imagination be fettered by laws, the breach of which we daily approve in the other arts? An arabesque in

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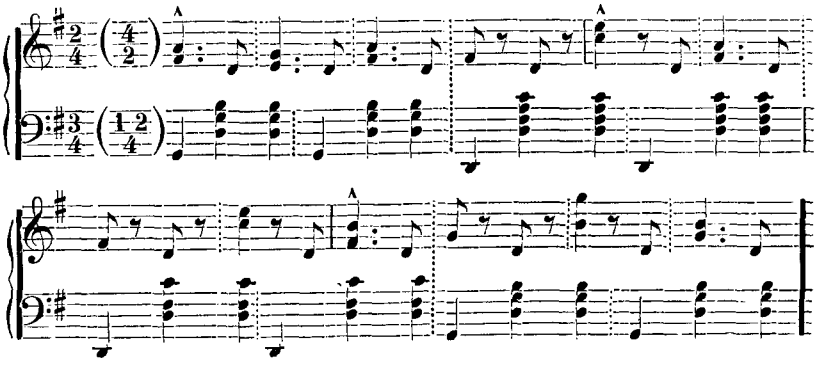
which we see a horse's head growing on a grape-vine, instead of on its natural equine body, is not pounced upon to furnish the text for a sermon on the inalienable rights of natural history. Professors of the physical sciences do not rise in rebellion when a pumpkin is unaccountably metamorphosed into a glass coach in a fairy tale (which, rightly considered, is one of the most poetical forms of prose). But the composer who does not turn out a work that is distinctly either fish, flesh, fowl, or good red-herring, and not a mixture of the four, is frowned down on the spot as an iconoclast or an untutored savage. Did it ever occur to the champions of form and consistent thematic development that composers may at times *intend* to produce something irregular, something wholly imaginary? Tausig's Soirées de Vienne can claim to be nothing but arabesques. That correspondence between head, tail, and limbs which the earnest pilgrim to the shrine of high art looks upon as the *sine qua non* of his creed is certainly not to be found in them. But all the fascinating coquetry of which music is capable, all the enchantment of an unshackled imagination, they do possess. We are not sure that they do not belong to the class of music that can hardly outlive its composer. The engraved notes are the merest spectre of the music itself. Yet, though we never heard Tausig himself play them, we read between the lines by the light of what we remember of the inexpressible charm of Tausig's general style of piano-forte playing. Tausig was a man of the most astounding technique as well as of great musical comprehension, and even he acknowledged that he found much of his own music immensely difficult to play well. His personal charm when seated at the piano-forte was beyond description, for he was a most refined and fascinating player, and, as one of the first musical authorities in the world has said of him, "without a trace of charlatanry." If these pieces are to be played at all, let not their charm, humor, and grace be spoiled by vulgar exaggeration; above all, let them not be played with French *chique*, but with French *esprit*. They are echoes not from Mabille, but from the ball-room, and their elegance is one of their greatest charms. Their humor is often very spicy, sometimes even approaching the burlesque, but the fun is ever delicate in quality, the rollickings of a Puck or Ariel, not of our modern yellow-wigged stage-epicenes. But the prime difficulty in playing them adequately is, after all, to preserve the waltz-rhythm, and make it unmistakable to the listener. The rhythm of the Strauss waltz is one of four bars (*di quattro battúte*), each bar having three beats. This rhythm is strongly marked in the accompaniment (played by the left hand in the piano-forte arrangement), but the syncopation of the melody virtually superimposes another totally different rhythm upon the first.

To show this in the clearest manner possible, we will refer the reader to our first quotation, on page 636, which may be analyzed as follows (leaving out the initial seven eighths of a bar, which stand in the same relation to the rhythmical phrase as the prosodical anacrusis does to the metre of a verse of poetry): —



It will be seen that we have here a phrase in 2-4 time (following the dotted bars) accompanied by a phrase in 3-4 time; or, more properly (following the bars marked by lines), a phrase in 4-2 time, accompanied by one in 12-4 time, three bars of the 4-2 time corresponding to two bars of the 12-4 time. Now the rhythm of the waltz is 12-4 (*i. e.*, 3-4, *ritmo di quattro battúte*), the first beat of each measure being strongly ac-

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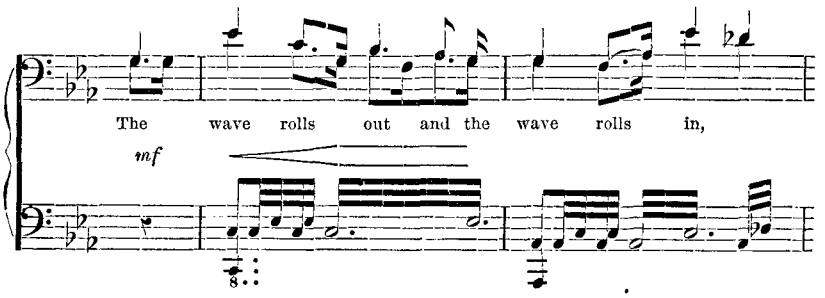
cented; the 4-2 rhythm of the melody also has a strong accent upon the first beat of each measure (marked in the example A); but the rhythmic accent of the two phrases comes at the same time only in every three bars of the melody and every two bars of the accompaniment. To keep these two rhythms distinct, and yet give a slight predominance to the essential 12-4 rhythm of the waltz is no very difficult task for a player whose sense of rhythm is well cultivated, as long as the regular pulsation of the 12-4 rhythm in the accompaniment is as strongly marked as it is in a Strauss waltz, by a bass-note falling regularly upon every beat of the measure; but the difficulty is greatly increased when this bass-note (always the most naturally prominent one in a measure of piano-forte music, and the one that the ear most instinctively accepts as marking the rhythm) does not fall upon a beat, as is the case in Tausig's arrangement of the above-quoted phrase. Tausig has in many places let the accompaniment practically reënforce the rhythm of the melody, and, unless a player has great rhythmic security, he will make the latter so prominent that the essential 12-4 rhythm of the waltz will be obscured, and the listener's ear will grasp only the 4-2 rhythm. Now this would be utterly foreign to the purpose of the music; a waltz is a waltz, and the smooth flow of its rhythm of four triplets to a phrase must be distinctly impressed upon the ear. The passage we have quoted from Tausig is one of the easiest to render well in this respect (although it will be readily seen to be more difficult than the original Strauss version), but in some passages in the Soirées de Vienne the rhythm is so bejuggled by cross accents and unexpected syncopations that only a player of the most absolute rhythmic security (a Von Bülow, for instance) can succeed in making their waltz character recognizable by the listener.

— We have before us several songs by Francis Korbay, the most important of which is evidently Loch Ness.[1] It is by no means the easiest part of a critic's hard task to look at a composition from the composer's point of view; in this no rules will help him; nothing but careful and respectful study of the work will lead him to a correct appreciation of its value or worthlessness. After a thorough examination of this undoubtedly remarkable song, we are compelled to believe that Mr. Korbay's ideal is rather a poetic than a purely musical one. It is difficult to prove by incontrovertible argument that Loch Ness is very defective in consistent musical form. The regular recurrence of the principal theme at the beginning of each verse, and its persistent appearance in one shape or another in the accompaniment, point rather to consistency than vagueness of musical plan. But, nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that the form of the song is not musical. Although the tonality of C minor, with its relative, E-flat major, predominates throughout, there is such a constant flying off into distant keys that the impression left on the mind is one of great tonal insecurity. The music is full of brilliant kaleidoscopic effects, but they succeed each other so rapidly that the mind can hardly grasp one before another comes to command its attention; we have rarely seen a composition in which the different phrases were so ill amalgamated into a consistent whole. Musically considered, this cannot but be called a defect. But when we look upon it as a piece of tone-painting, as an illustration of the text in tones, it is often truly wonderful, though perhaps too elaborate, for the flow of the verse is often unduly interrupted, at times even to the extent of making the meaning of the words obscure. But it certainly shows great descriptive power. The opening theme is really grand.



[1] *Loch Ness.* Song. Words by DAVID C. ADEE. Music by FRANCIS KORBAY. New York: G. Schirmer.

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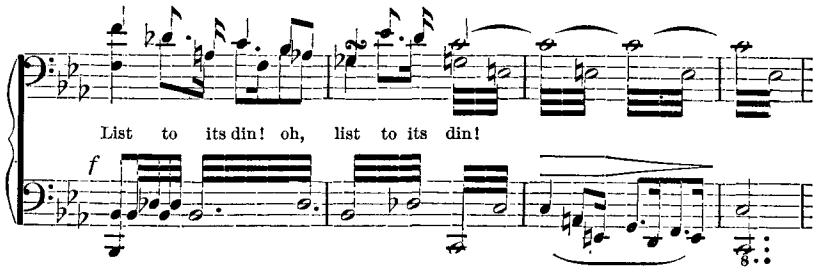

How we hear the waves dash against the rocks! Farther on, at the words, "The white caps sparkled, blithesome and gay," the music positively glitters like diamonds. The song ends as strongly as it begins. We only wish that the genuine power displayed in this song could have been utilized to more musical advantage. We will not quarrel with the often exceedingly difficult intonation, for, although difficult, it is by no means impossible, and the composer very evidently did not set himself to write a song that everybody should be able to sing; but greater artistic unity is much to be desired. It may seem as if we tempered our sincere admiration for the great qualities of this song by too much fault-finding, but, as has been well said, it is the nearly perfect that enrages us, whereas we let the absolutely faulty pass by unnoticed.

—Resignation[1] has not the fault of incoherence that Loch Ness has, neither has it its power and originality. It is a most smoothly-written, singable melody, by no means without beauty, but wanting in the striking qualities one would expect from the composer of the other song.

—Thou hast Broken the Heart[2] completely baffles our comprehension. It is gloomy enough, certainly, but . . . Even taking the last sixteen bars in 3-2 time, instead of in 6-4 time, as they are marked, does not do much towards solving the enigma, and the first part of the song seems irredeemably ugly. We wish we could hear the composer sing it, for in spite of its desperate obscurity we cannot help feeling that there is something in it which an understanding performance might make clear and even admirable. At present it is little better than a nightmare to us.

—Julius Eichberg's Sing, Little Bird[3] is thoroughly charming in its quasi-mediæval quaintness. It is one of the songs that the much-abused term "pretty" perfectly applies to. It is a gem of its kind.

—Equally lovely, though in a very different vein, is George L. Osgood's The Sunshine of thine Eyes.[4] The composer has studied Franz to good purpose. The little thrill that runs through the music at the last repetition of "Though I be but a mote of the air, I could turn to gold for thee," the quivering of the discord (D-flat, B-flat, F, G) at the word "thee," reminds one of Browning's

> "thrilled conscious,—like a rose
> Throughout its hundred leaves at that approach it knows
> Of music in the bird."

—F. W. Henzel's Memorial Song[5] has a certain genuine Volkslied swing, that saves it from being wholly commonplace. It is fully equal to many good songs for the people that chance has favored with renown.

[1] *Resignation.* Song. German words by T. STURM. English version and music by FRANCIS KORBAY. New York: Carl Henser.

[2] *Thou hast Broken the Heart.* Song. Words by THOMAS POULTNEY. Music by FRANCIS KORBAY. New York: Carl Henser.

[3] *Sing, Little Bird.* Words by CELIA THAXTER. Music by JULIUS EICHBERG. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

[4] *The Sunshine of thine Eyes.* Words by G. P. LATHROP. Music by GEORGE L. OSGOOD Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

[5] *Memorial Song.* Words and music by FREDERIC W. HENZEL. St. Louis: H. Bollman

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